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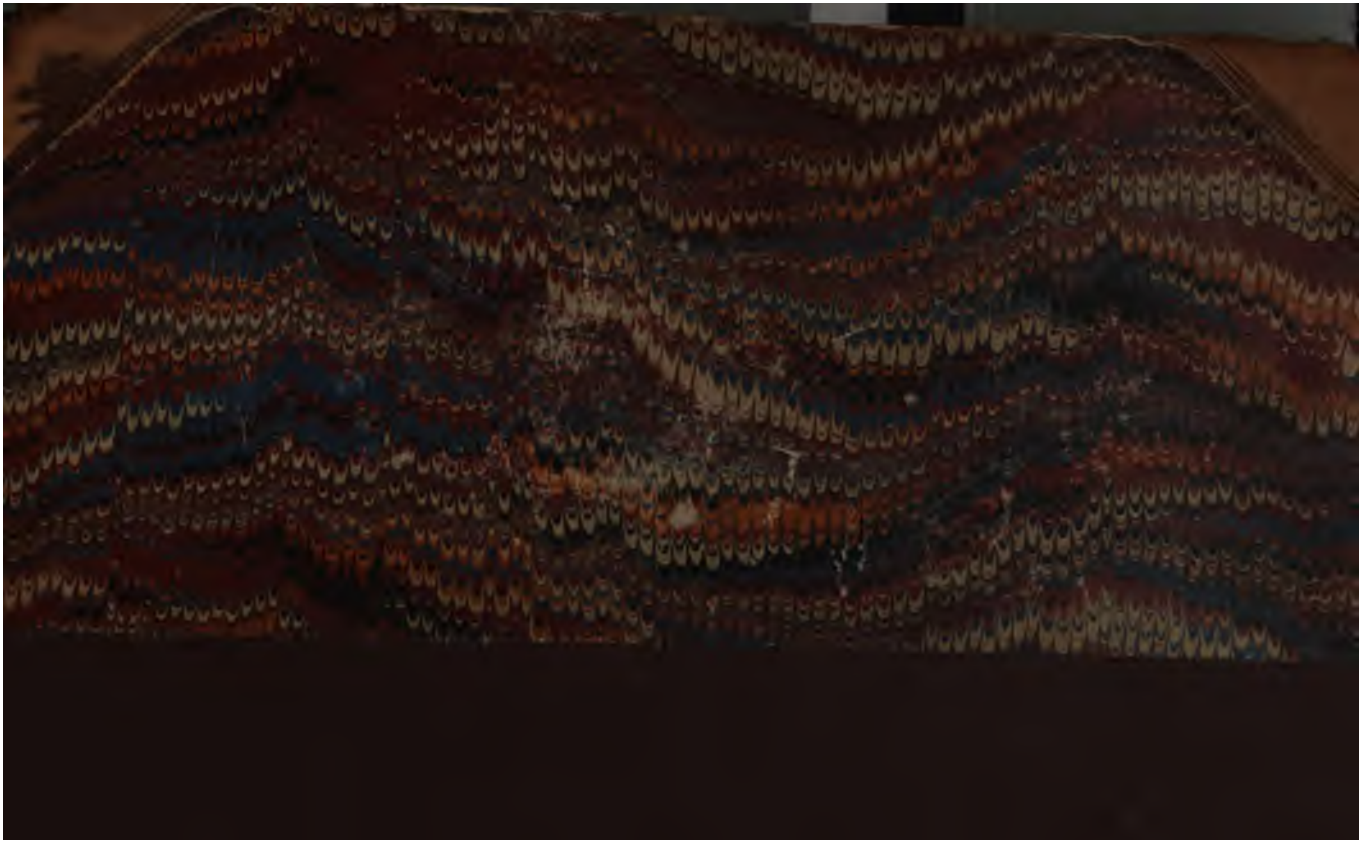

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ADDISON.

THE WORKS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON.

WITH NOTES

BY RICHARD HURD, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

A NEW EDITION, IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Illustrated with Engravings.

LONDON:

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

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INSCRIPTION TO MR. ADDISON,

WRITTEN IN 1805.

EXIMIO VIRO,
JOSEPHO ADDISON:
GRATIÂ, FAMÂ, FORTUNÂ COMMENDATO;
HUMANIORIBUS LITERIS UNICÈ INSTRUCTO;
HAUD IGNOBILI POETÆ;
IN ORATIONE SOLUTÂ CONTEXENDÂ
SUMMO ARTIFICI;
CENSORI MORUM
GRAVI SANÈ, SED ET PERJUCUNDO,
LEVIORIBUS IN ARGUMENTIS
SUBRIDENTI SUAVITÈR,
RES ETIAM SERIAS
LEPORE QUODAM SUO CONTINGENTI;
PIETATIS, PORRÒ, SINCERÆ,
HOC EST, CHRISTIANÆ,
FIDE, VITÂ, SCRIPTIS
STUDIOSISSIMO CULTORI:
EXIMIO, PROINDÈ, VIRO,
JOSEPHO ADDISON,
HOC MONUMENTUM SACRUM ESTO.

R. W. 1805, *Sept.* 5.

harder task than to tame the natural wildness of wit, and to civilize the fancy. The generality of our old English poets abound in forced conceits and affected phrases; and even those who are said to come the nearest to exactness, are but too often fond of unnatural beauties, and aim at something better than perfection. If Mr. Addison's example and precepts be the occasion that there now begins to be a great demand for correctness, we may justly attribute it to his being first fashioned by the ancient models, and familiarized to propriety of thought and chastity of style. Our country owes it to him, that the famous Monsieur Boileau first conceived an opinion of the English genius for poetry, by perusing the present he made him of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*. It has been currently reported, that this famous French poet, among the civilities he showed Mr. Addison on that occasion, affirmed, that he would not have written against Perrault, had he before seen such excellent pieces by a modern hand. Such a saying would have been impertinent and unworthy Boileau, whose dispute with Perrault turned chiefly upon some passages in the ancients, which he rescued from the mis-interpretations of his adversary. The true and natural compliment made by him was, that those books had given him a very new idea of the English politeness, and that he did not question but there were excellent compositions in the native language of a country, that possessed the Roman genius in so eminent a degree.

The first English performance made public by him, is a short copy of verses to Mr. Dryden, with a view particularly to his translations. This was soon followed by a version of the fourth Georgic of Virgil, of which Mr. Dryden makes very honourable mention, in the postscript to his own translation of all Virgil's works; wherein I have often wondered that he did not at the same time acknowledge his obligation to Mr. Addison, for giving him the Essay upon the Georgics, prefixed to Mr. Dryden's translation. Lest the honour of so exquisite a piece of criticism should hereafter be transferred to a wrong author, I have taken care to insert it in this collection of his works.

Of some other copies of verses, printed in the Miscellanies, while he was young, the largest is An Account of the greatest English Poets; in the close of which he insinuates a design he then had of going into holy orders, to which he was

strongly importuned by his father. His remarkable seriousness and modesty, which might have been urged as powerful reasons for his choosing that life, proved the chief obstacles to it. These qualities, by which the priesthood is so much adorned, represented the duties of it as too weighty for him; and rendered him still the more worthy of that honour, which they made him decline. It is happy that this very circumstance has since turned so much to the advantage of virtue and religion, in the cause of which he has bestowed his labours the more successfully, as they were his voluntary, not his necessary employment. The world became insensibly reconciled to wisdom and goodness, when they saw them recommended by him with at least as much spirit and elegance, as they had been ridiculed for half a century.

He was in his twenty-eighth year, when his inclination to see France and Italy was encouraged by the great Lord Chancellor Somers, one of that kind of patriots, who think it no waste of the public treasure to purchase politeness to their country. The poem upon one of King William's campaigns, addressed to his Lordship, was received with great humanity, and occasioned a message from him to the author to desire his acquaintance. He soon after obtained, by his interest, a yearly pension of three hundred pounds from the Crown, to support him in his travels. If the uncommonness of a favour, and the distinction of the person who confers it, enhance its value, nothing could be more honourable to a young man of learning, than such a bounty from so eminent a patron.

How well Mr. Addison answered the expectations of my Lord Somers, cannot appear better, than from the book of Travels he dedicated to his Lordship at his return. It is not hard to conceive, why that performance was at first but indifferently relished by the bulk of readers; who expected an account, in a common way, of the customs and policies of the several governments in Italy, reflections upon the genius of the people, a map of their provinces, or a measure of their buildings. How were they disappointed, when, instead of such particulars, they were presented only with a journal of poetical travels, with remarks on the present picture of the country, compared with the landscapes drawn by classic authors, and others the like unconcerning parts of knowledge! One may easily imagine a reader of plain sense, but

without a fine taste, turning over these parts of the volume, which make more than half of it, and wondering how an author, who seems to have so solid an understanding, when he treats of more weighty subjects in the other pages, should dwell upon such trifles, and give up so much room to matters of mere amusement. There are, indeed, but few men so fond of the ancients, as to be transported with every little accident, which introduces to their intimate acquaintance. Persons of that cast may here have the satisfaction of seeing annotations upon an old Roman poem, gathered from the hills and valleys where it was written. The Tiber and the Po serve to explain the verses that were made upon their banks; and the Alps and Apennines are made commentators on those authors to whom they were subjects so many centuries ago. Next to personal conversation with the writers themselves, this is the surest way of coming at their sense: a compendious and engaging kind of criticism, which convinces at first sight, and shows the vanity of conjectures made by antiquaries at a distance. If the knowledge of polite literature has its use, there is certainly a merit in illustrating the perfect models of it, and the learned world will think some years of a man's life not misspent in so elegant an employment. I shall conclude what I had to say on this performance, by observing, that the fame of it increased from year to year, and the demand for copies was so urgent, that the price rose to four or five times the original value, before it came out in a second edition.

The Letter from Italy to my Lord Halifax may be considered as the text upon which the book of Travels is a large comment, and has been esteemed by those who have a relish for antiquity, as the most exquisite of his poetical performances. A translation of it by Signor Salvini, professor of the Greek tongue at Florence, is inserted in this edition, not only on the account of its merit, but because it is the language of the country which is the subject of this poem.

The materials for the Dialogues upon Medals, now first printed from a manuscript of the author, were collected in the native country of those coins. The book itself was begun to be cast into form at Vienna, as appears from a letter to Mr. Stepney, then minister at that court, dated in November, 1702.

Some time before the date of this letter, Mr. Addison had designed to return to England, when he received advice from

his friends, that he was pitched upon to attend the army under Prince Eugene, who had just begun the war in Italy, as secretary from his Majesty. But an account of the death of King William, which he met with at Geneva, put an end to that thought; and as his hopes of advancement in his own country were fallen with the credit of his friends, who were out of power at the beginning of her late Majesty's reign, he had leisure to make the tour of Germany in his way home.

He remained for some time, after his return to England, without any public employment, which he did not obtain till the year 1704, when the Duke of Marlborough arrived at the highest pitch of glory, by delivering all Europe from slavery, and furnished Mr. Addison with a subject worthy of that genius which appears in his poem called The Campaign. The Lord Treasurer Godolphin, who was a fine judge of poetry, had a sight of this work, when it was only carried on as far as the applauded simile of the Angel; and approved the poem, by bestowing on the author, in a few days after, the place of Commissioner of Appeals, vacant by the removal of the famous Mr. Locke to the Council of Trade.

His next advancement was to the place of Under Secretary, which he held under Sir Charles Hedges, and the present Earl of Sunderland. The Opera of Rosamond was written while he possessed that employment. What doubts soever have been raised about the merit of the music, which, as the Italian taste at that time begun wholly to prevail, was thought sufficiently inexcusable, because it was the composition of an Englishman; the poetry of this piece has given as much pleasure in the closet, as others have afforded from the stage, with all the assistance of voices and instruments.

The Comedy called The Tender Husband appeared much about the same time, to which Mr. Addison wrote the Prologue. Sir Richard Steele surprised him with a very handsome dedication of this play, and has since acquainted the public, that he owed some of the most taking scenes of it to Mr. Addison.

His next step in his fortune, was to the post of Secretary under the late Marquis of Wharton, who was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the year 1709. As I have proposed to touch but very lightly on those parts of his life which do not regard him as an author, I shall not enlarge

upon the great reputation he acquired by his turn to business and his unblemished integrity, in this and other employments. It must not be omitted here, that the salary of Keeper of the Records in Ireland was considerably raised, and that post bestowed upon him, at this time, as a mark of the queen's favour. He was in that kingdom when he first discovered Sir Richard Steele to be the author of The Tatler, by an observation upon Virgil, which had been by him communicated to his friend. The assistance he occasionally gave him afterwards in the course of the paper, did not a little contribute to advance its reputation; and, upon the change of the ministry, he found leisure to engage more constantly in that work, which, however, was dropt at last, as it had been taken up, without his participation.

In the last paper, which closed those celebrated performances, and in the preface to the last volume, Sir Richard Steele has given to Mr. Addison the honour of the most applauded pieces in that collection. But as that acknowledgment was delivered only in general terms, without directing the public to the several papers, Mr. Addison, who was content with the praise arising from his own works, and too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others, afterwards thought fit to distinguish his writings in the Spectators and Guardians, by such marks as might remove the least possibility of mistake in the most undiscerning readers. It was necessary that his share in the Tatlers should be adjusted in a complete collection of his works; for which reason Sir Richard Steele, in compliance with the request of his deceased friend, delivered to him by the editor, was pleased to mark with his own hand those Tatlers which are inserted in this edition, and even to point out several in the writing of which they both were concerned.

The plan of the Spectator, as far as it regards the feigned person of the author, and of the several characters that compose his club, was projected in concert with Sir Richard Steele. And, because many passages in the course of the work would otherwise be obscure, I have taken leave to insert one single paper, written by Sir Richard Steele, wherein those characters are drawn, which may serve as a *Dramatis Personæ*, or as so many pictures for an ornament and explication of the whole. As for the distinct papers, they were never or seldom shown to each other by their respective

authors, who fully answered the promise they had made, and far out-went the expectation they had raised, of pursuing their labour in the same spirit and strength with which it was begun. It would have been impossible for Mr. Addison, who made little or no use of letters sent in by the numerous correspondents of the Spectator, to have executed his large share of this task in so exquisite a manner, if he had not ingrafted into it many pieces that had lain by him in little hints and minutes, which he from time to time collected, and ranged in order, and moulded into the form in which they now appear. Such are the Essays upon Wit, the Pleasures of the Imagination, the Critique upon Milton, and some others, which I thought to have connected in a continued series in this edition; though they were at first published with the interruption of writings on different subjects. But as such a scheme would have obliged me to cut off several graceful introductions and circumstances, peculiarly adapted to the time and occasion of printing them, I durst not pursue that attempt.

The Tragedy of Cato appeared in public in the year 1713, when the greatest part of the last act was added by the author to the foregoing, which he had kept by him for many years. He took up a design of writing a play upon this subject, when he was very young at the university, and even attempted something in it there, though not a line as it now stands. The work was performed by him in his travels, and retouched in England, without any formed resolution of bringing it upon the stage, till his friends of the first quality and distinction prevailed with him to put the last finishing to it, at a time when they thought the doctrine of liberty very seasonable. It is in everybody's memory, with what applause it was received by the public; that the first run of it lasted for a month; and then stopped, only because one of the performers became incapable of acting a principal part. The author received a message, that the queen would be pleased to have it dedicated to her; but as he had designed that compliment elsewhere, he found himself obliged by his duty on the one side, and his honour on the other, to send it into the world without any dedication. The fame of this Tragedy soon spread through Europe, and it has not only been translated, but acted in most of the languages of Christendom. The translation of it into Italian, by Signor

Salvini, is very well known; but I have not been able to learn, whether that of Signor Valetta, a young Neapolitan nobleman, has ever been made public.

If he had found time for the writing of another tragedy, the death of Socrates would have been the story. And, however unpromising that subject may appear, it would be presumptuous to censure his choice, who was so famous for raising the noblest plants from the most barren soil. It serves to show, that he thought the whole labour of such a performance unworthy to be thrown away upon those intrigues and adventures, to which the romantic taste has confined modern tragedy; and, after the example of his predecessors in Greece, would have employed the drama "to wear out of our minds everything that is mean, or little; to cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature; to soften insolence, to soothe affliction, and to subdue our minds to the dispensations of Providence."[1]

Upon the death of the late queen, the Lords Justices, in whom the administration was lodged, appointed him their Secretary. Soon after his Majesty's arrival in Great Britain, the Earl of Sunderland being constituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Mr. Addison became a second time Secretary for the affairs of that kingdom; and was made one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade a little after his Lordship resigned the post of Lord Lieutenant.

The paper called the Freeholder was undertaken at the time when the rebellion broke out in Scotland.

The only works he left behind him for the public, are the Dialogues upon Medals, and the Treatise upon the Christian Religion. Some account has been already given of the former, to which nothing is now to be added, except that a great part of the Latin quotations were rendered into English, in a very hasty manner, by the editor, and one of his friends, who had the good nature to assist him, during his avocations of business. It was thought better to add these translations, such as they are, than to let the work come out unintelligible to those who do not possess the learned languages.

The scheme for the Treatise upon the Christian Religion was formed by the author about the end of the late queen's

[1] Spectator, No. 39.

reign; at which time he carefully perused the ancient writings, which furnish the materials for it. His continual employment in business prevented him from executing it, till he resigned his office of Secretary of State; and his death put a period to it, when he had imperfectly performed only one half of the design; he having proposed, as appears from the introduction, to add the Jewish to the Heathen testimonies for the truth of the Christian history. He was more assiduous than his health would well allow in the pursuit of this work; and had long determined to dedicate his poetry also, for the future, wholly to religious subjects.

Soon after he was, from being one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade, advanced to the post of Secretary of State, he found his health impaired by the return of that asthmatic indisposition, which continued often to afflict him during his exercise of that employment, and at last obliged him to beg his Majesty's leave to resign. His freedom from the anxiety of business so far re-established his health, that his friends began to hope he might last for many years; but (whether it were from a life too sedentary, or from his natural constitution, in which was one circumstance very remarkable, that, from his cradle, he never had a regular pulse) a long and painful relapse into an asthma and dropsy deprived the world of this great man, on the 17th of June, 1719. He left behind him only one daughter, by the Countess of Warwick, to whom he was married in the year 1716.

Not many days before his death, he gave me directions to collect his writings, and at the same time committed to my care the Letter addrest to Mr. Craggs, (his successor as Secretary of State,) wherein he bequeaths them to him, as a token of friendship. Such a testimony, from the first man of our age, in such a point of time, will be, perhaps, as great and lasting an honour to that gentleman, as any even he could acquire to himself; and yet is no more than was due from an affection, that justly increased towards him through the intimacy of several years. I cannot, without the utmost tenderness, reflect on the kind concern with which Mr. Addison left me as a sort of encumbrance upon this valuable legacy. Nor must I deny myself the honour to acknowledge, that the goodness of that great man to me, like many other of his amiable qualities, seemed not so much to be renewed as

continued in his successor; who made me an example, that nothing could be indifferent to him which came recommended by Mr. Addison.

Could any circumstance be more severe to me, while I was executing these last commands of the author, than to see the person, to whom his works were presented, cut off in the flower of his age, and carried from the high office wherein he had succeeded Mr. Addison, to be laid next him in the same grave! I might dwell upon such thoughts as naturally rise from these minute resemblances in the fortune of two persons, whose names, probably, will be seldom mentioned asunder, while either our language or story subsist, were I not afraid of making this preface too tedious; especially since I shall want all the patience of the reader, for having enlarged it with the following verses.

R. WORCESTER.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL OF WARWICK, &c.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stayed,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid;
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh, judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire!
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid;
And the last words, that dust to dust conveyed!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend!
Oh, gone for ever, take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montagu!

To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine;
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,
My griefs be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,)
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught, and led, the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region to the just assigned,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind?
A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly;
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell,
How Michael battled, and the Dragon fell?
Or, mixt with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,

In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trode before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, so ye heavens decree,
Must still be loved, and still deplored by me)
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there:
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of Just and Good he reasoned strong,
Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song;
There patient showed us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears?
How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frowned,
Some refuge in the muse's art I found:
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing,
And these sad accents, murmured o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)

The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinished song!

These works divine, which, on his death-bed laid,
To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring Sage conveyed,
Great, but ill-omened, monument of fame;
Nor he survived to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell.
Farewell! whom joined in fame, in friendship tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

THOMAS TICKELL.

POEMS

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

TO MR. DRYDEN.[1]

How long, great poet, shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise?
Can neither injuries of time, nor age,
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote;
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.
Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possest,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,[2]
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee.

[1] It would not be fair to criticise our author's poetry, especially the poetry of his younger days, very exactly. He was not *a poet born*: or, he had not studied, with sufficient care, the best models of English poetry. Whatever the cause might be, he had not the command of what Dryden so eminently possessed, a truly *poetic diction*. His poetry is only pure prose put into verse. And

"Non satis est puris versum perscribere verbis."

However, it may not be amiss to point out the principal defects of his *expression*, that his great example may not be pleaded in excuse of them.

[2] *Thou mak'st.*] Vide after, *Thou teachest.*] This way of using verbs of the present and imperfect tense, in the second person singular, should be utterly banished from our poetry. The sound is intolerable. Milton. and others have rather chosen to violate grammar itself, than offend the ear thus unmercifully. This liberty may, perhaps, be taken sometimes, in the greater poetry; in odes especially. But the better way will generally be, to turn the expression differently, as, *'Tis thine to teach*, or in some such way.

Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle
In smoother numbers, and a clearer style;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire, and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still outshines the bright original.
Now Ovid boasts the advantage of thy song,[1]
And tells his story in the British tongue;
Thy charming verse,[2] and fair translations, show
How thy own laurel first began to grow;
How wild Lycaon, changed by angry gods,
And frighted at himself,[3] ran howling through the woods.
O may'st thou still the noble task prolong,[4]
Nor age nor sickness interrupt thy song!
Then may we wondering read, how human limbs
Have watered kingdoms, and dissolved in streams;
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turned yellow by degrees, and ripened into gold:
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have lived a second life, and different natures tried.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transformed, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.[5]

Mag. Coll. Oxon. June 2, 1693.

The Author's age, 22.

[1] *—the advantage of thy song.*] An instance of unpoetical expression.

[2] *Thy charming verse, and fair translations.*] The epithets too general and prosaic.

[3] *Alexandrines*, as they are called, should never be admitted into this kind of verse. But Dryden's unconfined genius had given a sanction to them.

[4] *O may'st thou still*, &c.] See note [2] in the preceding page. It might have stood thus: "*Still may thy muse* the noble task prolong."

[5] *reveal—tell.*] Bad rhymes. There are other instances in this short poem; and in general Mr. Addison was a bad rhymist.

A POEM TO HIS MAJESTY.[1]

PRESENTED

TO THE LORD KEEPER.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL

If yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,[2]
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares,
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the present of a muse unknown:
A muse that in adventurous numbers sings
The rout of armies, and the fall of kings,
Britain advanced, and Europe's peace restored,
By Somers' counsels, and by Nassau's sword.
To you, my lord, these daring thoughts belong,
Who helped to raise the subject of my song;
To you the hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unstormed, and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct, and reward his pains:
But since the state has all your cares engrost,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser muse[3] indites,
Pardon her faults and countenance her flights.

[1] King William. Printed in the year 1695. The author's age, 24.

[2] This short address to his patron is polite and proper, but, like the poem which it introduces, very prosaic.

[3] *A lesser muse.*] *Little* has two comparatives, *less* and *lesser*. Use leaves us at liberty to employ *either*. The sound will direct us when to prefer the one to the other. As here, *a lesser muse* is clearly better than *a less muse*. But, in general, it may be a good rule "to join *less* with a

On you, my lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate,
Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy, or misguided love;
If you, well pleased, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I 'll boldly raise;
For next to what you write, is what you praise.

TO THE KING.

When now the business of the field is o'er,
The trumpets sleep, and cannons cease to roar;
When every dismal echo is decayed,
And all the thunder of the battle laid;
Attend, auspicious prince, and let the muse
In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.
Others, in bold prophetic numbers skilled,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
My muse, expecting, on the British strand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,
When Europe was concerned in every blow;
But durst not in heroic strains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons drowned her voice:
She saw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
And floating corps lie beating on the shore:
She saw thee climb the banks, but tried in vain
To trace her hero through the dusty plain,
When through the thick embattled lines he broke,
Now plunged amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of smoke.
Oh that some muse, renowned for lofty verse,
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse!

singular noun, and *lesser* with a plural;"—as when we say, *a less difficulty*, and *lesser difficulties*. The reason is, that few singular nouns terminate in *s*, and most plural nouns do.

Worser, the second comparative of *bad*, has not the same authority to plead as *lesser*; and is not, I think, of equal use.—Our grammarians do not enough attend to the influence which the ear has in modelling a lan-

Draw thee beloved in peace, and feared in wars,
Inured to noon-day sweats,[1] and midnight cares!
But still the godlike man, by some hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late;
Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds;
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.
A thousand years in full succession ran
Ere Virgil raised his voice, and sung the man
Who, driven by stress of fate, such dangers bore
On stormy seas and a disastrous shore,
Before he settled in the promised earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.
Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce,
Ere Homer mustered up their troops in verse;
Long had Achilles quelled the Trojans' lust,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
Before the towering muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engaged in tented fields and rolling floods,
Or slaughtering mortals, or a match for gods.
And here, perhaps, by fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in William's godlike acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age.
Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,
And Boyne be sung when it has ceased to flow;
Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read
How, in the bloody field, too near advanced,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanced.[2]
The race of Nassaus was by Heaven designed
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,
To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in every injured nation's cause,

[1] He should have said *heats*, as he does say in the Campaign, *The midnight watches and the noon-day heats.*

[2] *The guiltless bullet*, &c.] Delicately, and, at the same time, nobly expressed. Our great preacher, Tillotson, was not so happy when he spoke of the king's shoulder as being *kindly kissed* by this bullet.

The world's great patriots; they for justice call,
And, as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our British youth, unused to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard unwarmed the martial trumpet blow;
But now, inspired by thee, with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And act their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fired, when they hear how Agincourt was strowed
With Gallic corps, and Cressi swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach, or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy by force
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for William leads the way,
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
Namure's late terrors and destruction show
What William, warmed with just revenge, can do:
Where once a thousand turrets raised on high
Their gilded spires, and glittered in the sky,
An undistinguished heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.
  His toils, for no ignoble ends designed,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears,
The cries of orphans, and the widow's tears;
Opprest religion gives the first alarms,
And injured justice sets him in his arms;
His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword.
  Thus when the forming muse would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters killed,
Reeking in blood, and smeared with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.
  Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the haughty East;
Algiers and Tunis from their sultry shore
With horror hear the British engines roar,

Fain from the neighbouring dangers would they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallic ships are in their ports confined,
Denied the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunned with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumbered wrecks were strowed,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flowed.
Spain's numerous fleet, that perisht on our coast,
Could scarce a longer line of battle boast,
The winds could hardly drive them to their fate,
And all the ocean laboured with the weight.
Where'er the waves in restless errors roll,
The sea lies open now to either pole:
Now may we safely use the northern gales,
And in the Polar Circle spread our sails;
Or deep in southern climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars;
Fetch uncontrolled each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.
At length, proud prince, ambitious Lewis, cease
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the structures which thy pride has razed,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste;
Think on the heaps of corps, and streams of blood,
On every guilty plain, and purple flood,
Thy arms have made, and cease an impious war,
Nor waste the lives intrusted to thy care.
Or if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind,
See mighty Nassau through the battle ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side:
Fain would the pious prince refuse the alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm;
But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries stolen, and captives unrestored,
Give strength to every blow, and edge his sword.
Behold with what resistless force he falls
On towns besieged, and thunders at thy walls!

Ask Villeroy; for Villeroy beheld
The town surrendered, and the treaty sealed;
With what amazing strength the forts were won,
Whilst the whole power of France stood looking on.
But stop not here: behold where Berkley stands,
And executes his injured king's commands!
Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels and falling towers;
With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round them where they break;
The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quivering light.
Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills heaven with ashes, and the earth with smoke;
Here crags of broken rocks are twirled on high,
Here molten stones and scattered cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the Asiatic shore with dust.
Now does the sailor from the neighbouring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasured ruin lie;
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows
His wondering mates where towns and steeples rose,
Where crowded citizens he lately viewed,
And singles out the place where once St. Maloes stood.
Here Russel's actions should my muse require;
And, would my strength but second my desire,
I 'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thundering in my verse:
High on the deck should the great leader stand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand;
Like Homer's Hector, when he flung his fire
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire.
But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
And count the flames disperst on every shore?
Who can describe the scattered victory,
And draw the reader on from sea to sea?
Else who could Ormond's godlike acts refuse,
Ormond the theme of every Oxford muse?
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chase of fame,

Through all the noise and hurry of the fight,
Observe each blow, and keep him still in sight.
Oh, did our British peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their forefathers won!
Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that conquered France.
What might not England hope, if such abroad
Purchased their country's honour with their blood:
When such, detained at home, support our state
In William's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The schemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blast the counsels of the common foe;
Direct our armies, and distribute right,
And render our Maria's loss more light.
But stop, my muse, the ungrateful sound forbear,
Maria's name still wounds each British ear:
Each British heart Maria still does[1] wound,
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.
But see, at length, the British ships appear!
Our Nassau comes! and, as his fleet draws near,
The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in sight.
Come, mighty prince, desired of Britain, come!
May heaven's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look
Which such confusion and amazement strook
Through Gallic hosts: but, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thy eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found;
But for awhile forget the trumpet's sound;
Well-pleased, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love.
For as, when lately moved with fierce delight,
You plunged amidst the tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of dead encompassed you around,
And steeds o'erturned lay foaming on the ground:

[1] *Does wound.*] An unlucky blemish in this otherwise pretty passage. —Yet it is a mistake to think that these *feeble expletives, do, does, did,* &c., as Pope calls them, are never to have a place in our verse: the rule is, "they should not be coupled with the verb." The reason is obvious.

So crowned with laurels now, where'er you go,
Around you blooming joys and peaceful blessings flow.

A TRANSLATION OF ALL

VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

ETHEREAL sweets shall next my muse engage,[1]
And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures' wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays.
Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, to make the work divine.
First for your bees a proper station find,
That 's fenced about, and sheltered from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
To trample under-foot the springing flowers;
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass;
Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor wood-pecks, nor the swallow, harbour near.
They waste the swarms, and, as they fly along,
Convey the tender morsels to their young.
Let purling streams, and fountains edged with moss,
And shallow rills run trickling down the grass;

[1] *Ethereal sweets.*] The following version, though it be exact enough, for the most part, and not inelegant, gives us but a faint idea of the original. It has the grace, but not the energy, of Virgil's manner. The late Translator of the Georgics * has succeeded much better. The versification (except only the bad rhymes) may be excused; for the frequent triplets and Alexandrines (which Dryden's laziness, by the favour of his exuberant genius, had introduced) were esteemed, when this translation was made, not blemishes, but beauties.

* Mr. Neville.

Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow;
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;
That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt them from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.
Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across and bridge it o'er with stones;
That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind,
Should dip or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flowery banks with lavender,
With store of savoury scent the fragrant air;
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed.
Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop.
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flowers,
To smear the chinks, and plaster up the pores;
For this they hoard up glue, whose clinging drops,
Like pitch or bird-lime, hang in stringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell;
At other times the industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.
Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves most thinly on your work be strowed;
But let no baleful yew-tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.
Nor neighbouring caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepared——
When the under-world is seized with cold and night,
And summer here descends in streams of light,
The bees through woods and forests take their flight.

They rifle every flower, and lightly skim
The crystal brook, and sip the running stream;
And thus they feed their young with strange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.
But when on high you see the bees repair,
Borne on the winds through distant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackening from afar;
While shady coverts and fresh streams they choose,
Milfoil and common honey-suckles bruise,
And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
And shake the cymbals of the goddess round;
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.
If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the state,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarse, broken sounds, like trumpets' harsh alarms,
Run through the hive, and call them to their arms;
All in a hurry spread their shivering wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight:
At last, when all the heavens are warm and fair,
They rush together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hail-stones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No sense of danger can their kings control,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul:
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
Till shameful flight secures the routed foe.
This hot dispute and all this mighty fray
A little dust flung upward will allay.
But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doomed to die;

So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.
The kings are different; one of better note,
All speckt with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;
But love of ease, and sloth, in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
The people's looks are different as their king's,
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathsome and diseased with sloth,
Like a faint traveller, whose dusty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a mawkish froth.
The first are best——
From their o'erflowing combs you'll often press
Pure luscious sweets, that mingling in the glass
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse.
But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit the unfinished comb;
Their airy ramblings are with ease confined,
Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
Let flowery banks entice them to their cells,
And gardens all perfumed with native smells;
Where carved Priapus has his fixed abode,
The robber's terror, and the scare-crow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill
Transplant, and nurse them in the neighbouring soil,
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water them, and urge their shady growth.
And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And striking sail, and making to the shore,
I'd show what art the gardener's toils require,
Why rosy pæstum blushes twice a year;
What streams the verdant succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
With what a cheerful green does parsley grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twisted grass;
Nor would I pass the soft Acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees that love the shore;

Nor daffodils, that late from earth's slow womb
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow bloom.
For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,
Where slow Galesus drencht the washy soil,
An old Corician yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture graced the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield;
But savoury herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crowned,
And drooping lilies whitened all the ground.
Blest with these riches he could empires slight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchased dainties would afford,
And his own garden furnished out his board:
The spring did first his opening roses blow,[1]
First ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
And freezing rivers stiffened as they run,
He then would prune the tenderest of his trees,
Chide the late spring, and lingering western breeze:
His bees first swarmed, and made his vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindens and the sappy pine increased;
Here, when gay flowers his smiling orchard drest,
As many blossoms as the spring could show,
So many dangling apples mellowed on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plum,
And spreading plane-trees, where, supinely laid,
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade.
But these for want of room I must omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.
Now I 'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;

[1] Roses *blow.*] Not usual or exact to use the verb *blow* actively. Yet Milton speaks of *banks that blow flowers.* (Mask at Ludlow Castle, page 993.) And, indeed, it is not easy to say how far this licentious construction, if sparingly used, *si sumpta pudenter*, may be allowed, especially in the higher poetry. The reason is, that it takes the expression out of the tameness of prose, and pleases by its novelty, more than it disgusts by its irregularity: and whatever pleases in this degree, is poetical.

Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
Lodged in a cave, the almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurst kindly under-ground.
  Of all the winged inhabitants of air,
These only make their young the public care;
In well-disposed societies they live,
And laws and statutes regulate their hive;
Nor stray like others unconfined abroad,
But know set stations, and a fixed abode:
Each provident of cold in summer flies
Through fields and woods, to seek for new supplies,
And in the common stock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
Taste every bud, and suck each blossom dry;
Whilst others, labouring in their cells at home,
Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,
For the first ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raise
The yellow fabric on its gluey base.
Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
And into purest honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
With luscious nectar every flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heavens, and search the clouded skies,
To find out breeding storms, and tell what tempests rise.
By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive.
The work is warmly plied through all the cells,
And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.
  So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,
When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they beat,
And all the unshapen thunder-bolt complete;
Alternately their hammers rise and fall;
Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
And some in waters dip the hissing mass;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
And Ætna shakes all o'er, and thunders under-ground.

Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
The busy swarms their different labours share.
Desire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged insects, by experience wise,
Attend the comb, and fashion every part,
And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clogged with the meadows' spoils
On lavender and saffron buds they feed,
On bending osiers and the balmy reed,
From purple violets and the teile they bring
Their gathered sweets, and rifle all the spring.
All work together, all together rest,
The morning still renews their labours past;
Then all rush out, their different tasks pursue,
Sit on the bloom, and suck the ripening dew;
Again, when evening warns them to their home,
With weary wings and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsy hum.
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolved in sleep.
None range abroad when winds and storms are nigh,
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,
But make small journeys with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring spring;
And lest their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of every blast,
They carry stones to poise them in their flight,
As ballast keeps the unsteady vessel right.
But, of all customs that the bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most;
That none will Hymen's softer joys approve,
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From these they choose out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state;
Then build wax kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.

But often in their journeys, as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie
Grovelling beneath their flowery load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a fly such generous thoughts inspire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying state,
Though seven short springs conclude their vital date,
Their ancient stocks eternally remain,
And in an endless race their children's children reign.
No prostrate vassal of the East can more
With slavish fear his haughty prince adore;
His life unites 'em all; but, when he dies,
All in loud tumults and distractions rise;
They waste their honey and their combs deface,
And wild confusion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cause, embattled in the air,
Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war.
Some, from such instances as these, have taught,
"The bees' extract is heavenly; for they thought
The universe alive; and that a soul,
Diffused throughout the matter of the whole,
To all the vast unbounded frame was given,
And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all the deep of heaven;
That this first kindled life in man and beast,
Life, that again flows into this at last.
That no compounded animal could die,
But when dissolved, the spirit mounted high,
Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky."
Whene'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees,
Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathsome cloud of smoke amidst their hive.
Twice in the year their flowery toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
Once, when the lovely Pleiades arise,
And add fresh lustre to the summer skies;
And once, when hastening from the watery sign,
They quit their station, and forbear to shine.

The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound.
Their venomed sting produces aching pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.
When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away;
For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drones, that riot on another's toils:
Oft broods of moths infest the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or else the spider at their entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.
When sickness reigns, (for they as well as we
Feel all the effects of frail mortality,)
By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their funeral rites are formed, and every bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity;
The few diseased survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumbed with cold;
In drawling hums the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo through the hive,
Like winds that softly murmur through the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famished swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile 'em to their meat.
Mix juice of galls, and wine, that grow in time
Condensed by fire, and thicken to a slime;
To these dried roses, thyme, and century join,
And raisins, ripened on the Psythian vine.
Besides, there grows a flower in marshy ground,
Its name Amellus, easy to be found;

A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shows itself in leaves:
The flower itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves shoot thick about the flower, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in watery mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil 'em well
In wine, and heap 'em up before the cell.
But if the whole stock fail, and none survive;
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I 'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread the Arcadian shepherd's name so far.
How bees from blood of slaughtered bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.
For where the Egyptians yearly see their bounds
Refreshed with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians' soil,
Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime:
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.
First then a close contracted space of ground,
With straitened walls and low-built roof, they found;
A narrow shelving light is next assigned
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a bull that 's young and fierce,
When two years' growth of horn he proudly shows,
And shakes the comely terrors of his brows:
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death;
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on every side,
Till his bruised bowels burst within the hide;
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme and cassia, strowed around.

All this is done, when first the western breeze
Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas;
Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in spring's embroidery are drest.
Meanwhile the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now are seen
A wondrous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls,
Of shapeless, rude, unfinished animals.
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now strikes the air with quivering wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears;
From every side the fruitful carcass pours
Its swarming brood, as thick as summer showers,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging strings first shoot 'em on the foes.
Thus have I sung the nature of the bee.
While Cæsar, towering to divinity,
The frighted Indians with his thunder awed,
And claimed their homage, and commenced a god·
I flourished all the while in arts of peace,
Retired and sheltered in inglorious ease;
I who before the songs of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I played,
And set my Tityrus beneath his shade.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

AT OXFORD.[1]

I.

Cecilia, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims,
Known and distinguished from the rest,

[1] The success of *Alexander's Feast* made it fashionable for succeeding poets to try their hand at a musical ode; but they mistook the matter, when they thought it enough to contend with Mr. Dryden.—It was reserved for one or two of our days to give us a true idea of lyric poetry in English.

Attend, harmonious saint, and see
Thy vocal sons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our prayers;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune every string and every tongue,
Be thou the muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From every voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of every skilful tongue,
The sound of every trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day,
To music and Cecilia;
Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The listening savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended, as he played,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

IV.

Music religious heats inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,

And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
The Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well pleased and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heavenly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our prayers.
When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurled,
Music shall then exert its power,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:
Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heaven shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day,
To music and Cecilia.
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallowed bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepared,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the blest above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

To Mr. H. S.[1] April 3, 1694.

Since, dearest Harry,[2] you will needs request
A short account of all the muse-possest,

[1] Henry Sachevereli, whose story is well known.—Yet with all his follies, some respect may seem due to the memory of a man, who had merit in his youth, as appears from a paper of verses under his name, in Dryden's Miscellanies; and who lived in the early friendship of Mr. Addison.

[2] The introductory and concluding lines of this poem are a bad imita-

That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes;
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I 'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses' worth, though not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine;
Till Chaucer first, the merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscured his wit;
In vain he jests in his unpolished strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenser next, warmed with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amused a barbarous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleased of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleased at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfreys, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights;
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.
Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press;
He more had pleased us, had he pleased us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'er-flows the heavens with one continued light;

tion of Horace's manner—*Sermoni propiora.* In the rest, the poetry is better than the *criticism*, which is right or wrong, as it chances; being echoed from the common voice.

That not a single star can show his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
The unnumbered beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess,
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouthed Pindar to thy lyre;[1]
Pindar, whom others, in a laboured strain
And forced expression, imitate in vain?
Well-pleased in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler flight.
Blest man! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employed the tuneful prelate in thy praise:
Blest man! who now shalt be for ever known
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.
But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfettered in majestic numbers walks;
No vulgar hero can his muse engage;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallowed rage.
See! see, he upward springs, and towering high,
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets the Almighty thunderer in arms.
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst every verse arrayed in majesty,
Bold, and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.[2]
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's outspread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sounds of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
And stun the reader with the din of war!

[1] Cowley had great merit, but nature had formed him to manage Anacreon's lute, and not Pindar's lyre.

[2] I wonder what these laws could be. Nobody understood the critic's *nicest laws* better than Milton, or observed them with more respect. The observation might be true of Shakspeare; but, by ill-hap, we do not so much as find his name in this account of English poets.

With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise,
What tongue, what words of rapture, can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness![1]
Oh, had the poet ne'er profaned his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men,
His other works might have deserved applause;
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, though serene and bright,[2]
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.
But now, my muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn every line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse, tune thy verse with art to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire;
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Sacharissa's beauties kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flattering song,
Can make the vanquished great, the coward strong.
Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storms that bore him hence.
Oh had thy muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne,
How had his triumphs glittered in thy page,
And warmed thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we viewed,
And how had Boyne's wide current reeked in blood!
Or, if Maria's charms thou wouldst rehearse,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse,
Thy pen had well described her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seemed more fair.
Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n rules a noble poetry:

[1] *A vision so profuse of pleasantness.*] A prettily turned line. The expression (originally Milton's, P. L. iv. 243, viii. 286) pleased our poet so much, that we have it again in the letter from Italy—*profuse of bliss*, and elsewhere.

[2] *Serene and bright.*] This is a strange description of Milton's language, if he means the language of his prose works. The panegyric seems made at random.

Rules, whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
The best of critics, and of poets too.
Nor, Denham, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighbouring plains.
But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs[1]
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourished, should decay with thee;
Did not the muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promised more.
Congreve shall still[2] preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.
I'm tired with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montague remains unnamed,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment famed;
To Dorset he directs his artful muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!
We see his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dyed waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois choked with men, and arms, and blood;
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,

[1] *Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs.*] A writer in fashion, like the stoical wise man, is everything he has a mind to be. Dryden's comedies are very indifferent, and his tragedies still worse.

[2] *Congreve shall still.*] Another poet in fashion: but it is not safe to prophesy of such. All he had of *Dryden's muse* was only his quaint and ill-applied wit.

Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.
But now, to Nassau's secret councils raised,
He aids the hero, whom before he praised.
I've done at length; and now, dear friend, receive
The last poor present that my muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise 'em with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.

LETTERA SCRITTA D'ITALIA

AL

MOLTO ONORABILE CARLO CONTE HALIFAX,

DAL SIGNORE GIUSEPPE ADDISON, L'ANNO MDCCI. IN VERSI INGLESI.

E TRADOTTA IN VERSI TOSCANI.[1]

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.

MENTRE, Signor, l' ombre villesche attraggonvi,
E di Britannia dagli Ufici toltovi
Non piu, ch' a suoi ingrati Figli piaccia
Per lor vantaggio, vostro ozio immolate;
Me in esteri Regni il Fato invia
Entro genti feconde in carmi eterni,
U la dolce stagion, e 'l vago Clima
Fanno, che vostra quiete in versi io turbi.
Ovunque io giri i miei rapiti lumi,
Scene auree, liete, e chiare viste inalzansi,
Attornianmi Poetiche Campagne,
Parmi ognor di calcar classico suolo;
Sì sovente ivi Musa accordò l'Arpa,
Che non cantato niun colle sorgevi,
Celebre in versi ivi ogni pianta cresce,
E in celeste armonia ciascun rio corre.
Come mi giova a cercar poggi, e boschi
Per chiare fonti, e celebrati fiumi,
Alla Nera veder fiera in suo corso
Tracciar Clitumno chiaro in sua sorgente,
Veder condur sua schiera d' acque il Mincio
Per lunghi giri di feconda ripa,
E d'Albula canuta il guado infetto
Suo caldo letto di fumante solfo.
Di mille estasi acceso io sopraveggio
Correre il Po per praterie fiorite

[1] By the Abbot Anton. Maria Salvini, Greek Professor at Florence.

A LETTER FROM ITALY,[1]

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm ! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes. VIRG. Geor. ii.

WHILE you, my lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravished eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renowned in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleased to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watery store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Fired with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,

[1] The subject, so inviting to our classical traveller, seems to have raised his fancy, and brightened his expression. Mr. Pope used to speak very favourably of this poem.

De Fiumi Re, che sovra i pian scorrendo,
Le torreggianti Alpi in natia muraglia
Della metà di loro umore asciuga:
Superbo, e gonfio dell' hiberne nevi
L' abbondanza comparte ov' egli corre.
Talor smarrito dal drappel sonoro
I rii rimiro immortalati in canto,
Che giaccionsi in silenzio, e obblio perduti,
(Muti i lor fonti son, secche lor vene,)
Pur, per senno di muse, ei son perenni,
Lor mormorio perenne in tersi carmi.
Talora al gentil Tebro io mi ritiro,
Le vote ripe del gran Fiume ammiro,
Che privo di poter suo corso tragge
D' una gretta urna, e sterile sorgente;
Pur suona ei nelle bocche de Poeti,
Sicche 'l miro al Danubio, e al Nil far scorno;
Così Musa immortale in alto il leva.
Tal' era il Boin povero, ignobil fiume,
Che nelle Hiberne valli oscuro errava,
E inosservato in suoi giri scherzava.
Quando per Vostri Versi, e per la Spada
Di Nassò, rinomato, l' onde sue
Levate in alto pel Mondo risuonano
Ovunque dello Eroe le divin' opre,
E ove andrà fama d' immortal verso.
Oh l' estatico mio petto inspirasse
Musa con un furor simile al vostro!
Infinite bellezze avria 'l mio verso,
Cederia di Virgilio a Quel l' Italia.
Mira quali auree selve attorno ridonmi,
Che della tempestosa di Britannia
Isola sì ne schivano la costa,
O trapiantate, e con pensier guardate
Maledicon la fredda Regione,
E nell' aria del Norte illanguidiscono.
Calor dolor il montante umor ne lievita
A nobil gusti, e più esaltati odori.
Rozze ancor rupi molle mirto menano
Ricco profumo, peste erbette olezzano.

The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalized in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry,)
Yet run for ever[1] by the muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the famed river's empty shores admire,
That, destitute of strength, derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source,
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely strayed,
And unobserved in wild meanders played;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renowned,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh could the muse my ravished breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumbered beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or when transplanted and preserved with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.

[1] *Yet run for ever*, &c.] This way of *giving to the copy the properties of the original*, is not uncommon in the poets: but Mr. Addison had the art to introduce this bold figure, with ease and grace, into his prose; as when he speaks of *refreshment* in a description of fields and meadows, of an historian's *fighting his battles*, and in other instances: but see what he says himself on this subject on *Messis clypeata virorum*, in his notes on Ovid.

Portimi un Dio di Baia a i gentil Seggi,
O ne verdi ritiri d'Umbria traggami,
Ove i Ponenti eterna han residenza.
Tutte stagioni lor pompa profondono,
Germogli, e frutti, e fiori insieme allegano,
E in gaia confusion sta l' anno tutto.
Glorie immortali in mia mente rivivono,
Combatton nel cuor mio ben mille affetti,
Allorache di Roma l' esaltate
Bellezze giu giacersi io ne discuopro,
Magnificenti in Moli di ruine.
D' Anfiteatro una stupenda altezza
Di terror mi riempie, e di diletto,
Che Roma ne suoi pubblici spettacoli
Dispopolava, e Nazioni intere
Agiatamente in suo grembo capia.
Passanvi i Ciel Colonne aspre d' intaglio,
Di Trionfo superbi Archi là sorgono,
U de prischi Roman l' immortal' opre
Dispiegate alla vista ognor rinfacciano
La vile loro tralignata stirpe.
Qui tutti i fiumi lascian giu lor piani,
Per aerei condotti in alto corrono.
Sempre a novelle Scene mia vagante
Musa sì si ritragge, e muta ammira
L' alto spettacol d' animate Rupi,
Ove mostrò scalpel tutta sua forza,
Ed in carne addolcì scabroso sasso.
In solenne silenzio, in maestade
Eroi stannosi, e Dei, e Roman Consoli
Torvi Tiranni in crudeltà famosi,
E Imperadori in Pario Marmo accigliansi;
Mentre Dame brillanti, a cui con umile
Servitù stan soggetti, ognora mostrano
I vezzi, che gli altieri cuor domaro.
Volentieri io vorria di Raffaele
Contar l' arte divina, e far vedere
Gl' immortali lavori nel mio verso.
Là ve da mista forza d' ombre, e luce
Nuova creazion sorge a mia vista,
Tai celesti figure escon da suo
Pennello, e i mesticati suoi colori

Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
  Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry[1]
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb;
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies;
And here the proud, triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts displayed,[2]
Their base, degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels flow
  Still to new scenes my wandering muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And softened into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand;
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humble sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.
  Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show the immortal labours in my verse,

[1] *Descry,*] i. e. *I discern, discover, distinctly survey.* We use a less specific verb in conjunction with *lie,* as, "*I see* Rome's beauties *lie* in ruin;" not, I *descry* them *lie.*

[2] *Where the old Romans deathless acts displayed,*] *i. e.* where the deathless acts of the old Romans *being* displayed—a line doubly obscure, and therefore doubly faulty. If the *latter* fault may be excused, the *former* cannot; for when a plural noun is used, in what is called the genitive case, it requires to be preceded by its sign, the preposition *of:* above all, when the termination (as is generally the case of our plural nouns) is in *s.*

Caldi di vita così ne sfavillano,
Di soggetto in soggetto, d' un segreto
Piacer preso, e infiammato attorno io giro
Tra la soave varietà perduto.
Mio strabilito spirto qua confondono
Arie vezzose in circolanti note
Passeggianti, e in sonori labirinti.
Cupole, e Templi s' alzan la in distanti
Vedute, ed in Palagi aperti, ed ampli
A celebrargli invitano la Musa.
Come indulgente Cielo adornò mai
La fortunata terra, e sovra quella
Versò benedizioni a piena mana!
Ma che vaglion le lor dovizie eterne,
Fioriti monti, e soleggiate rive
Con tutti don, che Cielo, e Suol compartono,
I risi di Natura, e i vezzi d'Arte,
Mentre altiera Oppression regna in sue Valli,
E Tirannia suoi Pian felici usurpa?
Il povreo Abitante mira indarno
Il rosseggiante Arancio, e 'l pingue Grano,
Crescer dolente ei mira ed oli, e vini,
E de mirti odorar l'ombra si sdegna.
In mezzo alla Bontà della Natura
Maledetto languisce, e dentro a cariche
Di vino vigne muore per la sete.
O Libertà, o Dea Celeste, e Bella!
Di ben profusa, e pregna di diletto!
Piaceri eterni te presente regnano.
Guida tuo gaio tren lieta dovizia
Vien nel suo peso Suggezion piu lieve;
Povertà sembra allegra in tua veduta;
Fai di Natura ill viso oscuro gaio;
Doni al Sole bellezza, al giorno gioia.
Te Dea, te la Britannia Isola adora,
Come ha sovente ella ogni ben suo esausto,
E spesso t' ha di morte in campi cerco!
Niuno pensa il tuo possente pregio
A troppo caro prezzo esser comprato.
Puo sopra esteri monti il Sole i grappoli
Per dolce sugo maturare a vino;

Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I 'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravisht soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my muse.
How has kind Heaven adorned the happy land,
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eased of her load, subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,

Di boschi di cedrati ornare il suolo,
Gonfiar la grassa oliva in flutti d' olio;
Non invidiamo il piu fervente Clima
Dell' Etere piu dolce in dieci gradi;
Di nostro Ciel maledizion non duolmi,
Ne a Noi in capo Pleiadi ghiacciate,
Corona Libertà la Britann' Isola,
E fa sue steril bianche rupi ridere.
Le torreggianti Moli altrui dilettino,
E le superbe ambiziose Cupole,
Un gentil colpo a una vil tela dare,
Od insegnar Sassi animati a vivere.
D' Europa sul destin vegliar Britannia
Ha cura, e bilanciar gli Emuli Stati;
Di guerra minacciare arditi Regi;
Degli afflitti Vicini udire i preghi.
Dano, e Sveco attaccati in fiere Allarme
Di lor armi pietose benedicono
La prudente Condotta, e 'l buon Governo.
Tosto che poi le nostre Flotte appaiono,
Cessano tutti i lor spaventi, e in Pace
Tutto il Settentrional Mondo si giace.
L' ambizioso Gallo con segreto
Tremito vede all' aspirante sua
Testa mirar di lei il Gran Tonante,
E volentieri i suoi divini Figli
Vorrebbe disuniti per straniero
Oro, o pur per domestica contesta.
Ma acquistare, o dividere in van provasi,
Cui l'arme di Nassò, e 'l senno guida.
Del nome acceso, cui sovente ho trovo
Remoti Climi, e lingue risonare,
Con pena imbriglio mia lottante Musa,
Che ama lanciarsi in piu ardita prova.
Ma io di già hovvi turbato assai,
Ne tentar oso un piu sublime Canto.
Più dolce Thema il basso verso chiedemi,
Fioriti prati, o gorgoglianti rivi,
Mal proprio per gli Eroi: che i Carmi eterni
Qual di Virgilio, o Vostri onorar debbono.

With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.
Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud, aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretched canvass give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold, presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbours' prayer.
The Dane and Swede, roused up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hushed in peace.

The ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aimed at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fired with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I 've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED,[1]

IN A TRANSLATION OF

A STORY OUT OF THE THIRD ÆNEID.

Lost in the gloomy horror of the night,
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hovering in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame,
Incenst, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or slings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with smothered fire involved
In pestilential vapours, stench, and smoke.
'Tis said, that thunder-struck Enceladus
Groveling beneath the incumbent mountain's weight,
Lies stretched supine, eternal prey of flames;
And, when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under-ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolved,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.
Here in the shelter of the woods we lodged,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep lowering o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Opposed itself to Cynthia's silver ray,
And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
With orient beams had chased the dewy night

[1] *Milton's style imitated,*]—very imperfectly. What we find, is the stiffness and rigour of *Milton's style*, somewhat eased and suppled by the grace of Mr. Addison's, but without the numbers or the force of that great poet.

From earth and heaven; all nature stood disclosed:
When, looking on the neighbouring woods, we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sat in his looks, his face, impaired and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.
He first advanced in haste; but, when he saw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopt short, he back recoiled as one surprised:
But soon recovering speed he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assailed: "By heaven's eternal fires,
By every god that sits enthroned on high,
By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
And bear me hence to any distant shore,
So I may shun this savage race accurst.
'Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
And laid the labours of the gods in dust;
For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
Plunged in the deep, for ever let me lie
Whelmed under seas; if death must be my doom,
Let man inflict it, and I die well-pleased."
He ended here, and now profuse to tears
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet:
We bade him speak from whence and what he was,
And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low;
Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity;
When, thus encouraged, he began his tale.
I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name
Is Achæmenides, my country Greece;
Ulysses' sad compeer, who, whilst he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind,
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all sides furred with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,

His dire repast: himself of mighty size,
Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the flesh
Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man;
I saw him then with huge, tempestuous sway
He dasht and broke 'em on the grundsil edge;
The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
Were spattered o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
And chewed the tender flesh still warm with life,
That swelled and heaved itself amidst his teeth
As sensible of pain. Not less meanwhile
Our chief, incensed and studious of revenge,
Plots his destruction, which he thus effects.
The giant, gorged with flesh, and wine, and blood,
Lay stretcht at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'ercharged
With purple wine and cruddled gore confused.
We gathered round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glared
Like a full moon, or a broad burnished shield,
A forky staff we dexterously applied,
Which, in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoopt out the big round jelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpose delays;
Fly, mortals, fly this cursed, detested race:
A hundred of the same stupendous size,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along
With horrid strides o'er the high mountains' tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread, oft seen 'em as they past,
Sculking and scouring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon washed all her orb in light,
Thrice travelled o'er, in her obscure sojourn,
The realms of night inglorious, since I've lived
Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs
A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke,
We saw descending from a neighbouring hill
Blind Polypheme; by weary steps and slow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine

Explored his way; around, his woolly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known shore
He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
A hideous monster, terrible, deformed;
Full in the midst of his high front there gaped
The spacious hollow where his eye-ball rolled,
A ghastly orifice: he rinsed the wound,
And washed away the strings and clotted blood
That caked within; then, stalking through the deep,
He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side; we stood
Amazed, be sure, a sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrilled in every vein,
Till, using all the force of winds and oars,
We sped away; he heard us in our course,
And with his outstretched arms around him groped,
But finding nought within his reach, he raised
Such hideous shouts that all the ocean shook.
Ev'n Italy, though many a league remote,
In distant echoes answered; Ætna roared,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roared.
  Roused with the sound, the mighty family
Of one-eyed brothers hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire assembly: we with eager haste
Work every one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.
  So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanced to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at the distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumbered rise,
A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.

THE CAMPAIGN,

A POEM;

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.[1]

Rheni pacator et Istri.
Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.
CLAUD. DE LAUD. STILIC.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint. LIV. HIST. lib. 33.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And ANNA's praises crown the vast applause;
Accept, great leader, what the muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,
Fired and transported with a theme so new.
Ten thousand wonders opening to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill the important year,
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
His ancient bounds enlarged on every side,
Pirene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;

[1] The execution of this poem is better than the plan. Indeed the subject was fit only for an ode, and might have furnished materials for a very fine one, if Mr. Addison had possessed the talents of a lyric poet. However, particular passages are wrought up into much life and beauty.

Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Opposed their Alps and Apennines in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immured,
Behind their everlasting hills secured;
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;
Amazed and anxious for her sovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seized with fear;
He gazed around, but saw no succour near;
He gazed, and half abandoned to despair
His hopes on Heaven, and confidence in prayer.
To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the Western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In ANNA'S councils and in CHURCHILL'S arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanced so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy favourites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-tried faith, and friendship's holy ties:
Their sovereign's well-distinguished smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By showers of blessings Heaven approves their choice;
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.
Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjured Gaul;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.

The discontented shades of slaughtered hosts,
That wandered on her banks, her heroes' ghosts,
Hoped, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.
Our godlike leader,[1] ere the stream he passed,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
His bosom glowed with battles yet unfought.
The long, laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues:
Infected by the burning scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chafed temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defensive shadows and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumbered scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debased,
(Their Maker's image more than half defaced,)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.
Still to the rising sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That cheerfully its labours past forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.
O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,
(Now covered o'er with weeds and hid in grass,)
Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
Fire every breast, and boil in every vein:
Here shattered walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

[1] *Our godlike leader.*] Our poets, half paganized in their education, deal much too freely in this epithet.

At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
A sudden friendship, while with stretched-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polished in courts, and hardened in the field,
Renowned for conquest, and in council skilled,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood:
Lodged in the soul, with virtue over-ruled,
Inflamed by reason, and by reason cooled,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown:
To souls like these, in mutual friendship joined,
Heaven dares intrust the cause of human-kind.
Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harassed troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thundering peals of British shouts resound:
Doubling their speed, they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unravelling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in every breeze,
Fired at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are past,
The immortal Schellenberg appears at last:
Like hills the aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
Batteries on batteries guard each fatal pass,
Threatening destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charmed with the glorious sight,
His march o'erpaid by such a promised fight.
The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scattered the remains of day;
Evening approached; but, oh! what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that evening close!

Thickening their ranks, and wedged in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way:
In vain the cannon their thronged war defaced
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions filled the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage
With showers of bullets and with storms of fire,
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire;
Nations with nations mixed confusedly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many generous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
The illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never marched before,
(Oh fatal love of fame! oh glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretched on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlborough lives, Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renowned in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confused in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations, anxious for thy life, abate
This scorn of danger and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortified in vain;

The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions filled.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shattered sides
The sea's whole weight, increased with swelling tides;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enraged by watery moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Covered with tempests, and in oceans drowned.
The few surviving foes disperst in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight,)[1]
In every rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlborough's form in every shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.
To Donawert, with unresisted force,
The gay, victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields,
(The Danube's great increase,) Britannia shares,
The food of armies, and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannons doomed to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stored,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.
Deluded prince! how is thy greatness crost,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancied throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there: surrounded with alarms,
Thou hopest the assistance[2] of the Gallic arms;

[1] *(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight.)*] This verse and those below,—*The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields*, and, *The food of armies, and support of wars*,—have been censured by the critics, not altogether without reason, yet with rather too much severity; for the expression rises something, but not so much as it ought. The greatest fault is, that three such verses (each of which is only passable) stand so near together: but for the cause of this defect in our author's rhymed verse, see the introductory note to his Latin poems.

[2] *Thou hopest the assistance.*] Scarce tolerable in the expression, but insupportable in the sound.

The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the power of France,
While to exalt thy doom, the aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compassion joined,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive the obdurate foe to gain
By proffered grace, but long he strove in vain;
Till fired at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance roused, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks[1] retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confusedly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake:
The listening soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by generous pity swayed,
To see his just commands so well obeyed.
But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In shriller clangours animates the war,
Confederate drums in fuller consort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's joined,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.
The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the grieved world had long desired in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoaned,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groaned,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferred,

[1] *The woolly flocks.*] The "*Lanigeræ pecudes*" of Lucretius.

Europe's loud cries, that Providence assailed,
And ANNA's ardent vows, at length prevailed;
The day was come when heaven designed to show
His care and conduct of the world below.
Behold, in awful march and dread array
The long-expected squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control:
Heat of revenge and noble pride of soul
O'erlook the foe, advantaged by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.
Though fens and floods possest the middle space,
That unprovoked they would have feared to pass,
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe ranged on their borders stands.
But, O my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,[1]
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;

[1] *Such as of late 'o'er pale Britannia past.*] This line has been censured by a very good judge, *as unpoetical.* (See Dr. Beattie's Notes, prefixed to his edition of Mr. Addison's papers, in 4 vols. vol. i. p. 21,—ed. 1790.) It may be so: but the allusion is fine and proper. For when the avenging angel rides in *such* a storm, the danger is brought home to ourselves, and the poet's imagery is not only great, but interesting; that is, we have the sublime in perfection.

And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But see the haughty household-troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a general's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:[1]
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns,
Each fights, as in his arm the important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confused in clouds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguished die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, filled with England's glory, smiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compelled in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfixed
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,
Midst heaps of spears and standards driven around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drowned,
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides;
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood,
Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,

[1] *Laughs at the shaking of the British spear.*] The Book of Job furnished him with this idea—*he laugheth at the shaking of a spear*, xli. 29.

So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swelled!
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repelled,
Thine only son pierced with a deadly wound,
Choked in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An English muse is touched with generous woe,
And in the unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly distrest! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence famed Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.
With floods of gore that from the vanquished fell,
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heaped upon the ground,
Or, 'midst the roarings of the Danube drowned;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonours, to complete
Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat.
From Memminghen's high domes, and Augsburg's walls,
The distant battle drives the insulting Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
The rescued states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulm the approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.
The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In every thought the towering genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his labouring thoughts are formed,
Camps are assaulted, and an army stormed;

If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils complete?
Where the swoln Rhine, rushing with all its force,
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarged or straitened as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it tried
The victor's rage, and twice has changed its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoyed,
Have the long summer on its walls employed.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And though the dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats:
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrained,
Learns to encamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marlborough's sword, and Hocstet's fatal plain:
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.
Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destined to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne;
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasped in the embraces of the godlike man!

How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turned and finished for the camp or court!
Achilles thus was formed with every grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flusht with an immortal bloom,
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestowed)
In all the charms of his bright mother glowed.
The royal youth by Marlborough's presence charmed,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warmed,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's sight.
The British chief, for mighty toils renowned,
Increased in titles, and with conquests crowned,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescued nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlborough presses to the bold attack,
Plants all his batteries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scared at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserved for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employed,
The ambitious projects for his race destroyed,
The work of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrificed in vain.
Such are the effects of ANNA's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoined,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
By her the unfettered Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty:

But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive showers her bounties fall,
Like heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distrest,
Make every subject glad, and a whole people blest.
Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
When actions,[1] unadorned, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrowed blaze.
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Raised of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint 'em truest praise 'em most.

[1] *When actions*, &c.] An apology, gracefully enough made, for the prosaic plan of this poem; for though the author's *invention* had not supplied him with a better, his *true taste* could not but tell him, this was defective.

ROSAMOND,

AN OPERA;

INSCRIBED TO

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

Hic quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant Calles, et Myrtea circùm
Sylva tegit. VIRG. ÆN. 6.

A COPY OF VERSES

IN THE SIXTH MISCELLANY,

TO

THE AUTHOR OF ROSAMOND.

Ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Musa Lyræ solers, et Cantor Apollo.

BY MR. TICKELL.

THE opera first Italian masters taught,
Enriched with songs, but innocent of thought.
Britannia's learned theatre disdains
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
And blushes on her injured stage to see
Nonsense well-tuned, and sweet stupidity.
No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, but as Virgil strong.
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And music borrows helps she used to give.
Thy style hath matched what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new;
Their cadence in such easy sound conveyed,
That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.

Landscapes how gay the bowery grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flowery groves, and everlasting greens,
The babbling sounds that mimic echo plays,
The fairy shade, and its eternal maze,
Nature and art in all their charms combined,
And all Elysium to one view confined!
No further could imagination roam,
Till Vanbrook framed, and Marlborough raised the dome.
Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drowned in tears I see the imploring fair:
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die;
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In dirges thus expiring swans complain,)
Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes,
And every tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate reversed believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.
Let joy transport fair Rosamonda's shade,
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
And hears and tells the story of their loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great;
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gained a Virgil and an Addison.
Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
The tribute song an humble subject pays.
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the god of verse, and light.
Unrivalled as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envied name:
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful choir,
Shall tremble on the strings of every lyre;
While the charmed reader with thy thought complies,
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.	WOMEN.
KING HENRY.	QUEEN ELINOR.
SIR TRUSTY, Keeper of the Bower.	ROSAMOND.
PAGE.	GRIDELINE, Wife to Sir Trusty.
MESSENGER.	

Guardian Angels, &c.

SCENE, WOODSTOCK PARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.[1]—*A prospect of Woodstock Park, terminating in the Bower.*

Enter QUEEN *and* PAGE.

QUEEN. WHAT place is here!
What scenes appear!
Where'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
And soft Elysiums rise:
Flowery mountains,
Mossy fountains,
Shady woods,
Crystal floods,
With wild variety surprise;
As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,[2]
A hundred echoes round us talk:
From hill to hill the voice is tost,
Rocks rebounding,
Caves resounding,
Not a single word is lost.

PAGE. There gentle Rosamond immured,
Lives from the world and you secured.

QUEEN. Curse on the name! I faint, I die,
With secret pangs of jealousy. [*Aside*

[1] The comic scenes of this opera are pleasant and entertaining.
[2] Alluding to the famous echo in Woodstock Park.

PAGE. There does the pensive beauty mourn,
And languish for her lord's return.
QUEEN. Death and confusion! I'm too slow— [*Aside.*
Show me the happy mansion, show—
PAGE. Great Henry there—
QUEEN. Trifler, no more!—
PAGE. —Great Henry there
Will soon forget the toils of war.
QUEEN. No more! the happy mansion show
That holds this lovely, guilty foe.
My wrath, like that of heaven, shall rise,
And blast her in her paradise.
PAGE. Behold on yonder rising ground
The bower, that wanders
In meanders,
Ever bending,
Never ending,
Glades on glades,
Shades in shades,
Running an eternal round:
QUEEN. In such an endless maze I rove,
Lost in labyrinths of love.
My breast with hoarded vengeance burns,
While fear and rage
With hope engage,
And rule my wavering soul by turns.
PAGE. The path yon verdant field divides,
Which to the soft confinement guides.
QUEEN. Eleonora, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!
Whither, ah whither dost thou go!
What has she done to move thee so!
—Does she not warm with guilty fires
The faithless lord of my desires?
Have not her fatal arts removed
My Henry from my arms?
'Tis her crime to be loved,
'Tis her crime to have charms.
Let us fly, let us fly,
She shall die, she shall die.
I feel, I feel my heart relent,
How could the fair be innocent!

To a monarch like mine,
Who would not resign!
One so great and so brave
All hearts must enslave.

PAGE. Hark, hark! what sound invades my ear?
The conqueror's approach I hear.
He comes, victorious Henry comes.
Hautboys, trumpets, fifes, and drums,
In dreadful concert joined,
Send from afar
A sound of war,
And fill with horror every wind.

QUEEN. Henry returns, from danger free!
Henry returns!—but not to me.
He comes his Rosamond to greet,
And lay his laurels at her feet,
His vows impatient to renew;
His vows to Eleonora due.
Here shall the happy nymph detain,
(While of his absence I complain,)
Hid in her mazy, wanton bower,
My lord, my life, my conqueror.
No, no, 'tis decreed
The traitress shall bleed;
No fear shall alarm,
No pity disarm;
In my rage shall be seen
The revenge of a queen.

SCENE II.—*The entry of the Bower.*

SIR TRUSTY, *Knight of the Bower, solus*

How unhappy is he,
That is tied to a she,
And famed for his wit and his beauty!
For of us pretty fellows
Our wives are so jealous,
They ne'er have enough of our duty.
But ah! my limbs begin to quiver,
I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;

Whence rises this convulsive strife?
I smell a shrew!
My fears are true,
I see my wife.

Scene III.

Grideline *and* Sir Trusty.

Grid. Faithless varlet, art thou there?
Sir Tr. My love, my dove, my charming fair!
Grid. Monster, thy wheedling tricks I know.
Sir Tr. Why wilt thou call thy turtle so?
Grid. Cheat not me with false caresses.
Sir Tr. Let me stop thy mouth with kisses.
Grid. Those to fair Rosamond are due.
Sir Tr. She is not half so fair as you.
Grid. She views thee with a lover's eye.
Sir Tr. I'll still be thine, and let her die.
Grid. No, no, 'tis plain. Thy frauds I see,
Traitor to thy king and me!
Sir Tr. O Grideline! consult thy glass,
Behold that sweet, bewitching face,
Those blooming cheeks, that lovely hue!
Every feature
(Charming creature)
Will convince you I am true.
Grid. Oh how blest were Grideline,
Could I call Sir Trusty mine!
Did he not cover amorous wiles,
With soft, but ah! deceiving smiles:
How should I revel in delight,
The spouse of such a peerless knight!
Sir Tr. At length the storm begins to cease,
I've soothed and flattered her to peace.
'Tis now my turn to tyrannize: [*Aside.*
I feel, I feel my fury rise!
Tigress, begone.
Grid. ———I love thee so
I cannot go.
Sir Tr. Fly from my passion, beldame, fly!
Grid. Why so unkind, Sir Trusty, why?

SIR TR. Thou 'rt the plague of my life.
GRID. I 'm a foolish fond wife.
SIR TR. Let us part,
Let us part.
GRID. Will you break my poor heart?
Will you break my poor heart?
SIR TR. I will if I can.
GRID. O barbarous man!
From whence doth all this passion flow?
SIR TR. Thou art ugly and old,
And a villanous scold.
GRID. Thou art a rustic to call me so.
I 'm not ugly nor old,
Nor a villanous scold,
But thou art a rustic to call me so.
Thou traitor, adieu!
SIR TR. Farewell, thou shrew!
GRID. Thou traitor,
SIR TR. Thou shrew,
BOTH. Adieu! adieu! [*Exit Grid.*
SIR TR., *solus.* How hard is our fate,
Who serve in the state,
And should lay out our cares
On public affairs;
When conjugal toils,
And family broils,
Make all our great labours miscarry!
Yet this is the lot
Of him that has got
Fair Rosamond's bower,
With the clue in his power,
And is courted by all,
Both the great and the small,
As principal pimp to the mighty King Harry
But see the pensive fair draws near:
I 'll at a distance stand and hear.

SCENE IV.

ROSAMOND *and* SIR TRUSTY.

ROSA. From walk to walk, from shade to shade,
From stream to purling stream conveyed,

Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracks I rove,
Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging,
Full of grief and full of love.
Impatient for my lord's return
I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn.
Was ever passion crossed like mine?
To rend my breast,
And break my rest,
A thousand thousand ills combine.
Absence wounds me,
Fear surrounds me,
Guilt confounds me,
Was ever passion crossed like mine?

SIR TR. What heart of stone
Can hear her moan,
And not in dumps so doleful join? [*Apart.*

ROSA. How does my constant grief deface
The pleasures of this happy place!
In vain the spring my senses greets
In all her colours, all her sweets;
To me the rose
No longer glows,
Every plant
Has lost its scent:
The vernal blooms of various hue,
The blossoms fresh with morning dew,
The breeze, that sweeps these fragrant bowers
Filled with the breath of opening flowers,
Purple scenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,
(Nature's softest, sweetest store,)
Charm my tortured soul no more.
Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die;
Why so slow! great Henry, why!
From death and alarms
Fly, fly to my arms,
Fly to my arms, my monarch, fly!

SIR TR. How much more blessed would lovers be,
Did all the whining fools agree
To live like Grideline and me! [*Apart.*
ROSA. O Rosamond, behold too late,
And tremble at thy future fate!
Curse this unhappy, guilty face,
Every charm, and every grace,
That to thy ruin made their way,
And led thine innocence astray:
At home thou seest thy queen enraged,
Abroad thy absent lord engaged
In wars, that may our loves disjoin,
And end at once his life and mine.
SIR TR. Such cold complaints befit a nun:
If she turns honest, I 'm undone! [*Apart.*
ROSA. Beneath some hoary mountain
I 'll lay me down and weep,
Or near some warbling fountain
Bewail myself asleep;
Where feathered choirs combining
With gentle murmuring streams,
And winds in consort joining.
Raise sadly pleasing dreams. [*Exit Rosa.*
SIR TR., *solus.* What savage tiger would not pity
A damsel so distressed and pretty;
But hah! a sound my bower invades, [*Trum. flor.*
And echoes through the winding shades;
'Tis Henry's march! the tune I know:
A messenger! It must be so.

SCENE V.

MESSENGER *and* SIR TRUSTY.

MESS. Great Henry comes! with love opprest;
Prepare to lodge the royal guest.
From purple fields with slaughter spread,
From rivers choked with heaps of dead,
From glorious and immortal toils,
Loaden with honour, rich with spoils,
Great Henry comes! Prepare thy bower
To lodge the mighty conqueror.

SIR TR. The bower and lady both are drest,
And ready to receive their guest.
MESS. Hither the victor flies, (his queen
And royal progeny unseen;)
Soon as the British shores he reached,
Hither his foaming courser stretched:
And see! his eager steps prevent
The message that himself hath sent!
SIR TR. Here will I stand
With hat in hand,
Obsequiously to meet him,
And must endeavour
At behaviour,
That's suitable to greet him.

SCENE VI.

Enter KING HENRY *after a flourish of trumpets.*

KING. Where is my love! my Rosamond?
SIR TR. First, as in strictest duty bound,
I kiss your royal hand.
KING. Where is my life! my Rosamond?
SIR TR. Next, with submission most profound,
I welcome you to land.
KING. Where is the tender, charming fair?
SIR TR. Let me appear, great sir, I pray,
Methodical in what I say.
KING. Where is my love, O tell me where?
SIR TR. For when we have a prince's ear,
We should have wit,
To know what's fit
For us to speak, and him to hear.
KING. These dull delays I cannot bear.
Where is my love, O tell me where?
SIR TR. I speak, great sir, with weeping eyes,
She raves, alas! she faints, she dies.
KING. What dost thou say? I shake with fear.
SIR TR. Nay, good my liege, with patience hear.
She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.
KING. Was ever nymph like Rosamond,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond,

Adorned with every charm and grace?
I'm all desire!
My heart 's on fire,
And leaps and springs to her embrace.

SIR TR. At the sight of her lover
She 'll quickly recover.
What place will you choose
For first interviews?

KING. Full in the centre of the grove,
In yon pavilion made for love,
Where woodbines, roses, jessamines,
Amaranths, and eglantines,
With intermingling sweets, have wove
The particoloured gay alcove.

SIR TR. Your Highness, sir, as I presume,
Has chose the most convenient gloom;
There 's not a spot in all the park
Has trees so thick, and shades so dark.

KING. Meanwhile with due attention wait
To guard the bower, and watch the gate:
Let neither envy, grief, nor fear,
Nor love-sick jealousy appear;
Nor senseless pomp, nor noise intrude
On this delicious solitude;
But pleasure reign through all the grove,
And all be peace, and all be love.
Oh the pleasing, pleasing anguish,
When we love, and when we languish!
Wishes rising!
Thoughts surprising!
Pleasure courting!
Charms transporting!
Fancy viewing
Joys ensuing!
Oh the pleasing, pleasing anguish! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Pavilion in the middle of the Bower.*

KING *and* ROSAMOND.

KING. THUS let my weary soul forget
Restless glory, martial strife,
Anxious pleasures of the great,
And gilded cares of life.

ROSA. Thus let me lose, in rising joys,
Fierce impatience, fond desires,
Absence that flattering hope destroys,
And life-consuming fires.

KING. Not the loud British shout that warms
The warrior's heart, nor clashing arms,
Nor fields with hostile banners strowed,
Nor life on prostrate Gauls bestowed,
Give half the joys that fill my breast,
While with my Rosamond I'm blest.

ROSA. My Henry is my soul's delight,
My wish by day, my dream by night.
'Tis not in language to impart
The secret meltings of my heart,
While I my conqueror survey,
And look my very soul away.

KING. Oh may the present bliss endure,
From fortune, time, and death secure!

BOTH. Oh may the present bliss endure!

KING. My eye could ever gaze, my ear
Those gentle sounds could ever hear:
But oh! with noon-day heats opprest,
My aching temples call for rest!
In yon cool grotto's artful night
Refreshing slumbers I'll invite,
Then seek again my absent fair,
With all the love a heart can bear. [*Exit King.*

ROSA., *sola.* From whence this sad presaging fear,
This sudden sigh, this falling tear?
Oft in my silent dreams by night
With such a look I've seen him fly,
Wafted by angels to the sky,
And lost in endless tracts of light;

While I, abandoned and forlorn,
To dark and dismal deserts borne,
Through lonely wilds have seemed to stray,
A long uncomfortable way.
They're phantoms all; I'll think no more;
My life has endless joys in store,
Farewell sorrow, farewell fear,
They're phantoms all! my Henry's here.

SCENE II.—*A Postern Gate of the Bower.*

GRIDELINE *and* PAGE.

GRID. My stomach swells with secret spite,
To see my fickle, faithless knight,
With upright gesture, goodly mien,
Face of olive, coat of green,
That charmed the ladies long ago,
So little his own worth to know,
On a mere girl his thoughts to place,
With dimpled cheeks and baby face;
A child! a chit! that was not born
When I did town and court adorn.
PAGE. Can any man prefer fifteen
To venerable Grideline?
GRID. He does, my child: or tell me why
With weeping eyes so oft I spy
His whiskers curled, and shoe-strings tied,
A new Toledo by his side,
In shoulder-belt so trimly placed,
With band so nicely smoothed and laced.
PAGE. If Rosamond his garb has viewed,
The knight is false, the nymph subdued.
GRID. My anxious boding heart divines
His falsehood by a thousand signs:
Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
And to the foolish echo talks;
Oft in the glass he rolls his eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond easy heart beguiles,
And thinks of Rosamond, and smiles.
PAGE. Well may you feel these soft alarms,
She has a heart—
GRID. And he has charms.

PAGE. Your fears are too just.
GRID. Too plainly I 've proved
BOTH. He loves and is loved.
GRID. O merciless fate!
PAGE. Deplorable state!
GRID. To die—
PAGE. To be slain
GRID. By a barbarous swain,
BOTH. That laughs at your pain.
GRID. How should I act? canst thou advise?
PAGE. Open the gate if you are wise;
I, in an unsuspected hour,
May catch them dallying in the bower,
Perhaps their loose amours prevent,
And keep Sir Trusty innocent.
GRID. Thou art in truth
A forward youth,
Of wit and parts above thy age;
Thou know'st our sex. Thou art a page.
PAGE. I'll do what I can
To surprise the false man.
GRID. Of such a faithful spy I've need:[1]
Go in, and if thy plot succeed,
Fair youth, thou may'st depend on this,
I'll pay thy service with a kiss. [*Exit* PAGE.
GRID. *sola*. Prithee, Cupid, no more
Hurl thy darts at threescore;
To thy girls and thy boys
Give thy pains and thy joys,
Let Sir Trusty and me
From thy frolics be free. [*Exit* GRID.

SCENE III.

PAGE, *solus*.

Oh the soft, delicious view,
Ever charming, ever new!
Greens of various shades arise,
Decked with flowers of various dyes:
Paths by meeting paths are crost,
Alleys in winding alleys lost;

[1] An opening scene discovers another view of the bower.

Fountains playing through the trees,
Give coolness to the passing breeze.
A thousand fairy scenes appear,
Here a grove, a grotto here,
Here a rock, and here a stream,
Sweet delusion,
Gay confusion,
All a vision, all a dream!

SCENE IV.

QUEEN *and* PAGE.

QUEEN. At length the bowery vaults appear!
My bosom heaves, and pants with fear:
A thousand checks my heart control,
A thousand terrors shake my soul.
PAGE. Behold the brazen gate unbarred!
—She's fixt in thought, I am not heard— [*Apart.*
QUEEN. I see, I see my hands embrued
In purple streams of reeking blood:
I see the victim gasp for breath,
And start in agonies of death:
I see my raging, dying lord,
And oh, I see myself abhorred!
PAGE. My eyes o'erflow, my heart is rent
To hear Britannia's queen lament. [*Aside.*
QUEEN. What shall my trembling soul pursue?
PAGE. Behold, great queen, the place in view!
QUEEN. Ye powers, instruct me what to do!
PAGE. That bower will show
The guilty foe.
QUEEN. —It is decreed—it shall be so; [*After a pause.*
I cannot see my lord repine,
(Oh that I could call him mine!)
Why have not they most charms to move,
Whose bosoms burn with purest love?
PAGE. Her heart with rage and fondness glows.
O jealousy, thou hell of woes! [*Aside.*
That conscious scene of love contains
The fatal cause of all your pains;
In yonder flowery vale she lies,
Where those fair-blossomed arbours rise.

QUEEN. Let us haste to destroy
Her guilt and her joy.
Wild and frantic is my grief!
Fury driving,
Mercy striving,
Heaven, in pity send relief!
The pangs of love,
Ye powers, remove,
Or dart your thunder at my head:
Love and despair
What heart can bear?
Ease my soul, or strike me dead! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Scene changes to the Pavilion as before.*

ROSAMOND, *sola.*

Transporting pleasure! who can tell it!
When our longing eyes discover
The kind, the dear approaching lover,
Who can utter or conceal it!

A sudden motion shakes the grove:
I hear the steps of him I love;
Prepare, my soul, to meet thy bliss!
—Death to my eyes; what sight is this?
The queen, the offended queen I see;
—Open, O earth! and swallow me!

SCENE VI.

Enter to her the QUEEN, *with a Bowl in one hand, and a Dagger in the other.*

QUEEN. Thus armed with double death I come:
Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom!
Thy crimes to their full period tend,
And soon by this, or this, shall end.
ROSA. What shall I say, or how reply
To threats of injured majesty?
QUEEN. 'Tis guilt that does thy tongue control.
Or quickly drain the fatal bowl,
Or this right hand performs its part,
And plants a dagger in thy heart.

ROSA. Can Britain's queen give such commands,
Or dip in blood those sacred hands?
In her shall such revenge be seen?
Far be that from Britain's queen!
QUEEN. How black does my design appear!
Was ever mercy so severe? [*Aside.*
ROSA. When tides of youthful blood run high,
And scenes of promised joys are nigh,
Health presuming,
Beauty blooming,
Oh how dreadful 'tis to die!
QUEEN. To those whom foul dishonours stain,
Life itself should be a pain.
ROSA. Who could resist great Henry's charms,
And drive the hero from her arms?
Think on the soft, the tender fires,
Melting thoughts, and gay desires,
That in your own warm bosom rise,
When languishing with love-sick eyes
That great, that charming man you see:
Think on yourself, and pity me!
QUEEN. And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore?
[*Offering the dagger to her breast.*
Presumptuous woman, plead no more!
ROSA. O queen, your lifted arm restrain!
Behold these tears!
QUEEN. They flow in vain.
ROSA. Look with compassion on my fate.
O hear my sighs!
QUEEN. They rise too late.
Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.
ROSA. Though I live wretched, let me live.
In some deep dungeon let me lie,
Covered from every human eye,
Banished the day, debarred the light;
Where shades of everlasting night
May this unhappy face disarm,
And cast a veil o'er every charm:
Offended Heaven I 'll there adore,
Nor see the sun, nor Henry more.
QUEEN. Moving language, shining tears,
Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,

Kindling pity, kindling rage,
At once provoke me, and assuage. [*Aside.*

ROSA. What shall I do to pacify
Your kindled vengeance?

QUEEN. Thou shalt die.
[*Offering the dagger.*

ROSA. Give me but one short moment's stay.
—O Henry, why so far away? [*Aside.*

QUEEN. Prepare to welter in a flood
Of streaming gore. [*Offering the dagger.*

ROSA. O spare my blood,
And let me grasp the deadly bowl.
[*Takes the bowl in her hand.*

QUEEN. Ye powers, how pity rends my soul! [*Aside.*

ROSA. Thus prostrate at your feet I fall,
O let me still for mercy call!
[*Falling on her knees.*
Accept, great queen, like injured Heaven,
The soul that begs to be forgiven:
If in the latest gasp of breath,
If in the dreadful pains of death,
When the cold damp bedews your brow,
You hope for mercy, show it now.

QUEEN. Mercy to lighter crimes is due,
Horrors and death shall thine pursue.
[*Offering the dagger.*

ROSA. Thus I prevent the fatal blow. [*Drinks.*
—Whither, ah! whither shall I go?

QUEEN. Where thy past life thou shalt lament,
And wish thou hadst been innocent.

ROSA. Tyrant! to aggravate the stroke,
And wound a heart, already broke!
My dying soul with fury burns,
And slighted grief to madness turns.
Think not, thou author of my woe,
That Rosamond will leave thee so:
At dead of night,
A glaring sprite,
With hideous screams
I 'll haunt thy dreams,
And when the painful night withdraws
My Henry shall revenge my cause.

Oh whither does my frenzy drive!
Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive.
My veins are froze; my blood grows chill;
The weary springs of life stand still;
The sleep of death benumbs all o'er
My fainting limbs, and I 'm no more.
[*Falls on the couch.*

QUEEN. Hear, and observe your queen's commands.
[*To her attendants.*
Beneath those hills a convent stands,
Where the famed streams of Isis stray;
Thither the breathless corse convey,
And bid the cloistered maids with care
The due solemnities prepare.
[*Exeunt with the body.*
When vanquished foes beneath us lie,
How great it is to bid them die!
But how much greater to forgive,
And bid a vanquished foe to live! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

SIR TRUSTY, *in a fright.*

A breathless corpse! what have I seen?
And followed by the jealous queen!
It must be she! my fears are true:
The bowl of poisonous juice I view.
How can the famed Sir Trusty live
To hear his master chide and grieve?
No! though I hate such bitter beer,
Fair Rosamond, I 'll pledge thee here. [*Drinks.*
The king this doleful news shall read
In lines of my inditing;
'Great sir,
'Your Rosamond is dead, [*Writes.*
As I am at this present writing.'
The bower turns round, my brain 's abused,
The labyrinth grows more confused,
The thickets dance—I stretch, I yawn.
Death has tripped up my heels—I 'm gone.
[*Staggers and falls.*

SCENE VIII.

QUEEN, *sola.*

The conflict of my mind is o'er,
And Rosamond shall charm no more.
Hence, ye secret damps of care,
Fierce disdain, and cold despair,
Hence, ye fears and doubts, remove:
Hence, grief and hate!
Ye pains that wait
On jealousy, the rage of love.
My Henry shall be mine alone,
The hero shall be all my own;
Nobler joys possess my heart
Than crowns and sceptres can impart.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Grotto,* HENRY *asleep, a cloud descends, in it two Angels, supposed to be the guardian spirits of the British kings in war and in peace.*

1ST ANGEL. BEHOLD the unhappy monarch there,
That claims our tutelary care!
2ND ANG. In fields of death around his head
A shield of adamant I spread.
1ST ANG. In hours of peace, unseen, unknown,
I hover o'er the British throne.
2ND ANG. When hosts of foes with foes engage,
And round the anointed hero rage,
The cleaving falchion I misguide,
And turn the feathered shaft aside.
1ST ANG. When dark, fermenting factions swell,
And prompt the ambitious to rebel,
A thousand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.
BOTH. But, oh! what influence can remove
The pangs of grief and rage of love!
2ND ANG. I'll fire his soul with mighty themes,
Till love before ambition fly.
1ST ANG. I'll soothe his cares in pleasing dreams,
Till grief in joyful raptures die.

2ND ANG. Whatever glorious and renowned
In British annals can be found;
Whatever actions shall adorn
Britannia's heroes, yet unborn,
In dreadful visions shall succeed;
On fancied fields the Gauls shall bleed,
Cressy shall stand before his eyes,
And Agincourt and Blenheim rise.

1ST ANG. See, see, he smiles amidst his trance,
And shakes a visionary lance,
His brain is filled with loud alarms;
Shouting armies, clashing arms,
The softer prints of love deface,
And trumpets sound in every trace.

BOTH. Glory strives;
The field is won!
Fame revives
And love is gone.

1ST ANG. To calm thy grief, and lull my cares,
Look up and see
What, after long revolving years,
Thy bower shall be!
When time its beauties shall deface,
And only with its ruins grace
The future prospect of the place.
Behold the glorious pile ascending![1]
Columns swelling, arches bending,
Domes in awful pomp arising,
Art in curious strokes surprising,
Foes in figured fights contending,
Behold the glorious pile ascending!

2ND ANG. He sees, he sees the great reward
For Anna's mighty chief prepared:
His growing joys no measure keep,
Too vehement and fierce for sleep.

1ST ANG. Let grief and love at once engage,
His heart is proof to all their pain;
Love may plead,

2ND ANG. And grief may rage—

BOTH. But both shall plead and rage in vain.

[*The Angels ascend, and the vision disappears*

[1] Scene changes to the Plan of Blenheim Castle.

HENRY, *starting from the couch.*

Where have my ravished senses been!
What joys, what wonders, have I seen!
The scene yet stands before my eye,
A thousand glorious deeds that lie
In deep futurity obscure;
Fights and triumphs immature,
Heroes immersed in time's dark womb,
Ripening for mighty years to come,
Break forth, and, to the day displayed,
My soft, inglorious hours upbraid.
Transported with so bright a scheme,
My waking life appears a dream.

Adieu, ye wanton shades and bowers,
Wreaths of myrtle, beds of flowers,
Rosy brakes,
Silver lakes,
To love and you
A long adieu!

O Rosamond! O rising woe!
Why do my weeping eyes o'erflow?
O Rosamond! O fair distressed!
How shall my heart, with grief oppressed,
Its unrelenting purpose tell,
And take the long, the last farewell?

Rise, glory, rise in all thy charms,
Thy waving crest, and burnished arms,
Spread thy gilded banners round,
Make thy thundering courser bound,
Bid the drum and trumpet join,
Warm my soul with rage divine;
All thy pomps around thee call:
To conquer love will ask them all. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Scene changes to that part of the Bower where* SIR TRUSTY *lies upon the ground, with the bowl and dagger on the table.*

Enter QUEEN.

Every star, and every power,
Look down on this important hour:

Lend your protection and defence,
Every guard of innocence!
Help me my Henry to assuage,
To gain his love or bear his rage.

Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
Hast thou more of pain or pleasure!
Chilled with tears,
Killed with fears,
Endless torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee!

But oh the sight my soul alarms:
My lord appears, I 'm all on fire!
Why am I banished from his arms?
My heart 's too full, I must retire.
[*Retires to the end of the stage.*

Scene III.

King *and* Queen.

King. Some dreadful birth of fate is near:
Or why, my soul, unused to fear,
With secret horror dost thou shake?
Can dreams such dire impressions make!
What means this solemn, silent show?
This pomp of death, this scene of woe!
Support me, Heaven! what 's this I read?
Oh horror! *Rosamond is dead.*
What shall I say, or whither turn?
With grief, and rage, and love I burn:
From thought to thought my soul is tost,
And in the whirl of passion lost.
Why did I not in battle fall,
Crushed by the thunder of the Gaul?
Why did the spear my bosom miss?
Ye powers, was I reserved for this?

Distracted with woe,
I 'll rush on the foe
To seek my relief:
The sword or the dart
Shall pierce my sad heart,
And finish my grief!

QUEEN. Fain would my tongue his griefs appease,
And give his tortured bosom ease. [*Aside.*
KING. But see! the cause of all my fears,
The source of all my grief appears!
No unexpected guest is here;
The fatal bowl
Informed my soul
Eleonora was too near.
QUEEN. Why do I here my lord receive?
KING. Is this the welcome that you give?
QUEEN. Thus should divided lovers meet?
BOTH. And is it thus, ah! thus, we greet!
QUEEN. What, in these guilty shades, could you,
Inglorious conqueror, pursue?
KING. Cruel woman, what could you?
QUEEN. Degenerate thoughts have fired your breast.
KING. The thirst of blood has yours possessed.
QUEEN. A heart so unrepenting,
KING. A rage so unrelenting,
BOTH. Will for ever
Love dissever,
Will for ever break our rest.
KING. Floods of sorrow will I shed
To mourn the lovely shade!
My Rosamond, alas! is dead,
And where, oh where conveyed!
So bright a bloom, so soft an air,
Did ever nymph disclose!
The lily was not half so fair,
Nor half so sweet the rose.
QUEEN. How is his heart with anguish torn! [*Aside.*
My lord, I cannot see you mourn;
The living you lament; while I,
To be lamented so, could die.
KING. The living! speak, oh speak again!
Why will you dally with my pain?
QUEEN. Were your loved Rosamond alive,
Would not my former wrongs revive?
KING. Oh no; by visions from above
Prepared for grief, and freed from love,
I came to take my last adieu—
QUEEN. How am I blest if this be true!— [*Aside.*

KING. And leave the unhappy nymph for you.
But oh!———
QUEEN. Forbear, my lord, to grieve,
And know your Rosamond does live.
If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease!
When his passion we discover,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!
The bliss returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give.
KING. O quickly relate
This riddle of fate!
My impatience forgive,
Does Rosamond live?
QUEEN. The bowl, with drowsy juices filled,
From cold Egyptian drugs distilled,
In borrowed death has closed her eyes:
But soon the waking nymph shall rise,
And, in a convent placed, admire
The cloistered walls and virgin choir:
With them in songs and hymns divine
The beauteous penitent shall join,
And bid the guilty world adieu—
KING. How am I blest if this be true! [*Aside.*
QUEEN. Atoning for herself and you.
KING. I ask no more! secure the fair
In life and bliss: I ask not where:
For ever from my fancy fled,
May the whole world believe her dead,
That no foul minister of vice
Again my sinking soul entice
Its broken passion to renew,
But let me live and die with you.
QUEEN. How does my heart for such a prize
The vain, censorious world despise!
Though distant ages, yet unborn,
For Rosamond shall falsely mourn,
And with the present times agree
To brand my name with cruelty;
How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise!

But see your slave, while yet I speak,
From his dull trance unfettered break!
As he the potion shall survive,
Believe your Rosamond alive.

KING. O happy day! O pleasing view.
My queen forgives—

QUEEN. My lord is true.

KING. No more I'll change,

QUEEN. No more I'll grieve;

BOTH. But ever thus united live.

SIR TR., *awaking*. In which world am I! all I see,
Every thicket, bush, and tree,
So like the place from whence I came,
That one would swear it were the same.
My former legs too, by their pace!
And by the whiskers, 'tis my face!
The self-same habit, garb, and mien!
They ne'er would bury me in green.

SCENE IV.

GRIDELINE *and* SIR TRUSTY.

GRID. Have I then lived to see this hour,
And took thee in the very bower?

SIR TR. Widow Trusty, why so fine?
Why dost thou thus in colours shine?
Thou shouldst thy husband's death bewail
In sable vesture, peak, and veil.

GRID. Forbear these foolish freaks, and see
How our good king and queen agree.
Why should not we their steps pursue,
And do as our superiors do?

SIR TR. Am I bewitched, or do I dream?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear, or what I see,
But this I'm sure, howe'er it be,
It suits a person in my station
T' observe the mode and be in fashion.
Then let not Grideline the chaste
Offended be for what is past,
And hence anew my vows I plight
To be a faithful, courteous knight.

GRID. I'll too my plighted vows renew,
Since 'tis so courtly to be true.
Since conjugal passion
Is come into fashion,
And marriage so blest on the throne is,
Like a Venus I'll shine,
Be fond and be fine,
And Sir Trusty shall be my Adonis.
SIR TR. And Sir Trusty shall be thy Adonis.

The KING *and* QUEEN *advancing.*

KING. Who to forbidden joys would rove,[1]
That knows the sweets of virtuous love?
Hymen, thou source of chaste delights,
Cheerful days, and blissful nights,
Thou dost untainted joys dispense,
And pleasure join with innocence:
Thy raptures last, and are sincere
From future grief and present fear.
BOTH. Who to forbidden joys would rove,
That knows the sweets of virtuous love?

PROLOGUE TO THE TENDER HUSBAND.[2]

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

IN the first rise and infancy of Farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
The raw, unpractised authors could, with ease,
A young and unexperienced audience please:
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own;
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.
But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast, unthinking host!

[1] *Who to forbidden joys.*] So careful was this excellent man "*to set our passions on the side of truth,*" even in his gayest and slightest compositions.

[2] A comedy written by Sir Richard Steele.

Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;
Rough country knights are fond of every shire;
Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet,
As frequent on the stage as in the pit.
Our modern wits are forced to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the town, and beat about the Park;
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court,
As love of pleasure or of place invites;
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.
Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage;
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night:—
Here 's still encouragement for those that write.
Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play;
And that there may be something gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has exposed to view:
The first a damsel, travelled in romance;
The t'other more refined; she comes from France:
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger;
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

EPILOGUE TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS.[1]

When Orpheus tuned his lyre with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While listening forests covered, as he played,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of magic is to music joined;
Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and muttered spells prevail.

[1] A dramatic poem written by the Lord Lansdown.

Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waste of sand,
The desert smiles; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.
The same dull sights in the same landscape mixt,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fixed,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continued show;
But as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, though the place stands still,
While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without unity of place transgrest)
The enchanter turns the critic to a jest.
But howsoe'er,[1] to please your wandering eyes,
Bright objects disappear and brighter rise:
There 's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that circle we divert your sight.

HORACE.—ODE III., BOOK III.

Augustus had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire, having closeted several senators on the project: Horace is supposed to have written the following Ode on this occasion.

THE man resolved, and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurled,

[1] *But* HOWSOE'ER.] A word, which nobody would now use in verse, and not many in good prose.

He, unconcerned, would hear the mighty crack,[1]
And stand secure amidst a falling world.
Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the blest abodes;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gained a place among the gods;
Where now Augustus, mixed with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal strains divinely glow.
By arts like these did young Lyæus rise:
His tigers drew him to the skies,
Wild from the desert and unbroke:
In vain they foamed, in vain they stared,
In vain their eyes with fury glared;
He tamed 'em to the lash, and bent 'em to the yoke.
Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind snatched on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus the assembled deities bespoke.
Troy, says the goddess, perjured Troy has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile, and soft abodes,
Walled by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground.
An umpire, partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust,
Lay heavy on her head, and sink her to the dust.
Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
That durst defraud the immortals of their pay,
Her guardian gods renounced their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.

[1] *Crack,*] plainly used here for the sake of the rhyme; for the poet knew very well that the word was *low* and *vulgar*. To ennoble it a little he adds the epithet "*mighty*," which yet has only the effect to make it even *ridiculous*.

And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adulterer shines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly cleared the field.
My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
Advanced to godhead let him rise,
And take his station in the skies;
There entertain his ravished sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine:
The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvied find,
And flourish on a foreign coast;
But far be Rome from Troy disjoined,
Removed by seas from the disastrous shore;
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumbered roar.
Still let the curst, detested place,
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be covered o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.
May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad, solitary haunts and silent deserts find;
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May the unmolested lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, coucht, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman Capitol shall rise;
The illustrious exiles unconfined
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide,
And part the severed world in two:
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall spread,
And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscovered head.

Riches the hardy soldier shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
Nor the disbowelled earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glittering ills concealed within the mine,
Shall lie untouched, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms;
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.
  This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
  A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations rase:
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their armies' head myself will show
What Juno, urged to all her rage, can do.
Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise,
And line it round with walls of brass,
Thrice should my favourite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the shining fabric to the ground;
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons and slaughtered husbands mourn.
  But hold, my muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light:
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
The immortal rhetoric rehearse;[1]
The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

[1] *Rehearse,*] a word Mr. Addison is very fond of, because it afforded a rhyme for verse; but it disgraces an ode, and should indeed be banished from *all* poetry.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.[1]

BOOK II.

THE STORY OF PHAETON.

The sun's bright palace, on high columns raised,
With burnished gold and flaming jewels blazed;
The folding gates diffused a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refreshed the sight;
Of polished ivory was the covering wrought:
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was displayed on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea the inferior earth embraced,
And gods and goddesses the waters graced.
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton, and Proteus, (the deceiving god,)
With Doris here were carved, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figured main,
While some on rocks their dropping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide:
Though various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in every face.
On earth a different landscape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities.
O'er all, the heaven's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were six engraven signs.
  Here Phaëton, still gaining on the ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
Till, pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god:
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flashed too strongly on his aching sight.

[1] Mr. Addison appears to have been much taken with the native graces of Ovid's poetry. The following translations are highly finished and even laboured (if I may so speak) into an ease, which resembles very much, and almost equals, that of his author.

The god sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on:
The Hours, in order ranged on either hand,
And days, and months, and years, and ages, stand.
Here Spring appears with flowery chaplets bound;
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crowned;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.
Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd on one.
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surprised at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, "What wants my son? for know
My son thou art, and I must call thee so."
"Light of the world," the trembling youth replies,
"Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
The parent's name, some certain token give,
That I may Clymenè's proud boast believe,
Nor longer under false reproaches grieve."
The tender sire was touched with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
And bid the youth advance: "My son," said he,
"Come to thy father's arms! for Clymenè
Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
And deem thee worthy to be called my son.
As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
And roll impervious to my piercing sight."
The youth transported, asks, without delay,
To guide the Sun's bright chariot for a day.
The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook;
"My son," says he, "some other proof require,
Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
Beyond the province of mortality:

There is not one of all the gods that dares
(However skill'd in other great affairs)
To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
That hurls the three-forked thunder from above,
Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as Jove?
The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain:
And when the middle firmament they gain,
If downward from the heavens my head I bow,
And see the earth and ocean hang below,
Ev'n I am seized with horror and affright,
And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
A mighty downfal steeps the evening stage,
And steady reins must curb the horses' rage.
Tethys herself has feared to see me driven
Down headlong from the precipice of heaven.
Besides, consider what impetuous force
Turns stars and planets in a different course:
I steer against their motions; nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky.
But how could you resist the orbs that roll
In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?
But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
And stately domes, and cities filled with gods;
While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies:
For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
The Bull with stooping horns stands opposite;
Next him the bright Hæmonian Bow is strung;
And next, the Lion's grinning visage hung:
The Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,
And here the Crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
Nor would you find it easy to compose
The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows
The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows.
Ev'n I their head-strong fury scarce restrain,
When they grow warm and restiff to the rein.
Let not my son a fatal gift require,
But, oh! in time recall your rash desire;
You ask a gift that may your parent tell,
Let these my fears your parentage reveal;

And learn a father from a father's care:
Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
Could you but look, you 'd read the father there.
Choose out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
For open to your wish all nature lies,
Only decline this one unequal task,
For 'tis a mischief, not a gift you ask;
You ask a real mischief, Phaëton:
Nay, hang not thus about my neck, my son:
I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
Choose what you will, but make a wiser choice."
Thus did the god the unwary youth advise;
But he still longs to travel through the skies,
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orbed with gold.
The spokes in rows of silver pleased the sight,
The seat with party-coloured gems was bright;
Apollo shined amid the glare of light.
The youth with secret joy the work surveys;
When now the morn disclosed her purple rays;
The stars were fled; for Lucifer had chased
The stars away, and fled himself at last.
Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble Hours without delay
Bring forth the steeds; the nimble Hours obey:
From their full racks the generous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams and snorting fire.
Still anxious for his son, the god of day,
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sovereign virtue to repel the heat;
Then fixed the beamy circle on his head,
And fetched a deep, foreboding sigh, and said,
"Take this at least, this last advice, my son:
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
Your art must be to moderate their haste.
Drive them not on directly through the skies,
But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,

Along the midmost zone; but sally forth
Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.
The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
But neither mount too high nor sink too low,
That no new fires or heaven or earth infest;
Keep the mid-way, the middle way is best.
Nor, where in radiant folds the Serpent twines,
Direct your course, nor where the Altar shines.
Shun both extremes; the rest let Fortune guide,
And better for thee than thyself provide!
See, while I speak the shades disperse away,
Aurora gives the promise of a day;
I 'm called, nor can I make a longer stay.
Snatch up the reins; or still the attempt forsake,
And not my chariot, but my counsel take,
While yet securely on the earth you stand;
Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
Let me alone to light the world, while you
Enjoy those beams which you may safely view."
He spoke in vain: the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.
Meanwhile the restless horses neighed aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys, not knowing what had passed, gave way,
And all the waste of heaven before them lay.
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at sea the unballassed vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot tossed on high,
The youth is hurried headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;

Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.
Then the Seven Stars first felt Apollo's ray
And wished to dip in the forbidden sea.
The folded Serpent next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benumbed before, began to roll,
And raged with inward heat, and threatened war,
And shot a redder light from every star;
Nay, and 'tis said, Boötes, too, that fain
Thou wouldst have fled, though cumbered with thy wain.
The unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
His colour changed, he startled at the sight,
And his eyes darkened by too great a light.
Now could he wish the fiery steeds untried,
His birth obscure, and his request denied:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boasted kindred to the sun.
So fares the pilot, when his ship is tossed
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost,
He gives her to the winds, and in despair
Seeks his last refuge in the gods and prayer.
What could he do? his eyes, if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;
If forward, still a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and measures in his mind;
And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
The horses' names he knew not in the fright:
Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold 'em tight.
Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
That, decked with stars, lie scattered o'er the skies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio, bent
In tail and arms, surrounds a vast extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
And fills the space of two celestial signs.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vexed with heat,
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horses felt them loose upon their manes,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontrolled where'er their fury drove;

Rushed on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurried on the day.
And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds disperse in fumes, the wondering moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The highlands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripened harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills; whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.
The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;
Œagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame;
Taurus and Œte glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow;
And Rhodopè, no longer clothed in snow;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Even Scythia, through her hoary regions warmed,
In vain with all her native frost was armed.
Covered with flames, the towering Apennine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine;
And, where the long extended Alps aspire,
Now stands a huge, continued range of fire.
The astonished youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below as from a furnace flowed,
And now the axle-tree beneath him glowed:
Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hovering in the smoke,
He flew where'er the horses drove, nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.
'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
Then Libya first, of all her moisture drained,
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.

The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robbed of silver Dirce, mourns;
Corinth, Pyrenè's wasted spring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilst Amymonè fails.
The floods are drained from every distant coast,
Ev'n Tanaïs, though fixed in ice, was lost.
Enraged Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more.
The famed Mæander, that unwearied strays
Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
From his loved Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
In thickening fumes, and darken half the skies.
In flames Ismenos and the Phasis rolled,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold.
The swans, that on Cayster often tried
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and died.
The frighted Nile ran off, and under-ground
Concealed his head, nor can it yet be found:
His seven divided currents all are dry,
And where they rolled seven gaping trenches lie.
No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
Nor Tiber, of his promised empire vain.
The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And startles Pluto with the flash of day.
The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
Wide, naked plains, where once their billows rose;
Their rocks are all discovered, and increase
The number of the scattered Cyclades.
The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap;
Gasping for breath, the unshapen Phocæ die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie.
Nereus, and Doris with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secret in their gloomy regions pant.
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repelled.
The Earth at length, on every side embraced
With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,

When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Uplifted to the heavens her blasted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and said;
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat:)
"If you, great king of gods, my death approve,
And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;
If I must perish by the force of fire,
Let me transfixed with thunderbolts expire.
See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke,)
See my singed hair, behold my faded eye
And withered face, where heaps of cinders lie!
And does the plough for this my body tear?
This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
Tortured with rakes, and harassed all the year?
That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
And food for man, and frankincense for you?
But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
Why does it waste, and further shrink from heaven?
If I nor he your pity can provoke,
See your own heavens, the heavens begin to smoke!
Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;
Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
If heaven, and earth, and sea together burn,
All must again into their chaos turn.
Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
And succour nature, e'er it be too late."
She ceased; for, choked with vapours round her spread,
Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.
Jove called to witness every power above,
And ev'n the god whose son the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compelled to do,
Or universal ruin must ensue.
Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he used to dart his thunder down,

From whence his showers and storms he used to pour,
But now could meet with neither storm nor shower.
Then aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurled the forky brand,
In dreadful thunderings. Thus the almighty sire
Suppressed the raging of the fires with fire.
At once from life and from the chariot driven,
The ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heaven.
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The studded harness from their necks they broke,
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,
Here were the beam and axle torn away;
And, scattered o'er the earth, the shining fragments lay.
The breathless Phaëton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling star,
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop;
Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurled,
Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAETON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED INTO TREES.

The Latian nymphs came round him, and amazed
On the dead youth, transfixed with thunder, gazed;
And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
His shattered body to a tomb convey;
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:
"Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies;
His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
But in the glorious enterprise he died."
Apollo hid his face, and pined for grief,
And, if the story may deserve belief,
The space of one whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted even, without a sun:
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day that still did nature's face disclose:
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.
But Clymenè, enraged with grief, laments,
And, as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevelled, round the world she goes,

To seek where'er his body might be cast;
Till, on the borders of the Po, at last
The name inscribed on the new tomb appears:
The dear, dear name she bathes in flowing tears,
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.
Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn,)
And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaëton in vain:
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb, and weep.
Four times revolving the full moon returned;
So long the mother and the daughters mourned:
When now the eldest, Phaëthusa, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have helped her, but she found
Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hands with leaves;
One sees her thighs transformed, another views
Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs and breasts and bodies stood
Crusted with bark, and hardening into wood;
But still above were female heads displayed,
And mouths, that called the mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haste she flew,
And kissed her sprouting daughters as they grew.
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves:
The blood came trickling, where she tore away
The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to say,
"Forbear, mistaken parent, oh! forbear;
A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
Farewell for ever." Here the bark increased,
Closed on their faces, and their words suppressed.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, hardened into value by the sun,
Distil for ever on the streams below:
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,

Mixt in the sand; whence the rich drops conveyed,
Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS INTO A SWAN.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transformed, allied
To their dead brother on the mortal side,
In friendship and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he owned,
Through pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was lessened, as he tried to speak,
And issued through a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;
From both his sides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All Cycnus now into a swan was turned,
Who, still remembering how his kinsman burned,
To solitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as opposed to fires.
Meanwhile Apollo, in a gloomy shade
(The native lustre of his brows decayed)
Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own sunshine, and abhors the light:
The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And sullies in a dim eclipse the day.
Now secretly with inward griefs he pined,
Now warm resentments to his grief he joined,
And now renounced his office to mankind.
"E'er since the birth of time," said he, "I 've borne
A long, ungrateful toil without return;
Let now some other manage, if he dare,
The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car;
Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
And learn to lay his murdering thunder by;
Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
My son deserved not so severe a fate."

The gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night:
Jove too himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happened, and entreats,
Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevailed upon, at length, again he took
The harnessed steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies 'em with the lash, and whips 'em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids them with his son.

THE STORY OF CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course; and Jove
Walked the wide circuit of the heavens above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe: the earth he then surveyed,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land; but on Arcadia most.
Her fields he clothed, and cheered her blasted face
With running fountains, and with springing grass.
No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles again.
But as the god walked to and fro the earth,
And raised the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he viewed,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun, nor dressed with artful pride;
Her vest was gathered up, her hair was tied;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclined,
The sprightly warriors of the wood she joined.
Diana too the gentle huntress loved,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that roved
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favoured once; but favour lasts not long.
The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbraced;
She flung herself on the cool, grassy bed;
And on the painted quiver raised her head.

Jove saw the charming huntress unprepared,
Stretched on the verdant turf, without a guard.
"Here I am safe," he cries, "from Juno's eye;
Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!"
Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
Softened his brows, and smoothed his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke.
"How fares my girl? How went the morning chase?"
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
"All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
To Jove himself, though Jove himself were here."
The god was nearer than she thought, and heard,
Well-pleased, himself before himself preferred.
He then salutes her with a warm embrace,
And, ere she half had told the morning chase,
With love inflamed, and eager on his bliss,
Smothered her words, and stopped her with a kiss;
His kisses with unwonted ardour glowed,
Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin could;
(Sure Juno must have pardoned, had she viewed;)
With all her might against his force she strove;
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!
Possest at length of what his heart desired,
Back to his heavens the exulting god retired.
The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,
With downcast eyes, and with a blushing face
By shame confounded, and by fear dismayed,
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.
But now Diana, with a sprightly train
Of quivered virgins, bounding over the plain,
Called to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a Jove disguised in her;
But, when she saw the sister nymphs, suppressed
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.
How in the look does conscious guilt appear!
Slowly she moved, and loitered in the rear;

Nor slightly tripped, nor by the goddess ran,
As once she used, the foremost of the train.
Her looks were flushed, and sullen was her mien,
That sure the virgin goddess (had she been
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guessed aright:
And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams
That in soft murmurs through the forest flowed,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel showed.
A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess praised: "And now no spies are near,
Let 's strip, my gentle maids, and wash, she cries.
Pleased with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the blushing huntress stood confused,
And formed delays, and her delays excused;
In vain excused: her fellows round her pressed,
And the reluctant nymph by force undressed.
The naked huntress all her shame revealed,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb concealed;
"Begone!" the goddess cries with stern disdain,
"Begone! nor dare the hallowed stream to stain:"
She fled, for ever banished from the train.
This Juno heard, who long had watched her time
To punish the detested rival's crime:
The time was come; for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.
The goddess cast a furious look, and cried,
"It is enough! I 'm fully satisfied!
This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
My husband's baseness, and the strumpet's love:
But vengeance shall awake: those guilty charms,
That drew the Thunderer from Juno's arms,
No longer shall their wonted force retain,
Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain.
This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragged her on the ground.
The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow shaggy, and deformed with hair,
Her nails are sharpened into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;

Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin.
And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, she was deprived of speech:
Her surly voice through a hoarse passage came
In savage sounds: her mind was still the same.
The furry monster fixed her eyes above,
And heaved her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
And begged his aid with inward groans; and though
She could not call him false, she thought him so.
  How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep-mouthed dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew!
How did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun
The shaggy bear, though now herself was one!
How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her sire!
  But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanced to rouse his mother where she lay.
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gazed: the boy was in a fright,
And aimed a pointed arrow at her breast,
And would have slain his mother in the beast;
But Jove forbad, and snatched 'em through the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fixed 'em there:
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.
  When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,
She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys; both revered among the gods.
They ask what brings her there: "Ne'er ask," says she,
"What brings me here, heaven is no place for me.
You'll see, when night has covered all things o'er,
Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
Usurp the heavens; you'll see 'em proudly roll
In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
And who shall now on Juno's altars wait,
When those she hates grow greater by her hate?

I on the nymph a brutal form impressed,
Jove to a goddess has transformed the beast;
This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
And, as he acted after Io's rape,
Restore the adulteress to her former shape,
Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
But you, ye venerable powers, be kind,
And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams."
The goddess ended, and her wish was given.
Back she returned in triumph up to heaven;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies,
Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were ranged,
At the same time the raven's colour changed.

THE STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

The raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unsullied breast,
Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had changed him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.
The story of his change shall here be told:
In Thessaly there lived a nymph of old,
Coronis named; a peerless maid she shined,
Confest the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo loved her, till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true.
But his own bird, the raven, chanced to find,
The false one with a secret rival joined.
Coronis begged him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he plied;
The busy daw flew with him, side by side,
And by a thousand teasing questions drew
The important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, though despised,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advised:

" Stay, silly bird, the ill-natured task refuse,
Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
Be warned by my example: you discern
What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
My foolish honesty was all my crime;
Then hear my story. Once upon a time,
The two-shaped Ericthonius had his birth
(Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
Minerva nursed him, and the infant laid
Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
The daughters of King Cecrops undertook
To guard the chest, commanded not to look
On what was hid within. I stood to see
The charge obeyed, perched on a neighbouring tree.
The sisters Pandrosos and Hersè keep
The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
And called her sisters to the hideous sight:
A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
I told the stern Minerva all that passed,
But for my pains, discarded and disgraced,
The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
And for her favourite chose the bird of night.
Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
" But you, perhaps, may think I was removed,
As never by the heavenly maid beloved:
But I was loved; ask Pallas if I lie;
Though Pallas hate me now, she won't deny:
For I, whom in a feathered shape you view,
Was once a maid, (by heaven the story 's true,)
A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
A crowd of lovers owned my beauty's charms;
My beauty was the cause of all my harms;
Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
Observed me in my walks, and fell in love.
He made his courtship, he confest his pain,
And offered force when all his arts were vain;
Swift he pursued: I ran along the strand,
Till, spent and wearied on the sinking sand,

I shrieked aloud, with cries I filled the air
To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
A virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer.
For, as my arms I lifted to the skies,
I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
I strove to fling my garment to the ground;
My garment turned to plumes, and girt me round:
My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I.
Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
Sunk in the sand, but skimmed along the shore:
Till, rising on my wings, I was preferred
To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird:
Preferred in vain! I now am in disgrace:
Nyctimene, the owl, enjoys my place.
"On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
(In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell,)
And of her dire amours you must have heard,
For which she now does penance in a bird,
That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
And loves the gloomy covering of the night;
The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day."
The raven, urged by such impertinence,
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
And curst the harmless daw; the daw withdrew:
The raven to her injured patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of false Coronis and the favoured youth.
The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook:
His silver bow and feathered shafts he took,
And lodged an arrow in the tender breast,
That had so often to his own been prest.
Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groaned,
And pulled his arrow reeking from the wound;
And weltering in her blood, thus faintly cried,
"Ah, cruel god! though I have justly died,
What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
That he should fall, and two expire in one?"
This said, in agonies she fetched her breath.
The god dissolves in pity at her death;

He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done;
The feathered shaft, that sent her to the fates,
And his own hand that sent the shaft he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.
Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
Her corpse he kissed, and heavenly incense brought,
And solemnized the death himself had wrought.
But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
Spite of the immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge:
Then in his fury blacked the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHOË TRANSFORMED TO A MARE.

Old Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore
The nymph Chariclo to the centaur bore,
With hair dishevelled on her shoulders came
To see the child, Ocyrrhöe was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus she uttered her prophetic tale;
"Hail, great physician of the world, all hail;
Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
Shalt heal the nations and defraud the tomb;
Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfined!
Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
And thou, my sire, not destined by thy birth
To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,

How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
And quit thy claim to immortality;
When thou shalt feel, enraged with inward pains,
The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?
The gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
And give thee over to the power of Fate."
Thus, entering into destiny, the maid
The secrets of offended Jove betrayed:
More had she still to say; but now appears
Oppressed with sobs and sighs, and drowned in tears.
"My voice," says she, "is gone, my language fails;
Through every limb my kindred shape prevails:
Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
And with prophetic raptures swell my heart!
What new desires are these? I long to pace
O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on grass:
I hasten to a brute, a maid no more;
But why, alas! am I transformed all o'er?
My sire does half a human shape retain,
And in his upper parts preserves the man."
Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
But in shrill accents and mishapen words
Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
The human form confounded in the mare:
Till by degrees accomplished in the beast,
She neighed outright, and all the steed exprest.
Her stooping body on her hands is borne,
Her hands are turned to hoofs, and shod in horn;
Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.
The mare was finished in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO A TOUCHSTONE.

Sore wept the centaur, and to Phœbus prayed;
But how could Phœbus give the centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove;
And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloak;
On seven compacted reeds he used to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe, he played,
The crafty Hermes from the god conveyed
A drove, that separate from their fellows strayed.
The theft an old insidious peasant viewed,
(They called him Battus in the neighbourhood,)
Hired by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourite mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thievish god suspected him, and took
The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke:
"Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee."
"Go, stranger," cries the clown, "securely on,
That stone shall sooner tell;" and showed a stone.
The god withdrew, but straight returned again,
In speech and habit like a country swain;
And cries out, "Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
In the recovery of my cattle join,
A bullock and a heifer shall be thine."
The peasant quick replies, "You 'll find 'em there,
In yon dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
The double bribe had his false heart beguiled:
The god, successful in the trial, smiled;
"And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
Me to myself dost thou betray?" says he:
Then to a touch-stone turns the faithless spy,
And in his name records his infamy.

THE STORY OF AGLAUROS, TRANSFORMED INTO A STATUE

This done, the god flew up on high, and passed
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva graced,
And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
All the vast region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
In canisters, with garlands covered o'er,
High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore;
And now, returning in a solemn train,
The troop of shining virgins filled the plain,
The god well-pleased beheld the pompous show,
And saw the bright procession pass below;

Then veered about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hovered o'er them: as the spreading kite,
That smells the slaughtered victim from on high,
Flies at a distance, if the priests are nigh,
And sails around, and keeps it in her eye;
So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
And in slow winding circles round them flew.
As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
Or as the full-orbed Phœbe, Lucifer,
So much did Hersè all the rest outvie,
And gave a grace to the solemnity.
Hermes was fired, as in the clouds he hung:
So the cold bullet, that with fury slung
From Balearic engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
At length he pitched upon the ground, and showed
The form divine, the features of a god.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he strives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
The golden edging on the seam below;
Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves with an air the sleep-procuring wand;
The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trimmed pinion ties.
His ornaments with nicest art displayed,
He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with polished ivory lined,
That, richly mixed, in clouds of tortoise shined.
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were placed,
The midmost by the beauteous Hersè graced;
Her virgin sisters lodged on either side.
Aglauros first the approaching god descried,
And as he crossed her chamber, asked his name,
And what his business was, and whence he came.
"I come," replied the god, "from heaven, to woo
Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
I am the son and messenger of Jove,
My name is Mercury, my business, love;
Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
And gain admittance to your sister's heart."

She stared him in the face with looks amazed,
As when she on Minerva's secret gazed,
And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the god retire.
Minerva grieved to see the nymph succeed;
And now remembering the late impious deed,
When, disobedient to her strict command,
She touched the chest with an unhallowed hand;
In big-swoln sighs her inward rage expressed,
That heaved the rising Ægis on her breast;
Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defiled with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholesome skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.
Directly to the cave her course she steered;
Against the gates her martial lance she reared;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appeared.
A poisonous morsel in her teeth she chewed,
And gorged the flesh of vipers for her food.
Minerva loathing turned away her eye;
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
She fetched a groan at such a cheerful sight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul, distorted glances turned awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts possessed,
And spread a greenness o'er her cankered breast;
Her teeth were brown with rust; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung.
She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
Restless in spite: while watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy;
Foe to herself, distressing and distrest,
She bears her own tormentor in her breast.
The goddess gave (for she abhorred her sight)
A short command: "To Athens speed thy flight;

On curst Aglauros try thy utmost art.
And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart."
This said, her spear she pushed against the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heaven: the hag with eyes askew
Looked up, and muttered curses as she flew;
For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
At the success which she herself must give.
Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne,
O'er fields and flowery meadows: where she steers
Her baneful course, a mighty blast appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are defaced,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waste:
On mortals next and peopled towns she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.
When Athens she beheld, for arts renowned,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crowned,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deserved a tear.
The apartment now she entered, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep opprest.
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She stroked the virgin with her cankered hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast conveyed,
That stung to madness the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.
To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And placed before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate:
The imaginary bride appears in state;
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows,
For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.
Full of the dream, Aglauros pined away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consumed like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
Or like unwholesome weeds, that, set on fire,
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Given up to Envy, (for in every thought,
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought).

Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
To tell her awful father what had passed:
At length before the door herself she cast;
And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick god denied.
The god caressed, and for admission prayed,
And soothed, in softest words, the envenomed maid.
In vain he soothed! "Begone!" the maid replies,
"Or here I keep my seat, and never rise."
"Then keep thy seat for ever!" cries the god,
And touched the door, wide-opening to his rod.
Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;
Her joints are all benumbed, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
So does the chillness to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
Till, hardening everywhere, and speechless grown,
She sits unmoved, and freezes to a stone.
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S RAPE.

When now the god his fury had allayed,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And, as he mixed among the crowd of gods,
Beckoned him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will exprest.
"My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
Thy sire's commands are through the world conveyed,
Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course;
There find a herd of heifers wandering o'er
The neighbouring hill, and drive them to the shore."
Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent.
The trusty Hermes on his message went,

And found the herd of heifers wandering o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove 'em to the shore;
Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain.
The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride,)
The ruler of the skies, the thundering god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisked in a bull, and bellowed o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsullied by the breath of southern skies;
Small shining horns on his curled forehead stand,
As turned and polished by the workman's hand;
His eye-balls rolled, not formidably bright,
But gazed and languished with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and exprest
The softness of the lover in the beast.
Agenor's royal daughter, as she played
Among the fields, the milk-white bull surveyed,
And viewed his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.
At length she plucked the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly stroked his head.
He stood well pleased to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decayed,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal virgin drest
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast.
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she prest the Thunderer,
She placed herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.
He gently marched along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approached the seas;

Where now he dips his hoofs and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast: one hand is borne
Upon his back, the other grasps a horn:
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air and hovers in the wind.
Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictean shore;
Where now, in his divinest form arrayed,
In his true shape he captivates the maid;
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features, and celestial light,
And all the god discovered to her sight.

BOOK III.

THE STORY OF CADMUS.

When now Agenor had his daughter lost,
He sent his son to search on every coast;
And sternly bid him to his arms restore
The darling maid, or see his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime:
Thus was the father pious to a crime.
The restless youth searched all the world around;
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When tired at length with unsuccessful toil,
To shun his angry sire and native soil,
He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome;
There asks the god what new-appointed home
Should end his wanderings and his toils relieve.
The Delphic oracles this answer give.
"Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough;
Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,
And from thy guide, Bœotia call the land,
In which the destined walls and town shall stand."

No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the Delphic god,
When in the fields the fatal cow he viewed,
Nor galled with yokes, nor worn with servitude:
Her gently at a distance he pursued;
And, as he walked aloof, in silence prayed
To the great power whose counsels he obeyed.
Her way through flowery Panopè she took,
And now, Cephisus, crossed thy silver brook;
When to the heavens her spacious front she raised,
And bellowed thrice, then backward turning, gazed
On those behind, till on the destined place
She stooped, and couched amid the rising grass.
Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie;
Then sends his servants to a neighbouring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplexed with thorn:
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.
Deep in the dreary den, concealed from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanced his eyes;
His towering crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scaled with gold;
Three tongues he brandished when he charged his foes;
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
And with their urns explored the hollow vault:
From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes.
The Tyrians drop their vessels in their fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.

Spire above spire upreared in air he stood,
And gazing round him, overlooked the wood:
Then floating on the ground, in circles rolled;
Then leaped upon them in a mighty fold.
Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size,
The serpent in the polar circle lies,
That stretches over half the northern skies.
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devoured; or feel a loathsome death,
Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.
And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
In all its lustre, to the noon-day sky;
When, anxious for his friends, and filled with cares,
To search the woods the impatient chief prepares.
A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well poised javelin to the field he bore,
Inured to blood, the far-destroying dart,
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.
Soon as the youth approached the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass;
The scaly foe amid their corpse he viewed,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood,
"Such friends," he cries, "deserved a longer date;
But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate."
Then heaved a stone, and rising to the throw
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here the unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly joined, preserved him from a wound,
With native armour crusted all around.
The pointed javelin more successful flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hissed aloud, and raged in vain,
And writhed his body to and fro with pain;

And bit the spear, and wrenched the wood away;
The point still buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churned in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as the infernal Stygian waters cast;
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enrolled,
Now all unravelled, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force,
Bears down the forest in his boisterous course.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustained the shock, then forced him to recoil;
The pointed javelin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
But still the hurt he yet received was slight;
For, whilst the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the javelin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.
The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plunged the fatal spear,
That in the extended neck a passage found,
And pierced the solid timber through the wound.
Fixed to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail, he lashed the sturdy oak;
Till spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.
Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermixed with blood;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh,)
"Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be?"
Astonished at the voice, he stood amazed,
And all around with inward horror gazed:
When Pallas, swift descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise,

Bids him plough up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrowed ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.
He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts;
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.
So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees; till all the man arise,
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.
Cadmus surprised, and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepared himself for fight:
When one cried out, "Forbear, fond man, forbear
To mingle in a blind, promiscuous war."
This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran through all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers killed;
The furrows swam in blood: and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand;
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes:
So founds a city on the promised earth,
And gives his new Bœotian empire birth.
Here Cadmus reigned; and now one would have guessed
The royal founder in his exile blest:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Allied by marriage to the deathless gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.

Actæon was the first of all his race,
Who grieved his grandsire in his borrowed face;
Condemned by stern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and visage not his own;
To shun his once-loved dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntsman to become their prey.
And yet consider why the change was wrought,
You 'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON INTO A STAG.

In a fair chase a shady mountain stood,
Well stored with game, and marked with trails of blood.
Here did the huntsmen till the heat of day
Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;
When thus Actæon calling to the rest:
"My friends," says he, "our sport is at the best.
The sun is high advanced, and downward sheds
His burning beams directly on our heads;
Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils;
And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
Take the cool morning to renew the chase."
They all consent, and in a cheerful train
The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
Return in triumph from the sultry plain.
Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
Refreshed with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood
Full in the centre of the darksome wood
A spacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
With hoary moss, and arched with pumice-stone.
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling swell into a lake below.
Nature had everywhere so played her part,
That everywhere she seemed to vie with art.
Here the bright goddess, toiled and chafed with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.
Here did she now with all her train resort,
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;

Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loosed her sandals, some her veil untied;
Each busy nymph her proper part undrest;
While Crocale, more handy than the rest,
Gathered her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.
Now all undrest the shining goddess stood,
When young Actæon, wildered in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betrayed,
The fountains filled with naked nymphs surveyed.
The frighted virgins shrieked at the surprise,
(The forest echoed with their piercing cries,)
Then in a huddle round their goddess prest:
She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With blushes glowed; such blushes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn;
And though the crowding nymphs her body hide,
Half backward shrunk, and viewed him from aside.
Surprised, at first she would have snatched her bow,
But sees the circling waters round her flow;
These in the hollow of her hand she took,
And dashed 'em in his face, while thus she spoke:
"Tell if thou canst the wondrous sight disclosed,
A goddess naked to thy view exposed."
This said, the man began to disappear
By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A rising horn on either brow he wears,
And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'ergrown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
Transformed at length, he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast.
But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
He saw his branching horns and altered look,
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
He tried to speak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the watery glass
He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
Run trickling down a savage hairy face.

What should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and skulk in woods?
Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aching heart assails.
As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries:
A generous pack, or to maintain the chase,
Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass.
He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forced his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did pursue.
In vain he oft endeavoured to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
From shouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies,
Deafened and stunned with their promiscuous cries.
When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest
Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fastened on him, straight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the sad huntsman, grovelling on the ground,
Who now appeared but one continued wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His servants with a piteous look he spies,
And turns about his supplicating eyes.
His servants, ignorant of what had chanced,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advanced,
And called their lord Actæon to the game:
He shook his head in answer to the name;
He heard, but wished he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have stood a looker-on.
But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
And feels his ravenous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched master, panting in a deer.

THE BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

Actæon's sufferings, and Diana's rage,
Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage;

Some called the evils which Diana wrought,
Too great, and disproportioned to the fault:
Others, again, esteemed Actæon's woes
Fit for a virgin goddess to impose.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reasons are produced on either side.
Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddess, nor excuse:
She heeded not the justice of the deed,
But joyed to see the race of Cadmus bleed;
For still she kept Europa in her mind,
And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
How Semele, to Jove's embrace preferred,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carried in her womb a future god.
Thus terribly incensed, the goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke.
"Are my reproaches of so small a force?
'Tis time I then pursue another course:
It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
If I 'm indeed the mistress of the sky;
If rightly styled among the powers above
The wife and sister of the thundering Jove,
(And none can sure a sister's right deny,)
It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
Pregnant, she rises to a mother's name;
While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,
And shows the glorious tokens of his love:
But if I 'm still the mistress of the skies,
By her own lover the fond beauty dies."
This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele she stood.
Old Beroe's decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
The goddess, thus disguised in age, beguiled
With pleasing stories her false foster-child.
Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,

Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
"Tis well," says she, "if all be true that 's said;
But trust me, child, I 'm much inclined to fear
Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
Many an honest, well-designing maid,
Has been by these pretended gods betrayed.
But if he be indeed the thundering Jove,
Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
Descend triumphant from the ethereal sky,
In all the pomp of his divinity;
Encompassed round by those celestial charms,
With which he fills the immortal Juno's arms."
The unwary nymph, insnared with what she said,
Desired of Jove, when next he sought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which she would choose;
"Fear not," replied the god, "that I 'll refuse
Whate'er you ask: may Styx confirm my voice,
Choose what you will, and you shall have your choice."
"Then," says the nymph, "when next you seek my arms,
May you descend in those celestial charms,
With which your Juno's bosom you inflame,
And fill with transport heaven's immortal dame."
The god surprised, would fain have stopped her voice:
But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.
To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilst all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play.
And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state,
Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,
And armed with thunder of the smallest size:
Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain,
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain.
'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a second-rate.
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Tempered the bolt, and turned it to his hand,
Worked up less flame and fury in its make,
And quenched it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus dreadfully adorned, with horror bright,

The illustrious god, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.
The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flashes and the thunder's rage,
Consumed amidst the glories she desired,
And in the terrible embrace expired.
But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Enclosed the abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfilled,
Ino first took him for her foster-child;
Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
Nursed secretly with milk the thriving god.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions past on earth,
And Bacchus thus procured a second birth,
When Jove disposed to lay aside the weight
Of public empire and the cares of state;
As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaffed,
"In troth," says he, and as he spoke he laughed,
"The sense of pleasure in the male is far
More dull and dead than what you females share."
Juno the truth of what was said denied;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;
For he the pleasure of each sex had tried.
It happened once, within a shady wood,
Two twisted snakes he in conjunction viewed;
When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.
But, after seven revolving years, he viewed
The self-same serpents in the self-same wood;
"And if," says he, "such virtue in you lie,
That he who dares your slimy folds untie
Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try."
Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
New-sexed, and straight recovered into man.
Him therefore both the deities create
The sovereign umpire in their grand debate;
And he declared for Jove; when Juno, fired
More than so trivial an affair required,

Deprived him, in her fury, of his sight,
And left him groping round in sudden night.
But Jove (for so it is in heaven decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed)
Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

Famed far and near for knowing things to come,
From him the inquiring nations sought their doom;
The fair Liriope his answers tried,
And first the unerring prophet justified;
This nymph the god Cephisus had abused,
With all his winding waters circumfused,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids ev'n then beheld with joy.
The tender dame, solicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
"If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies."
Long lived the dubious mother in suspense,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.
Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turned of boy and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth caressed,
Many a love-sick maid her flame confessed:
Such was his pride, in vain the friend caressed,
The love-sick maid in vain her flame confessed.
Once, in the woods, as he pursued the chase,
The babbling Echo had descried his face;
She, who in others' words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for though her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often when the goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming, till the lovers slipped away.
The goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cried, "That tongue, for this thy crime,

Which could so many subtle tales produce,
Shall be hereafter but of little use."
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds, and accents not her own.
This love-sick virgin, overjoyed to find
The boy alone, still followed him behind;
When, glowing warmly at her near approach,
As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She longed her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.
The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,[1]
Still dashed with blushes for her slighted love,
Lived in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wandered the rejected fair,
Till harassed out, and worn away with care,
The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrified, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymphs in vain caress the boy,
He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
When one fair virgin of the slighted train
Thus prayed the gods, provoked by his disdain,
"Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!"
Rhamnusia pitied the neglected fair,
And with just vengeance answered to her prayer.
There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stained with falling leaves nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unsullied by the touch of men or beasts:
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and cheerful greens below.

[1] *When nothing could Narcissus move.*] One would think, from the expression, that the means taken by Echo *to move Narcissus* had been specified; and so they are in the original. The truth is, fourteen lines are here omitted, not without good reason; but the inartificial connexion betrays the omission.

Pleased with the form and coolness of the place,[1]
And over-heated by the morning chase,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.
For as his own bright image he surveyed,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmoved,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he loved.
The well-turned neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the watery glass.
By his own flames consumed the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindle in thee this unpitied love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the coloured shadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyself relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.
Still o'er the fountain's watery gleam he stood,
Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;
Still viewed his face, and languished as he viewed.
At length he raised his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain.
"You trees," says he, "and thou surrounding grove,
Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
A youth so tortured, so perplexed as I?
I who before me see the charming fair,
Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there:

[1] *Pleased with the form and coolness of the place.*] Easier and better than the original,—"*faciemque loci, fontemque secutus;*" yet without losing the Ovidian turn of expression.

In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;
And yet no bulwarked town, nor distant coast,
Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
A shallow water hinders my embrace;
And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
My charms an easy conquest have obtained
O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdained.
But why should I despair? I 'm sure he burns
With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
Whene'er I stoop he offers at a kiss,
And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
Whene'er I speak, his moving lips appear
To utter something, which I cannot hear.
"Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
To find out all the long-perplexed deceit;
It is myself I love, myself I see;
The gay delusion is a part of me.
I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
And my own beauties from the well return.
Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?
Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
And too much plenty makes me die for want.
How gladly would I from myself remove!
And at a distance set the thing I love.
My breast is warmed with such unusual fire,
I wish him absent whom I most desire.
And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
Oh, might the visionary youth survive,
I should with joy my latest breath resign!
But oh! I see his fate involved in mine."
This said, the weeping youth again returned
To the clear fountain, where again he burned;

His tears defaced the surface of the well
With circle after circle, as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'errun with wrinkles, and deformed with tears.
"Ah whither," cries Narcissus, "dost thou fly?
Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
Let me still see, though I 'm no further blest."
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast:
His naked bosom reddened with the blow,
In such a blush as purple clusters show,
Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
And with a new redoubled passion dies.
As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the sun;
So melts the youth, and languishes away,
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay;
And none of those attractive charms remain,
To which the slighted Echo sued in vain.
She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she grieved to see.
She answered sadly to the lover's moan,
Sighed back his sighs, and groaned to every groan:
"Ah youth! beloved in vain," Narcissus cries;
"Ah youth! beloved in vain," the nymph replies.
"Farewell," says he; the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she replied, "Farewell."
Then on the unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.
For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn;
And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn:
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crowned.

THE STORY OF PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
Through Greece established in a prophet's name.

The unhallowed Pentheus only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide,
To whom the prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head;
"'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:
For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
When the young god's solemnities appear;
Which, if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn,
Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
Then, then, remember what I now foretell,
And own the blind Tiresias saw too well."
Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill,
But time did all the promised threats fulfil.
For now through prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.
All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd;
"What madness, Thebans, has your soul possess'd?
Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
Of women's yells those stubborn souls disarm,
Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
And you, our sires, who left your old abodes,
And fixed in foreign earth your country gods;
Will you without a stroke your city yield,
And poorly quit an undisputed field?
But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
Whom burnished arms and crested helmets grace,
Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
Remember him to whom you stand allied:
The serpent for his well of waters died.
He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.
If Thebes must fall, oh might the Fates afford
A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword!

Then might the Thebans perish with renown:
But now a beardless victor sacks the town;
Whom nor the prancing steed, nor ponderous shield,
Nor the hacked helmet, nor the dusty field,
But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
The purple vests, and flowery garlands, please.
Stand then aside, I 'll make the counterfeit
Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat.
Acrisius from the Grecian walls repelled
This boasted power; why then should Pentheus yield?
Go quickly, drag the audacious boy to me;
I 'll try the force of his divinity."
Thus did the audacious wretch those rites profane;
His friends dissuade the audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his grandsire urged him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I seen a river gently glide,
In a smooth course and inoffensive tide;
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his servants came besmeared with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragged a zealous votary along.

THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

Him Pentheus viewed with fury in his look,
And scarce withheld his hands, while thus he spoke:
"Vile slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
And terrify thy base, seditious crew:
Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
And why thou join'st in these mad orgies tell."
The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, armed with inward innocence, replies.
"From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,
Of poor descent, Acœtes is my name:
My sire was meanly born; no oxen ploughed
His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures lowed.
His whole estate within the waters lay;
With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
His art was all his livelihood; which he
Thus with his dying lips bequeathed to me:

In streams, my boy, and rivers, take thy chance;
There swims," said he, "thy whole inheritance.
"Long did I live on this poor legacy;
Till tired with rocks, and my own native sky,
To arts of navigation I inclined,
Observed the turns and changes of the wind:
Learned the fit havens, and began to note
The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
The bright Täygete, and the shining bears,
With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.
"Once, as by chance for Delos I designed,
My vessel, driven by a strong gust of wind,
Moored in a Chian creek; ashore I went,
And all the following night in Chios spent.
When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
Supplies of water from a neighbouring spring,
Whilst I the motion of the winds explored;
Then summoned in my crew, and went aboard.
Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
With more than female sweetness in his look,
Whom straggling in the neighbouring fields he took.
With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.
"I viewed him nicely, and began to trace
Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
And saw divinity in all his face.
'I know not who,' said I, 'this god should be;
But that he is a god I plainly see:
And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force
These men have used; and, oh! befriend our course!'
'Pray not for us,' the nimble Dictys cried,
Dictys, that could the main-top-mast bestride,
And down the ropes with active vigour slide.
To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
Who overlooked the oars, and timed the stroke;
The same the pilot, and the same the rest;
Such impious avarice their souls possest.
'Nay, heaven forbid that I should bear away
Within my vessel so divine a prey,'
Said I; and stood to hinder their intent:
When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent

From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
With his clenched fist had struck me overboard,
Had not my hands, in falling, grasped a cord.
" His base confederates the fact approve;
When Bacchus (for 'twas he) began to move,
Waked by the noise and clamours which they raised;
And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gazed:
'What means this noise?' he cries; 'am I betrayed?
Ah! whither, whither must I be conveyed?'
'Fear not,' said Proreus, 'child, but tell us where
You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.'
'To Naxos then direct your course,' said he;
'Naxos a hospitable port shall be
To each of you, a joyful home to me.'
By every god that rules the sea or sky,
The perjured villains promise to comply,
And bid me hasten so unmoor the ship.
With eager joy I launch into the deep;
And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand:
They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
To tack about, and steer another way.
'Then let some other to my post succeed,'
Said I, 'I 'm guiltless of so foul a deed.'
'What,' says Ethalion, 'must the ship's whole crew
Follow your humour, and depend on you?'
And straight himself he seated at the prore,
And tacked about, and sought another shore.
" The beauteous youth now found himself betrayed,
And from the deck the rising waves surveyed,
And seemed to weep, and as he wept he said;
'And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
Will such a multitude of men employ
Their strength against a weak, defenceless boy?'
" In vain did I the god-like youth deplore,
The more I begged, they thwarted me the more.
And now by all the gods in heaven that hear
This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self, I swear,
The mighty miracle that did ensue,
Although it seems beyond belief, is true.

The vessel, fixed and rooted in the flood,
Unmoved by all the beating billows stood.
In vain the mariners would plough the main
With sails unfurled, and strike their oars in vain;
Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
And climbs the mast and hides the cords in leaves:
The sails are covered with a cheerful green,
And berries in the fruitful canvass seen.
Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
"The god we now behold with opened eyes;
A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
My mates, surprised with madness or with fear,
Leaped overboard; first perjured Madon found
Rough scales and fins his stiffening sides surround;
'Ah! what,' cries one, 'has thus transformed thy look?'
Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke;
And now himself he views with like surprise.
Still at his oar the industrious Libys plies;
But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
And by degrees is fashioned to a fin.
Another, as he catches at a cord,
Misses his arms, and, tumbling overboard,
With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
Thus all my crew transformed around the ship,
Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.
I only in my proper shape appear,
Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more.
With him I landed on the Chian shore,
And him shall ever gratefully adore."
"This forging slave," says Pentheus, "would prevail
O'er our just fury by a far-fetched tale:
Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
And in the tortures of the rack expire."

The officious servants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepared,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarred;
At liberty the unfettered captive stands,
And flings the loosened shackles from his hands.

THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Resolved to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng,
Where high Cithæron echoed with their song.
And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And raved and maddened at the distant shout.
A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallowed eyes,
The howling dames and mystic orgies spies.
His mother sternly viewed him where he stood,
And kindled into madness as she viewed:
Her leafy javelin at her son she cast,
And cries, "The boar that lays our country waste!
The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,
And strike the brindled monster to the heart."
Pentheus astonished heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gathering round:
He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
"Help, help! my aunt Autonöe," he cried;
"Remember how your own Actæon died."
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One stretched-out arm, the other Ino lops.
In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:
His mother howled; and heedless of his prayer,
Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
"And this," she cried, "shall be Agave's share."
When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,

With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
Then pulled and tore the mangled limbs away,
As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
Blown off and scattered by autumnal blasts,
With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
And in a thousand pieces strowed the plain.
By so distinguishing a judgment awed,
The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

THE STORY OF

SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS.[1]

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

How Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but the effect is known.
The Naïads nurst an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
From both the illustrious authors of his race
The child was named; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil;
The pleasure lessened the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he crost,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast;

[1] Mr. Addison was very young when he made these translations.—Still, one a little wonders how his virgin muse, "*nescia quid sit amor*," (as Ovid says of Hermaphroditus,) could be drawn in to attempt this subject:—but the charms of the poetry prevailed. He very properly omits, or softens, the most obnoxious passages of his original; and, after all, seems half-ashamed of what he had done, as we may conclude from his writing no notes on this story, which being told in Ovid's best manner, must have suggested to him many fine ones.

A river here he viewed so lovely bright,
It showed the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand concealed from human sight.
The stream produced nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moisture all around,
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crowned,
And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
A nymph presides, nor practised in the chase,
Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-eyed daughters of the main,
The only stranger to Diana's train:
Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
"Fie, Salmacis, what always idle! fie,
Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."
Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.
But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid streams she viewed her face,
And drest her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now reposed her limbs,
Now gathered flowers that grew about her streams:
And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
To view the boy, and longed for what she viewed.
Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refused to meet
Before her looks were set with nicest care,
And well deserved to be reputed fair.
"Bright youth," she cries, "whom all thy features prove
A god, and, if a god, the god of love;
But if a mortal, blest thy nurse's breast,
Blest are thy parents, and thy sisters blest:
But, oh! how blest! how more than blest thy bride,
Allied in bliss, if any yet allied.
If so, let mine the stolen enjoyments be;
If not, behold a willing bride in me."
The boy knew nought of love, and, touched with shame,
He strove, and blusht, but still the blush became:
In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;
The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,

And such the moon, when all her silver white
Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.
The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,
A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss:
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, "Or leave me to myself alone,
You rude, uncivil nymph, or I 'll begone."
"Fair stranger then," says she, "it shall be so;"
And, for she feared his threats, she feigned to go;
But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently sports about the shore,
Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.
The coolness pleased him, and with eager haste
His airy garments on the banks he cast;
His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties were exposed to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,
And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undrest upon the banks he stood,
And clapt his sides and leapt into the flood:
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As lilies shut within a crystal case,
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
"He's mine, he's all my own," the Naïad cries,
And flings off all, and after him she flies.
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she clipt and kist the struggling boy.
So when the wriggling snake is snatcht on high
In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.

The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refused her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs entwined,
"And why, coy youth," she cries, "why thus unkind!
Oh may the gods thus keep us ever joined!
Oh may we never, never part again!"
So prayed the nymph, nor did she pray in vain:
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;
Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Last in one face are both their faces joined,
As when the stock and grafted twig combined
Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.
The boy, thus lost in woman, now surveyed
The river's guilty stream, and thus he prayed.
(He prayed, but wondered at his softer tone,
Surprised to hear a voice but half his own,)
You parent gods, whose heavenly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my prayer;
Oh grant, that whomsoe'er these streams contain.
If man he entered, he may rise again
Supple, unsinewed, and but half a man!
The heavenly parents answered, from on high,
Their two-shaped son, the double votary;
Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
And tinged its source to make his wishes good.

NOTES

ON

SOME OF THE FOREGOING STORIES IN OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ON THE STORY OF PHAETON, P. 87.

THE story of Phaëton is told with a greater air of majesty and grandeur than any other in all Ovid. It is, indeed, the most important subject he treats of, except the deluge; and

I cannot but believe that this is the conflagration he hints at in the first book.

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret;

(though the learned apply those verses to the future burning of the world,) for it fully answers that description, if the

Cœli miserere tui, circumspice utrumque,
Fumat uterque polus.————

Fumat uterque polus—comes up to *correptaque regia cœli*—Besides, it is Ovid's custom to prepare the reader for a following story, by giving such intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly necessary to be done before he led us into so strange a story as this is he is now upon.

P. 87, l. 7.—*For in the portal*, &c.] We have here the picture of the universe drawn in little.

Balænarumque prementem
Ægeona suis immunia terga lacertis.

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

Facies non omnibus una
Nec diversa tamen: qualem decet esse sororum.

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris and her daughters such a difference in their looks as is natural to different persons, and yet such a likeness as showed their affinity.

Terra viros, urbesque gerit, sylvasque, ferasque,
Fluminaque, et nymphas, et cætera numina ruris.

The less important figures are well huddled together in the promiscuous description at the end, which very well represents what painters call a *group*.

Circum caput omne micantes
Deposuit radios; propiusque accedere jussit.

P. 88, l. 21.—*And flung the blaze*, &c.] It gives us a great image of Phœbus, that the youth was forced to look on him at a distance, and not able to approach him till he had lain[1]

[1] *Had lain aside.*] He uses *lain* for *laid* very improperly here and elsewhere, on the idea, I suppose, that the verb *lay* has two perfect participles; just as the verb *load* has *loaded* and *loaden*. But the *fact* is otherwise: and the reason is not far to seek. The double *d* in the regular participle "*loaded*," having an ill sound, the ear gradually introduces *loaden*, which our nicer writers, and amongst the rest our author, prefers to *loaded*, though the last is not entirely disused. There was not the same reason for changing *laid* to *lain*; and the use has never prevailed: if it had, "*had lain aside*" is, by accident, better than "*had laid aside*;"

aside the circle of rays that cast such a glory about his head. And, indeed, we may every where observe in Ovid, that he never fails of a due loftiness in his ideas, though he wants it in his words. And this I think infinitely better than to have sublime expressions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character of Claudian and Statius. But this is not considered by them who run down Ovid in the gross, for a low, middle way of writing. What can be more simple and unadorned than his description of Enceladus in the sixth book?

> Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque resurgere sæpe,
> Dextra sed Ausonio manus est subjecta Peloro,
> Læva Pachyne tibi, Lilibæo crura premuntur,
> Degravat Ætna caput, sub quâ resupinus arenas
> Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhæus.

But the image we have here is truly great and sublime, of a giant vomiting out a tempest of fire, and heaving up all Sicily, with the body of an island upon his breast, and a vast promontory on either arm.

There are few books that have had worse commentators on them than Ovid's Metamorphoses. Those of the graver sort have been wholly taken up in the mythologies, and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have shown us out of an old author that Ovid is mistaken in a pedigree, or has turned such a person into a wolf that ought to have been made a tiger. Others have employed themselves on what never entered into the poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every story, and making the persons of his poems to be only nicknames for such virtues or vices: particularly the pious commentator, Alexander Ross, has dived deeper into our author's design than any of the rest; for he discovers in him the greatest mysteries of the Christian religion, and finds almost in every page some typical representation of the world, the flesh, and the devil. But if these writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the surface, most of them serving only to help out a school-boy in the construing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the *gnomæ* of the author, as they call them, which are generally the heaviest pieces of a

and that meliority of sound induced, no doubt, our delicate writer, who was all *ear*, to prefer "*lain*," in this place, to *laid*, without reflecting that the established practice was, for good reason, against him.—"*Lain*" is, properly, the perfect participle of *lie—laid*, of *lay*.

poet, distinguished from the rest by Italian characters. The best of Ovid's expositors is he that wrote for the Dauphin's use, who has very well shown the meaning of the author, but seldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in most places he rather acts the geographer than the critic, and, instead of pointing out the fineness of a description, only tells you in what part of the world the place is situated. I shall, therefore, only consider Ovid under the character of a poet, and endeavour to show him impartially, without the usual prejudice of a translator; which I am the more willing to do, because I believe such a comment would give the reader a truer taste of poetry than a comment on any other poet would do; for in reflecting on the ancient poets, men think they may venture to praise all they meet with in some, and scarce anything in others; but Ovid is confessed to have a mixture of both kinds, to have something of the best and worst poets, and, by consequence, to be the fairest subject for criticism.

P. 88, l. 34.—*My son, says he,* &c.] Phœbus's speech is very nobly ushered in, with the *terque quaterque concutiens illustre caput*—and well represents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly Ovid's, is the representing them just as a father would to his young son;

> Per tamen adversi gradieris cornua tauri,
> Hæmoniosque arcus, violentique ora leonis,
> Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
> Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia cancrum;

for one while he scares him with bugbears in the way,

> Vasti quoque rector Olympi,
> Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina dextrâ,
> Non agat hos currus; et quid Jove majus habetur?
>
> Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine pœna,
> Non honor est. Pœnam, Phaëton, pro munere poscis;

and in other places perfectly tattles like a father, which by the way makes the length of the speech very natural, and concludes with all the fondness and concern of a tender parent.

> Patrio pater esse metu probor; aspice vultus
> Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posses
> Inserere, et patrias intus deprendere curas! &c.

P. 90, l. 16.—*A golden axle,* &c.] Ovid has more turns

and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin poets, which are always wonderfully easy and natural in him. The repetition of *aureus*, and the transition to *argenteus*, in the description of the chariot, give these verses a great sweetness and majesty.

> Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summæ
> Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo.

P. 90, l. 41.—*Drive 'em not on directly*, &c.] Several have endeavoured to vindicate Ovid against the old objection, that he mistakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the sun. The Dauphin's notes tell us that Ovid knew very well the sun did not pass through all the signs he names in one day, but that he makes Phœbus mention them only to frighten Phaëton from the undertaking. But though this may answer for what Phœbus says in his first speech, it cannot for what is said in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly

> Sectus in obliquum est lato curvamine limes,
> Zonarumque trium contentus fine polumque
> Effugit australem, junctamque aquilonibus Arcton,

describes the motion through all the zodiac.

P. 91, l. 15.—*And not my chariot*, &c.] Ovid's verse is *Consiliis non curribus utere nostris*. This way of joining two such different ideas as chariot and counsel to the same verb is mightily used by Ovid, but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of pun, because the verb must be taken in a different sense when it is joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this story he tells you that Jupiter flung a thunderbolt at Phaëton—*Pariterque, animâque, rotisque expulit aurigam*, where he makes a forced piece of Latin (*animâ expulit aurigam*) that he may couple the soul and the wheels to the same verb.

P. 91, l. 41.—*The youth was in a maze*, &c.] It is impossible for a man to be drawn in a greater confusion than Phaëton is; but the *antithesis* of light and darkness a little flattens the description. *Suntque oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen abortæ.*

P. 92, l. 2.—*Then the seven stars*, &c.] I wonder none of Ovid's commentators have taken notice of the oversight he has committed in this verse, where he makes the Triones

grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that Jupiter turned Calisto into this constellation, after he had repaired the ruins that Phaëton had made in the world.

P. 93, l. 14.—*Athos and Tmolus*, &c.] Ovid has here, after the way of the old poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the English reader, I have left out some of them that make no figure in the description, and inverted the order of the rest according as the smoothness of my verse required.

Ibid. l. 39.—*'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor*, &c.] This is the only Metamorphosis in all this long story, which, contrary to custom, is inserted in the middle of it. The critics may determine whether what follows it be not too great an excursion in him who proposes it as his whole design to let us know the changes of things. I dare say that if Ovid had not religiously observed the reports of the ancient mythologists, we should have seen Phaëton turned into some creature or other that hates the light of the sun; or perhaps into an eagle that still takes pleasure to gaze on it.

P. 94, l. 18.—*The frighted Nile*, &c.] Ovid has made a great many pleasant images towards the latter end of this story. His verses on the Nile,

> Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem,
> Occuluitque caput quod adhuc latet: ostia septem
> Pulverulenta vacant, septem sine flumine valles,

are as noble as Virgil could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the sea afterwards,

> Mare contrahitur, siccæque est campus Arenæ,

because the thought is too near the other. The image of the Cyclades is a very pretty one;

> Quos altum texerat æquor
> Existunt montes, et sparsas Cycladas augent;

but to tell us that the swans grew warm in Cäyster,

> ——Medio volucres caluere Cäystro,

and that the dolphins durst not leap,

> Nec se super æquora curvi
> Tollere consuetas audent Delphines in auras,

is intolerably trivial on so great a subject as the burning of the world.

P. 94, l. 41.—*The earth at length*, &c.] We have here a speech of the Earth, which will doubtless seem very unnatural to an English reader. It is, I believe, the boldest *prosopopœia* of any in the old poets; or if it were never so natural, I cannot but think she speaks too much in any reason for one in her condition.

ON EUROPA'S RAPE, P. 112.

P. 113, l. 5.—*The dignity of empire*, &c.] This story is prettily told, and very well brought in by those two serious lines,

> Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur,
> Majestas et amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ, &c.,

without which the whole fable would have appeared very profane.

P. 114, l. 3.—*The frighted nymph looks*, &c.] This consternation and behaviour of Europa

> Elusam designat imagine tauri
> Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putares.
> Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas,
> Et comites clamare suos, tactumque vereri
> Assilientis aquæ, timidasque reducere plantas,

is better described in Arachne's picture in the sixth book, than it is here; and in the beginning of Tatius, his Clitophon and Leucippe, than in either place. It is indeed usual among the Latin poets (who had more art and reflection than the Grecian) to take hold of all opportunities to describe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action itself; because in the description of a picture you have a double subject before you, either to describe the picture itself, or what is represented in it.

ON THE STORIES IN THE THIRD BOOK, P. 114.

FAB. I.

There is so great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoses, that he who would treat 'em rightly, ought to be a master of all styles, and every different way of writing. Ovid indeed shows himself most in a familiar story, where the chief grace is to be easy and natural; but wants neither strength of thought nor expression, when he endeavours

after it, in the more sublime and manly subjects of his poem. In the present fable the serpent is terribly described, and his behaviour very well imagined, the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that represents them more strong and masculine than what we usually meet with in this poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are these perhaps which follow.

P. 116, l. 1.—*Spire above spire*, &c.] Ovid, to make his serpent more terrible, and to raise the character of his champion, has given too great a loose to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raised up but half his body, he overlooked a tall forest of oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the serpent in the skies. None but a madman would have attacked such a monster as this is described to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's standing against him. Virgil is not ashamed of making Æneas fly and tremble at the sight of a far less formidable foe, where he gives us the description of Polyphemus, in the third book; he knew very well that a monster was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: but we should certainly have seen Cadmus hewing down the Cyclops, had he fallen in Ovid's way; or if Statius's little Tydeus had been thrown on Sicily, it is probable he would not have spared one of the whole brotherhood.

> Phœnicas, sive illi tela parabant,
> Sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,
> Occupat:—

Ibid. l. 8.—*In vain the Tyrians*, &c.] The poet could not keep up his narration all along in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroic style: he has here sunk into the flatness of prose, where he tells us the behaviour of the Tyrians at the sight of the serpent:

> Tegimen direpta leoni
> Pellis erat; telum splendenti lancea ferro,
> Et jaculum; teloque animus præstantior omni.

And in a few lines after, lets drop the majesty of his verse, for the sake of one of his little turns. How does he languish in that which seems a laboured line! *Tristia sanguineâ lambentem vulnera linguâ.* And what pains does he take to express the serpent's breaking the force of the stroke, by shrinking back from it!

Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu,
Læsaque colla dabat retro, plagamque sedere
Cedendo fecit, nec longius ire sinebat.

P. 118, l. 6.—*And flings the future*, &c.] The description of men rising out of the ground is as beautiful a passage as any in Ovid: it strikes the imagination very strongly; we see their motion in the first part of it, and their multitude in the *messis virorum* at last.

Ibid. l. 11.—*The breathing harvest*, &c.] *Messis clypeata virorum.* The beauty of these words would have been greater, had only *messis virorum* been expressed without *clypeata;* for the reader's mind would have been delighted with two such different ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complete image as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in one image, as it is a great surprise to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is described. The Latin poets are very full of it, especially the worst of them, for the more correct use it but sparingly, as, indeed, the nature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. When anything we describe has accidentally in it some quality that seems repugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that species, such a compounded image as we are now speaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithet of what we describe. Thus Claudian, having got a hollow ball of crystal, with water in the midst of it, for his subject, takes the advantage of considering the crystal as hard, stony, precious water, and the water as soft, fluid, imperfect crystal; and thus sports off above a dozen epigrams, in setting his words and ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him, but he gives himself up so much to this way of writing, that a man may easily know where to meet with them when he sees his subject, and often strains so hard for them that he many times makes his descriptions bombastic and unnatural. What work would he have made with Virgil's golden bough, had he been to describe it! We should certainly have seen the yellow bark, golden sprouts, radiant leaves, blooming metal, branching gold, and all the quarrels that could have been raised between words of such different natures: when we see Virgil contented with his *auri frondentis;* and what is the

same, though much finer expressed,—*Frondescit virga metallo.* This composition of different ideas is often met with in a whole sentence, where circumstances are happily reconciled that seem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among Latin poets, (for the Greeks wanted art for it,) in their descriptions of pictures, images, dreams, apparitions, metamorphoses, and the like; where they bring together two such thwarting ideas, by making one part of their descriptions relate to the representation, and the other to the thing that is represented. Of this nature is that verse, which, perhaps, is the wittiest in Virgil, *Attollens humeris famamque et fata nepotum*, Æn. 8, where he describes Æneas carrying on his shoulders the reputation and fortunes of his posterity; which, though very odd and surprising, is plainly made out, when we consider how these disagreeing ideas are reconciled, and his posterity's fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the shield. Thus, when Ovid tells us that Pallas tore in pieces Arachne's work, where she had embroidered all the rapes that the gods had committed, he says—*Rupit cœlestia crimina.* I shall conclude this tedious reflection with an excellent stroke of this nature, out of Mr. Montagu's Poem to the King; where he tells us how the king of France would have been celebrated by his subjects, if he had ever gained such an honourable wound as King William's at the fight of the Boyne:

> His bleeding arm had furnished all their rooms,
> And *run* for ever *purple* in the looms.

FAB. II.

P. 118, l. 35.—*Here Cadmus reigned.*] This is a pretty solemn transition to the story of Actæon, which is all naturally told. The goddess, and her maids undressing her, are described with diverting circumstances. Actæon's flight, confusion, and griefs, are passionately represented; but it is pity the whole narration should be so carelessly closed up.

> Ut abesse queruntur,
> Nec capere oblatæ segnem spectacula prædæ.
> Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,
> Non etiam sentire, canum fera facta suorum.

P. 121, l. 7.—*A generous pack*, &c.] I have not here troubled myself to call over Actæon's pack of dogs in rhyme: Spot and Whitefoot make but a mean figure in heroic verse,

and the Greek names Ovid uses would sound a great deal worse. He closes up his own catalogue with a kind of a jest on it, *quosque referre mora est*—which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other serious parts of this story.

This way of inserting catalogues of proper names in their poems, the Latins took from the Greeks, but have made them more pleasant than those they imitate, by adapting so many delightful characters to their persons' names; in which part Ovid's copiousness of invention, and great insight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the poets that ever came before or after him. The smoothness of our Engligh verse is too much lost by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwise very natural and absolutely necessary in some cases; as before a battle, to raise in our minds an answerable expectation of the event, and a lively idea of the numbers that are engaged. For had Homer or Virgil only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thousand of each side, our imagination could not possibly have been so affected, as when we see every leader singled out, and every regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

FAB. III.

P. 122, l. 14.—*How Semele*, &c.] This is one of Ovid's finished stories. The transition to it is proper and unforced: Juno, in her two speeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a resenting goddess and a tattling nurse: Jupiter makes a very majestic figure with his thunder and lightning, but it is still such a one as shows who drew it; for who does not plainly discover Ovid's hand in the

> Qua tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.
> Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhœâ,
> Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.
> Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum
> Sævitiæ flammæque minus, minus addidit Iræ,
> Tela Secunda vocant superi.

P. 123, l. 2.—"*'Tis well," says she*, &c.] Virgil has made a Beroë of one of his goddesses in the fifth Æneid; but if we compare the speech she there makes with that of her name-sake in this story, we may find the genius of each poet discovering itself in the language of the nurse: Virgil's Iris could not have spoken more majestically in her own shape; but Juno is so much altered from herself in Ovid, that the goddess is quite lost in the old woman.

FAB. V.

P. 126, l. 11.—*She can't begin*, &c.] If playing on words[1] be excusable in any poem, it is in this, where Echo is a speaker; but it is so mean a kind of wit, that if it deserves excuse, it can claim no more.

Mr. Locke, in his Essay of Human Understanding, has given us the best account of wit, in short, that can anywhere be met with. "Wit," says he, "lies in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." Thus does true wit, as this incomparable author observes, generally consist in the likeness of ideas, and is more or less wit, as this likeness in ideas is more surprising and unexpected. But as true wit is nothing else but a similitude in ideas, so is false wit the similitude in words, whether it lies in the likeness of letters only, as in anagram and acrostic; or of syllables, as in doggrel rhymes; or whole words, as puns, echoes, and the like. Besides these two kinds of false and true wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has something of both in it. When in two ideas that have some resemblance with each other, and are both expressed by the same word, we make use of the ambiguity of the word to speak that of one idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, most languages have hit on the word, which properly signifies fire, to express love by (and therefore we may be sure there is some resemblance in the ideas mankind have of them); from hence the witty poets of all languages, when they have once called love a fire, consider it no longer as the

[1] *If playing on words.*] The translator would insinuate, that he omitted the *courtship of Echo*, in this place, because it was a *play on words*; but he had another, and better reason, which shows, at once, the decency of the *poet*, and the unaffected virtue of the *man*; who, not to make a merit of his *moral* scruples, pretends only a *critical*. For, that this last was nothing more than a *pretence*, appears from the following story of Narcissus; where Echo is, again, introduced by Ovid *playing on words*, but so inoffensively, that our critical translator condescends to *play* with her.

Ah youth! beloved in vain, Narcissus cries;
Ah youth! beloved in vain, the nymph replies.
Farewell, says he; the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she replied, *farewell.*

passion, but speak of it under the notion of a real fire, and, as the turn of wit requires, make the same word in the same sentence stand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. When Ovid's Apollo falls in love, he burns with a new flame; when the sea-nymphs languish with this passion, they kindle in the water; the Greek epigrammatist fell in love with one that flung a snow-ball at him, and therefore takes occasion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in snow. In short, whenever the poet feels any thing in this love that resembles something in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceding instances, he finds any circumstance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumstance to it, surprises his reader with a seeming contradiction. I should not have dwelt so long on this instance, had it not been so frequent in Ovid, who is the greatest admirer of this mixed wit of all the ancients, as our Cowley is among the moderns. Homer, Virgil, Horace, and the greatest poets scorned it, as indeed it is only fit for epigram and little copies of verses; one would wonder, therefore, how so sublime a genius as Milton could sometimes fall into it, in such a work as an epic poem. But we must attribute it to his humouring the vicious taste of the age he lived in, and the false judgment of our unlearned English readers in general, who have few of them a relish of the more masculine and noble beauties of poetry.

FAB. VI.

Ovid seems particularly pleased with the subject of this story, but has notoriously fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of Narcissus's being the person beloved, and the lover too?

> Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.
> ——— Qui probat, ipse probatur.
> Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet.
> Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.
> Perque oculos perit ipse suos———
> Uror amore mei flammas moveoque feroque, &c.

But we cannot meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of Ovid's fancy, than in that particular

circumstance at the end of the story, of Narcissus's gazing on his face after death in the Stygian waters. The design was very bold, of making a boy fall in love with himself here on earth, but to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

P. 127, l. 4.—*But whilst within*, &c.] *Dumque sitim sedare cupit sitis altera crevit.* We have here a touch of that mixed wit I have before spoken of, but I think the measure of pun in it outweighs the true wit; for if we express the thought in other words, the turn is almost lost. This passage of Narcissus probably gave Milton the hint of applying it to Eve, though I think her surprise at the sight of her own face in the water far more just and natural than this of Narcissus. She was a raw, unexperienced being, just created, and therefore might easily be subject to the delusion; but Narcissus had been in the world sixteen years, and was brother and son to the water-nymphs, and therefore to be supposed conversant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.

Ibid. l. 34.—"*You trees,*" *says he*, &c.] Ovid is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his poem. They have generally abundance of nature in them, but I leave it to better judgment to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The poet never cares for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader, by which means our grief is either diverted or spent before we come to his conclusion; for we cannot at the same time be delighted with the wit of the poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great critic has admirably well observed, *Lamentationes debent esse breves et concisæ, nam lachryma subito excrescit, et difficile est auditorem vel lectorem in summo animi affectu diu tenere.* Would any one in Narcissus's condition have cried out—*Inopem me copia fecit?* Or can anything be more unnatural than to turn off from his sorrows for the sake of a pretty reflection?

> O utinam nostro secedere corpore possem!
> Votum in amante novum; vellem, quod amamus, abesset.

None, I suppose, can be much grieved for one that is so witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every-

where observe in Ovid, that he employs his invention more than his judgment, and speaks all the ingenious things that can be said on the subject, rather than those which are particularly proper to the person and circumstances of the speaker.

FAB. VII.

P. 130, l. 20.—*When Pentheus thus.*] There is a great deal of spirit and fire in this speech of Pentheus, but I believe none besides Ovid would have thought of the transformation of the serpent's teeth for an incitement to the Thebans' courage, when he desires them not to degenerate from their great forefather the dragon, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

Este, precor memores, quâ sitis stirpe creati,
Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
Sumite serpentis: pro fontibus ille, lacuque
Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite vestrâ.
Ille dedit Letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
Et patrium revocate Decus.

FAB. VIII.

The story of Acœtes has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the description of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the sailors' characters and manners. But the short speeches scattered up and down in it, which make the Latin very natural, cannot appear so well in our language, which is much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

FAB. IX.

Ovid has two very good similes on Pentheus, where he compares him to a river in a former story, and to a warhorse in the present.

AN ESSAY[1]

ON

VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three the greatest masters of Greece. Theocritus and Homer have still disputed for the advantage over him in pastoral and heroics, but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Hesiod in his Georgics. The truth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity of a pastoral cannot be so well expressed in any other tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dialect; nor can the majesty of an heroic poem anywhere appear so well as in this language, which has a natural greatness in it, and can be often rendered more deep and sonorous by the pronunciation of the Ionians. But in the middle style, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we see how far Virgil has excelled all who have written in the same way with him.

There has been abundance of criticism spent on Virgil's Pastorals and Æneids, but the Georgics are a subject which none of the critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration, most of them passing over it in silence, or casting it under the same head with pastoral,—a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the style of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic, as that of a shepherd is in pastoral. But though the scene of both these poems lies in the same place, the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a ploughman, but with the simplicity of a poet. No rules, therefore, that relate to pastoral, can any way affect the Georgics, since they fall

[1] It is to be observed, that this agreeable essay was written so early as 1693, that is, when the author at most was but in his *one-and-twentieth year*; yet the style is so exact, that it wants but little of being absolutely faultless. One or two *words* have, indeed, lost the grace, and, in some degree, the sense which they had in the writer's days: and in one or two *expressions* there is some degree of inaccuracy. But I leave it to the reader, as an exercise of his taste, to discover these instances.

under that class of poetry which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as those of Theognis and Pythagoras; or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius; or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the Georgics go upon is I think the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the imagination: it is altogether conversant among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of nature for its province. It raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landscapes, whilst it teaches us; and makes the dryest of its precepts look like a description. A Georgic, therefore, is some part of the science of husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the beauties and embellishments of poetry. Now since this science of husbandry is of a very large extent, the poet shows his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. Virgil was so well acquainted with this secret, that to set off his first Georgic, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in nature which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall in after each other by a natural, unforced method, and show themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as in a curious brede of needle-work, one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety, without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of

precepts into a clear and easy method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner: for there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to choose the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than Varro's. Where the prose writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his countrymen performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out as fully and distinctly as he can all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate to us; the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance, out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may see the different ways Virgil has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala
Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.
————Steriles Platani malos gessire valentes
Castaneæ fagos, ornusque incanuit albo
Flore pyri: Glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.
————Nec longum tempus: et ingens
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos;
Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.

Here we see the poet considered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the most surprise, and, by consequence, the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is everywhere much in use among the poets, and is particularly practised by Virgil, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us see just so much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the understanding, thus to receive a precept that enters as it were through a by-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is

always delighted with its own discoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But since the inculcating precept upon precept will at length prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the poet must take care not to encumber his poem with too much business; but sometimes to relieve the subject with a moral reflection, or let it rest a while for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is generally thought) unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the Georgic: for they ought to have a remote alliance, at least, to the subject, that so the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We should never quite lose sight of the country, though we are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's descriptions of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulness of Italy, of a country life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument and design of the poem. I know no one digression in the Georgics that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the first book, where the poet launches out into a discourse of the battle of Pharsalia, and the actions of Augustus: but it is worth while to consider how admirably he has turned the course of his narration into its proper channel, and made his husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines,

> Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
> Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
> Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila:
> Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
> Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

And afterwards speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remembers that agriculture ought to be some way hinted at through the whole poem.

> Non ullus aratro
> Dignus honos: squalent abductis arva colonis:
> Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.

We now come to the style which is proper to a Georgic; and indeed this is the part on which the poet must lay out

all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that everything he describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression, but everywhere to keep up his verse in all the pomp of numbers and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a phrase or saying in common talk, should be admitted into a serious poem; because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: much less ought the low phrases and terms of art that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of *tempore*, but *sydere*, in his first verse; and everywhere else abounds with metaphors, Grecisms, and circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian style. And herein consists Virgil's master-piece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself in the language of his Georgics; where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves; and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that Hesiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us some further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Hesiod; if we may guess at his character from his writings, he had much more of the husbandman than the poet in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal, he lived altogether in the country, and was probably for his great prudence the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandise, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is everywhere bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method in describing month after month, with its proper

seasons and employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprise and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanac in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather, and may beforehand guess whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sun-shine, in the next description. His descriptions, indeed, have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus when he speaks of January; "The wild beasts," says he, "run shivering through the woods with their heads stooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between their legs; the goats and oxen are almost flayed with cold; but it is not so bad with the sheep, because they have a thick coat of wool about them. The old men too are bitterly pincht with the weather, but the young girls feel nothing of it, who sit at home with their mothers by a warm fire-side." Thus does the old gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a just poetical description. Nor has he shown more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are sown so very thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often so minute and full of circumstances, that they weaken and unnerve his verse. But after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a Georgic: where we may still discover something venerable in the antiqueness of the work; but if we would see the design enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must expect it from a greater master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which Hesiod has despatched in half a one; but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject, with such a significancy of expression, such a pomp of verse, such a variety of transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflections, that if we look on both poets together, we see in one the plainness of a downright countryman, and in the other something of a rustic majesty, like that of a Roman dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur, he breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may see how judiciously he has pickt out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation; how

he has enforced the expression and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The second book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors, than any of the rest. The poet, with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his trees. The last Georgic has, indeed, as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a country life, as they are described by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can scarce be of Virgil's mind in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it.

We may, I think, read the poet's clime in his description, for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it.

> O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi
> Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!

And is everywhere mentioning among his chief pleasures, the coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottos, which a more northern poet would have omitted for the description of a sunny hill, and fire-side.

The third Georgic seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot-race. The force of love is represented in noble instances and very sublime expressions. The Scythian winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the poet strained hard to outdo Lucretius in the description of his plague, and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil seems nowhere so well pleased, as when he is got among his bees in the fourth Georgic: and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two swarms. And as in his Æneis he compares the labours of his Trojans to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the Cyclops. In short, the last Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneis; and very well showed what

the poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock-grandeur of an insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of Rapin. The speech of Proteus at the end can never be enough admired, and was, indeed, very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I should in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are some few parts in it that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that poem, which lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first Georgic was probably burlesqued in the author's life-time; for we still find in the scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from Hesiod, *Nudus ara, sere nudus*—And we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure Virgil would not have translated it from Hesiod, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I have before observed to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of sowing and ploughing naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the style of the Georgics with that of Lucretius, which the reader may see already done in the Preface to the second volume of Miscellany Poems; but shall conclude this poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finished piece of all antiquity. The Æneis, indeed, is of a nobler kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Æneis has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

CATO.

A TRAGEDY.

AS IT IS ACTED

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, IN DRURY LANE,

BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quam ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas publicas erectum.

SEN. DE DIVIN. PROV.

VERSES

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHILE you the fierce divided Britons awe,
And Cato with an equal virtue draw;
While *envy is itself in wonder lost,*
And factions strive who shall applaud you most;
Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend,
And join the applause which all the learn'd bestow
On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.
To my[1] light scenes I once inscribed your name,
And impotently strove to borrow fame:
Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
Let me then live, joined to a work of thine.

RICHARD STEELE.

THOUGH Cato shines in Virgil's epic song,
Prescribing laws among the Elysian throng;
Though Lucan's verse, exalted by his name,
O'er gods themselves has raised the hero's fame;

[1] Tender Husband, dedicated to Mr. Addison.

The Roman stage did ne'er his image see
Drawn at full length; a task reserved for thee.
By thee we view the finished figure rise,
And awful march before our ravished eyes;
We hear his voice asserting virtue's cause;
His fate renewed our deep attention draws,
Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy scene appears.
On Tiber's banks thy thought was first inspired;
'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retired,
Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
Thy happy muse this manly work designed:
Or in a dream thou saw'st Rome's genius stand,
And, leading Cato in his sacred hand,
Point out the immortal subject of thy lays,
And ask this labour to record his praise.
'Tis done—the hero lives, and charms our age!
While nobler morals grace the British stage.
Great Shakespear's ghost, the solemn strain to hear,
(Methinks I see the laurel'd shade appear!)
Will hover o'er the scene, and wondering view
His favourite Brutus rivaled thus by you.
Such Roman greatness in each action shines,
Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
That sure the Sibyls' books this year foretold,
And in some mystic leaf was seen enrolled,
"Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Afric's shore,
Nor in her sands thy Cato's tomb explore!
When thrice six hundred times the circling sun
His annual race shall through the zodiac run,
An isle remote his monument shall rear,
And every generous Briton pay a tear."

J. HUGHES.

WHAT do we see! is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil, wrote before?
How will posterity this truth explain?
"Cato begins to live in Anna's reign:"
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Rise in your lines with more exalted charms;

Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught,
Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you subdue,
And Cæsar fought and Cato bled for you.

EDWARD YOUNG.

All-Souls' College, Oxon.

'TIS nobly done thus to enrich the stage,
And raise the thoughts of a degenerate age;
To show how endless joys from freedom spring,
How life in bondage is a worthless thing.
The inborn greatness of your soul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few.
With so much strength you write, and so much ease,
Virtue, and sense! how durst you hope to please?
Yet crowds the sentiments of every line
Impartial clapped, and owned the work divine.
Ev'n the sour critics, who malicious came,
Eager to censure, and resolved to blame,
Finding the hero regularly rise,
Great while he lives, but greater when he dies,
Sullen approved, too obstinate to melt,
And sickened with the pleasures which they felt.
Not so the fair their passions secret kept,
Silent they heard, but as they heard they wept,
When gloriously the blooming Marcus died,
And Cato told the gods, I 'm satisfied.
  See! how your lays the British youth inflame!
They long to shoot and ripen into fame;
Applauding theatres disturb their rest,
And unborn Catos heave in every breast;
Their nightly dreams their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulses high with fancied glories beat.
So, grieved to view the Marathonian spoils,
The young Themistocles vowed equal toils;
Did then his schemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he saw.
  How shall I your unrivalled worth proclaim,
Lost in the spreading circle of your fame!

We saw you the great William's praise rehearse,
And paint Britannia's joys in Roman verse.
We heard at distance soft, enchanting strains,
From *blooming mountains*, and Italian plains.
Virgil began in English dress to shine,
His voice, his looks, his grandeur still divine.
From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful Ovid to our view.
Then, the delightful theme of every tongue,
The immortal Marlborough was your daring song;
From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as swiftly you pursue;
Still with the hero's glowed the poet's flame,
Still with his conquests you enlarged your fame.
With boundless raptures here the muse could swell,
And on your Rosamond for ever dwell:
There opening sweets, and every fragrant flower,
Luxuriant smile, a never-fading bower.
Next, human follies kindly to expose,
You change from numbers, but not sink in prose:
Whether in visionary scenes you play,
Refine our tastes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now by the buskined muse you shine confest,
The patriot kindles in a poet's breast.
Such energy of sense might pleasure raise,
Though unembellished with the charms of phrase:
Such charms of phrase would with success be crowned,
Though nonsense flowed in the melodious sound.
The chastest virgin needs no blushes fear,
The learn'd themselves not uninstructed hear.
The libertine, in pleasures used to roll,
And idly sport with an immortal soul,
Here comes, and by the virtuous heathen taught,
Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.
Whene'er you traverse vast Numidia's plains,
What sluggish Briton in his isle remains?
When Juba seeks the tiger with delight,
We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight.
By the description warmed, we fondly sweat,
And in the chilling east wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how "the stream refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines?"

While hurricanes "in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away,"
We shrink with horror, and confess our fear,
And all the sudden sounding ruin hear.
When purple robes, distained with blood, deceive,
And make poor Marcia beautifully grieve,
When she her secret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals,
Well may the prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his Libyan crown, but Roman bride
But I in vain on single features dwell,
While all the parts of the fair piece excel,
So rich the store, so dubious is the feast,
We know not which to pass, or which to taste.
The shining incidents so justly fall,
We may the whole new scenes of transport call.
Thus jewellers confound our wandering eyes,
And with variety of gems surprise.
Here sapphires, here the Sardine stone is seen,
The topaz yellow, and the jasper green.
The costly brilliant there, confusedly bright,
From numerous surfaces darts trembling light.
The different colours mingling in a blaze,
Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
In pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand ways.

L. EUSDEN.

Trinity College, Cambridge.

Too long hath love engrossed Britannia's stage,
And sunk to softness all our tragic rage;
By that alone did empires fall or rise,
And fate depended on a fair one's eyes:
The sweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,
Debased our manhood, while it soothed the heart.
You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,
Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:
A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.
How do our souls with generous pleasure glow!
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,

When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
Of all his sufferings, venerably great;
Rome's poor remains still sheltering by his side,
With conscious virtue and becoming pride.
The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
His sap exhausted, and his branches bare;
'Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains his state,
Fixt deep in earth, and fastened by his weight:
His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful shade.
Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes,
Awhile they let the world's great business wait,
Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.
Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame,
Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman flame,
Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
And kings and priests without a blush appear.
France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage;
Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,
Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
Alike to British arms and British wit:
No more she'll wonder, (forced to do us right,)
Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.
Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find: each deed, each word exprest,
And every thought that swelled a Roman breast.
We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
With Virgil's judgment, and with Lucan's fire;
We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boast,
We most admire, because we know thee most.

THO. TICKELL.

Queen's College, Oxon.

SIR,

WHEN your generous labour first I viewed,
And Cato's hands in his own blood imbrued,

That scene of death so terrible appears,
My soul could only thank you with her tears.
Yet with such wondrous art your skilful hand
Does all the passions of the soul command,
That ev'n my grief to praise and wonder turned,
And envied the great death which first I mourned.
What pen but yours could draw the doubtful strife
Of honour struggling with the love of life?
Describe the patriot, obstinately good,
As hovering o'er eternity he stood?
The wide, the unbounded ocean lay before
His piercing sight, and heaven the distant shore.
Secure of endless bliss, with fearless eyes
He grasps the dagger, and its point defies,
And rushes out of life, to snatch the glorious prize.
How would old Rome rejoice to hear you tell
How just her patriot lived, how great he fell!
Recount his wondrous probity and truth,
And form new Jubas in the British youth.
Their generous souls, when he resigns his breath,
Are pleased with ruin, and in love with death;
And when her conquering sword Britannia draws,
Resolve to perish, or defend her cause.
Now first on Albion's theatre we see
A perfect image of what man should be;
The glorious character is now exprest,
Of virtue dwelling in a human breast.
Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
In Cato's soul, as in her heaven, she shines.

DIGBY COTES.

All-Souls' College, Oxon.

LEFT WITH THE PRINTER BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.[1]

Now we may speak, since Cato speaks no more;
'Tis praise at length, 'twas rapture all before;
When crowded theatres with Iös rung,
Sent to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung:
Ev'n civil rage awhile in thine was lost;
And factions strove but to applaud thee most:

George Jefferys, Esq. Gent. Mag. xxiii. 45.

Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taste;
But every night was dearer than the last.
As when old Rome in a malignant hour
Deprived of some returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead discharged,
For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarged:
And, while his godlike figure moved along,
Alternate passions fired the adoring throng;
Tears flowed from every eye, and shouts from every tongue.
So in thy pompous lines has Cato fared,
Graced with an ample, though a late, reward:
A greater victor we in him revere;
A nobler triumph crowns his image here.
With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
A theme so scanty wrought into a play;
So vast a pile on such foundations placed;
Like Ammon's temple reared on Libya's waste:
Behold its glowing paint! its easy weight!
Its nice proportions! and stupendous height!
How chaste the conduct, how divine the rage!
A Roman worthy on a Grecian stage!
But where shall Cato's praise begin or end;
Inclined to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
The firmest patriot, and the gentlest friend?
How great his genius, when the traitor crowd,
Ready to strike the blow their fury vowed,
Quelled by his look, and listening to his lore,
Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more!
When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
Brave Marcus new in early death appears,
While Cato counts his wounds, and not his years;
Who, checking private grief, the public mourns,
Commands the pity he so greatly scorns.
But when he strikes (to crown his generous part)
That honest, staunch, impracticable heart,
No tears, no sobs pursue his parting breath;
The dying Roman shames the pomp of death.
O sacred freedom! which the powers bestow
To season blessings, and to soften woe;
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars;

If, taught by thee, the poet's wit has flowed
In strains as precious as his hero's blood,
Preserve those strains, an everlasting charm
To keep that blood and thy remembrance warm:
Be this thy guardian image still secure;
In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure;
Our great Palladium shall perform its part,
Fixed and enshrined in every British heart.

The mind to virtue is by verse subdued;
And the true poet is a public good.
This Britain feels, while, by your lines inspired,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fired.
In Rome had you espoused the vanquished cause,
Inflamed her senate, and upheld her laws,
Your manly scenes had liberty restored,
And given the just success to Cato's sword:
O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevailed;
And the muse triumphed, where the patriot failed.

AMBR. PHILIPS.

PROLOGUE BY MR. POPE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;—
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wondered how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:

He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes;
Virtue confest in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But, what with pleasure heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state!
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n then proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Showed Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state.
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darkened, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceased—tears gushed from every eye,
The world's great victor passed unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
And honoured Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend:[1] be worth like this approved,
And show you have the virtue to be moved.
With honest scorn the first famed Cato viewed
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued.
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song:
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warmed with your own native rage.
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdained to hear.

[1] *Britons, attend.*] Altered thus by the author, from "*Britons, arise,*" to humour, we are told, the timid delicacy of Mr. Addison, who was in pain lest that fierce word "*arise,*" should be misconstrued. (See Mr. Warburton's edition of Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, Ep. i. b. i.) One is apt, indeed, to think this caution excessive; but there was ground enough for it, as will be seen, if we reflect, that the poet himself had made Sempronius talk in this strain—"*Rise, Romans, rise,*" (act ii. sc. 1,) a clear comment (it would have been said in that furious time) on the line in question.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

CATO, ...	MR. BOOTH.
LUCIUS, a Senator, . . .	MR. KEEN.
SEMPRONIUS, A Senator, . . .	MR. MILLS.
JUBA, Prince of Numidia, . .	MR. WILKS.
STYPHAX, General of the Numidians,	MR. CIBBER.
PORTIUS, } Sons of Cato, . . .	MR. POWELL.
MARCUS, }	MR. RYAN.
DECIUS, Ambassador from Cæsar,	MR. BOWMAN.

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

WOMEN.

MARCIA, Daughter to Cato, . .	MRS. OLDFIELD.
LUCIA, Daughter to Lucius, . .	MRS. PORTER.

SCENE, A large Hall in the Governor's Palace of Utica.

ACT I.[1]—SCENE I.

PORTIUS, MARCUS.

POR. THE dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, the important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome.[2]—Our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravaged more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:

[1] While the present humour of idolizing Shakspeare continues, no quarter will be given to this poem; though it be the master-piece of the author, and was the pride of the age in which it was written.—But a time will come, when, not as a tragedy, indeed, (for which the subject was unfit,) but as a work of art and taste, it will be supremely admired by all candid and judicious critics.

[2] This opening of the drama is too solemn and declamatory. The *author* speaks,—not his "*Persona dramatis.*" Horace has given a caution against this misconduct, in his ridicule of "*Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum,*" which was addressed to the tragic, as well as epic

Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!

MAR. Thy steady temper, Portius,[1]
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortured ev'n to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's named
Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
The insulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field
Strowed with Rome's citizens, and drenched in slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with Patrician blood!
Oh, Portius! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

POR. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mixt with too much horror to be envied.
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurped,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

MAR. Who knows not this? but what can Cato do
Against a world, a base, degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar?
Pent up in Utica he vainly forms
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
And, covered with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By heavens, such virtues, joined with such success,
Distract my very soul: our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

[1] This a little palliates the indecorum, just now observed; and may let us see that the poet himself was aware of it (so exact was his taste); but it does not wholly excuse it.

POR. Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors:
Our understanding traces 'em in vain,
Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.
MAR. These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
Oh, Portius! didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
Passion unpitied, and successless love,
Plant daggers in my heart,[1] and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind!—
POR. Thou seest not that thy brother is thy rival:
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper. [*Aside.*
Now, Marcus, now, thy virtue 's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant Love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.
MAR. Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reasoned down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse,
I feel it here: my resolution melts—
POR. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince!
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
To copy out our father's bright example.
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her,
His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:
But still the smothered fondness burns within him.

[1] A strange, unnatural phrase: which yet hath made its fortune in modern tragedy. Besides, if these words have any meaning, it was ridiculous to add "*and aggravate my other griefs.*"

When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir,
Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

MAR. Portius, no more! your words leave stings behind 'em.
Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, show
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

POR. Marcus, I know thy generous temper well;
Fling but the appearance of dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

MAR. A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.

POR. Heaven knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
Ev'n whilst I speak—Do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

MAR. Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind, condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?

POR. O Marcus! did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

MAR. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
Pardon a weak, distempered soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions:—but Sempronius comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

SEM. Conspiracies no sooner should be formed
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth.[1] I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart. [*Aside.*
Good-morrow, Portius! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.

[1] *Cold youth.*] Finely observed. Men of cold passions have quick eyes, and are no fit company for such men as Sempronius, whether they speak from *the heart, or dissemble:* hence the indignant reproof of his passion, and the abrupt departure from his flatteries.

To-morrow should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms:
This sun, perhaps, this morning sun 's the last,
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

POR. My father has this morning called together
To this poor hall his little Roman senate,
(The leavings of Pharsalia,) to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
Thou bears down Rome, and all her gods, before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Cæsar.

SEM. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make ev'n Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flushed with conquest: O my Portius!
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be blessed indeed!

POR. Alas! Sempronius, wouldst thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life 's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal,[1]
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

SEM. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I 'm charmed. Thou must take heed, my [Portius!
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son.
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conspicuous.

POR. Well dost thou seem to check my lingering here
On this important hour!—I 'll straight away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate to weigh the events of war,
I 'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life:
I 'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that 's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we 'll do more, Sempronius; we 'll deserve it. [*Exit.*

[1] Wonderfully exact, both in the sentiment and expression.—The imagery, too, is in character; the speaker being a person of the purest virtue, and a Roman.

SEM., *solus*. Curse on the stripling! how he apes his sire!
Ambitiously sententious!—but I wonder
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
Is well disposed to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurred,
And every moment quickened to the course.
—Cato has used me ill: he has refused
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruined cause,
Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That showers down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes!—

SCENE III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPH. Sempronius, all is ready,
I 've sounded my Numidians, man by man,
And find 'em ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.
SEM. Believe me, Syphax, there 's no time to waste;
Ev'n whilst we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war: in vain has nature formed
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him,
Through winds and waves and storms he works his way,
Impatient for the battle: one day more
Will set the victor thundering at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.
SYPH. Alas! he 's lost,
He 's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues:—but I 'll try once more
(For every instant I expect him here)

If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck the infection into all his soul.

SEM. Be sure to press upon him every motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

SYPH. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is called together? Gods! thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they 're covered thick with art.

SEM. Let me alone, good Syphax, I 'll conceal
My thoughts in passion[1] ('tis the surest way);
I 'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy 's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: wouldst thou be thought in earnest?
Clothe thy feigned zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

SYPH. In troth, thou 'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit!

[1] When a plain man, like Sempronius, turns villain, he loves to flatter himself, and to be flattered by others, into an opinion of his own cunning: hence, the boast—"*Let me alone, good Syphax,*" &c., and hence, too, the adroit answer to that boast—

"In troth, thou 'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit."

But something more must be observed, to let us into the artifice of the following scenes. The vices of men are shaped and modified by their general character. The character of a Roman was that of *virtue;* in which term the idea of *courage and patriotism* are combined: when such a man would dissemble, he has but one way of doing it; which is, to run those qualities into the extreme; or, in the poet's fine expression,

"To be virtuous, even to madness."

The African, on the other hand, being by complexion *a knave*, his dissimulation is of another cast. It consists in a certain pliancy of temper, and a dexterous application of himself to all humours and occasions; in a studious endeavour, in short, to conceal the proper *vice* of his nature, as the aim of a better man would be to outrage the *virtue* of his. Hence Sempronius is always in a storm of zeal; while Syphax assumes as many shapes as the moment calls for, or his Numidian genius suggests. Even the catastrophe of both is suited to this difference of character: Syphax sneaks out of the conspiracy, and would escape death, if he could: Sempronius provokes his fate, and perishes in a rant of bravery, as he had lived.

SEM. Once more, be sure to try thy skill on Juba.
Meanwhile I 'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, till they break out
Unlooked for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
Oh think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots and their last fatal periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Filled up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*

SYPH., *solus.* I 'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This head-strong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.
The time is short, Cæsar comes rushing on us—
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

SCENE IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

JUBA. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observed of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

SYPH. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

JUBA. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the lords and sovereigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

SYPH. Gods! where 's the worth that sets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons!
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,

Launched from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops the embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? these, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

JUBA. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are placed in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude, unpolished world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild, licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts—
The embellishments of life; virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

SYPH. Patience, kind heavens!—excuse an old man's warmth!
What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In short, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods designed us?

JUBA. To strike thee dumb, turn up thy eyes to Cato!
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He 's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

SYPH. Believe me, prince, there 's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,

Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

JUBA. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

SYPH. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul:
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
He had not fallen by a slave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his slaughtered army now have lain
On Afric's sands, disfigured with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

JUBA. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

SYPH. Oh! that you'd profit by your father's ills!

JUBA. What wouldst thou have me do?

SYPH. Abandon Cato.

JUBA. Syphax, I should be more than twice an orphan
By such a loss.

SYPH. Ay, there 's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

JUBA. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

SYPH. Sir, your great father never used me thus.
Alas! he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brimful of tears,) then sighing cried,
Prithee, be careful of my son!—his grief
Swelled up so high, he could not utter more.
JUBA. Alas! thy story melts away my soul.
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!
SYPH. By laying up his counsels in your heart.
JUBA. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.
SYPH. Alas! my prince, I'd guide you to your safety.
JUBA. I do believe thou wouldst: but tell me how?
SYPH. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.
JUBA. My father scorned to do it.
SYPH. And therefore died.
JUBA. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.
SYPH. Rather say, your love.
JUBA. Syphax, I've promised to preserve my temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?
SYPH. Believe me, prince, though hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces flusht with more exalted charms;
The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripened beauties of the north.
JUBA. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,

The tincture of a skin, that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:
True, she is fair, (oh how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
Shines out in everything she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

SYPH. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider—

JUBA. Hah! Syphax, is't not she?—she moves this way:
And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I prithee, Syphax, leave me.

SYPH. Ten thousand curses fasten on 'em both!
Now will this woman, with a single glance,
Undo what I've been labouring all this while. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.[1]

JUBA, MARCIA, LUCIA.

JUBA. Hail, charming maid! how does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make ev'n horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget the approach of Cæsar.

MAR. I should be grieved, young prince, to think my presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slackened 'em to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

JUBA. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought will give new vigour to my arm,

[1] The love-scenes in Cato are beautiful in themselves, and the play could not have made its fortune without them. But "Non erat hic locus,"—yet they are not so much out of place here, as they might have been elsewhere; for they serve, in some degree, to cover the defect of the fable, which is very undramatic; and could, I think, by no management, be worked up to a due degree of tragic distress.

Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

MAR. My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approved of by the gods and Cato.

JUBA. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
I 'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life,
His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

MAR. My father never, at a time like this,
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.

JUBA. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I 'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand ranged in its just array,
And dreadful pomp; then will I think on thee!
O lovely maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man who hopes
For Marcia's love. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUC. Marcia, you 're too severe:
How could you chide the young good-natured prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air;
A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

MAR. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

LUC. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

MAR. How, Lucia! wouldst thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
When every moment Cato's life 's at stake?
Cæsar comes armed with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?

LUC. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, nature formed me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me ev'n below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.
MAR. Lucia, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retired distress;
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?
LUC. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.
MAR. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes;
And often have revealed their passion to me.
But tell me whose address thou favourest most;
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.
LUC. Which is it Marcia wishes for?
MAR. For neither—
And yet for both;—the youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me, which of them is Lucia's choice?
LUC. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleased and disgusted with it knows not what—
MAR. O Lucia, I'm perplexed, oh tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?
LUC. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my choice?
—O Portius, thou hast stolen away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.
MAR. Alas, poor youth! how canst thou throw him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee;
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart 's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in every word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
Unhappy youth! how will thy coldness raise

Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.

LUC. You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.

MAR. Heaven forbid!
Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fallen on him.

LUC. Was ever virgin love distressed like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,[1]
As if he mourned his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.

MAR. He knows too well how easily he 's fired,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.

LUC. Alas! too late I find myself involved
In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

MAR. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods permit the event of things.
Our lives, discoloured with our present woes,
May still grow white, and smile with happier hours.
So the pure limpid stream,[2] when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines;
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Falls in tears.*] It should be, "falls *into* tears;" he might have said, "*Oft Portius' self falls into tears before me.*"

[2] *So the pure limpid stream.*] A beautiful simile in the mouth of a *lady*, and the most natural that could be in the mouth of a *Roman* lady, who had frequent opportunities of seeing the *yellow* Tiber, as it was called, contract, and discharge its colour.

That no grace might be wanting, we have it introduced by a metaphor taken from this circumstance,

"Our lives *discoloured.*"

I question if there be another instance of so consummate art, and taste, in any writer.

ACT II.

SCENE I.[1]—*The Senate.*

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS.

SEM. ROME still survives in this assembled senate!
Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.
LUC. Cato will soon be here, and open to us
The occasion of our meeting. Hark! he comes!
[*A sound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter CATO.

CATO. Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summoned us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves:
How shall we treat this bold, aspiring man?
Success still follows him and backs his crimes;
Pharsalia gave him Rome; Egypt has since
Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us ev'n Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.
SEM. My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death!
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;

[1] Before the author wrote this and the following scene, he had warmed his patriotism, as well as imagination, with the Philippics of Cicero.

Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens,
Or share their fate! the corps of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us!

CATO. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits,
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides,
All else is towering phrensy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence intrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not the impartial world with reason say
We lavished at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what 's your opinion.

LUC. My thoughts, I must confess, are turned on peace.
Already have our quarrels filled the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair,)
Were to refuse the awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to Rome,
Now let us show submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further use: our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
Unprofitably shed; what men could do

Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

SEM. This smooth discourse and wild behaviour oft
Conceal a traitor—something whispers me
All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius. [*Aside to Cato.*

CATO. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident:
Immoderate valour swells into a fault,
And fear, admitted into public councils,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate. We have bulwarks round us;
Within our walls are troops inured to toil
In Afric's heats, and seasoned to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains and own a conqueror.
Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

MAR. Fathers, this moment, as I watched the gates,
Lodged on my post, a herald is arrived
From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

CATO. By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.
[*Exit Marcus.*
Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loosed those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
His message may determine our resolves.

SCENE II.

DECIUS, CATO, &c.

DEC. Cæsar sends health to Cato.—

CATO. Could he send it
To Cato's slaughtered friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate?
DEC. My business is with Cato: Cæsar sees
The straits to which you 're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.
CATO. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome:
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.
DEC. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who checked his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?
CATO. Those very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.
DEC. Cato, I 've orders to expostulate
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.
CATO. No more!
I must not think of life on such conditions.
DEC. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.
CATO. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate:
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.
DEC. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—
CATO. Nay more, though Cato's voice was ne'er employed
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.
DEC. A style like this becomes a conqueror.
CATO. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.
DEC. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

CATO. Greater than Cæsar: he 's a friend to virtue.
DEC. Consider, Cato, you 're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.
CATO. Let him consider that, who drives us hither:
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinned its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and covered with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.
DEC. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his generous cares, and proffered friendship?
CATO. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By sheltering men much better than himself.
DEC. Your high unconquered heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction—
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit Decius.*

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO, &c.

SEM. Cato, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty:
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utterest,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.
LUC. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

SEM. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
Oh, could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country,
By heavens, I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.
LUC. Others perhaps
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.
SEM. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.
CATO. Come! no more, Sempronius,
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side
By our divisions.
SEM. Cato, my resentments
Are sacrificed to Rome—I stand reproved.
CATO. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.
LUC. Cato, we all go into your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinced the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.[1]
SEM. We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,
My private voice is drowned amid the senate's.
CATO. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful,)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,

[1] *Till terms arrive.*] Terms *had* arrived already; or which is better, Decius tells Cato, he was at liberty *to name his terms:* but no terms could be accepted, so long as Cæsar resolved to keep his power. The sentence before us is, then, clearly incomplete, and should be given thus, without a full stop,—"We ought to hold it out till terms arrive," meaning to add, "*which it becomes us to accept,*" or some such thing. But Sempronius, in his blustering way, catches at the word "*terms,*" and breaks in upon Lucius, with saying,—"We ought to hold it out till death." That some such clause, as I have supposed, is wanting to complete the sense, is evident, not only from the reason of the thing, but from what Cato tells Juba in the next scene, that the resolution of the senate was to hold out "Till time give better prospects," *i. e.* not only till *terms arrive,* but *better terms* than had yet been offered.

And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That heaven may say, it ought to be prolonged.
Fathers, farewell—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

SCENE IV.

CATO, JUBA.

CATO. Juba, the Roman senate has resolved,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheathed, and turn its edge on Cæsar.
JUBA. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He ordered me to march for Utica,
(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, "My son," said he,
"Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend, he 'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
Thou 'lt shun misfortunes, or thou 'lt learn to bear 'em."
CATO. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But heaven thought otherwise.
JUBA. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.
CATO. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.
JUBA. My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t' other side the sun:
Oft have their black ambassadors appeared,
Loaden with gifts, and filled the courts of Zama.
CATO. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness!
JUBA. I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court

The assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

CATO. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar?
Reduced, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down,
A vagabond in Afric!

JUBA. Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

CATO. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On heaven's first favourites, and the best of men:
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues which shun the day, and lie concealed
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

JUBA. I'm charmed whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for virtue!
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

CATO. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

JUBA. The best good fortune that can fall on Juba,
The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.

CATO. What does Juba say?
Thy words confound me.

JUBA. I would fain retract them,
Give 'em me back again. They aimed at nothing.

CATO. Tell me thy wish, young prince; make not my ear[1]

[1] *Make not my ear a stranger to thy thoughts.*] Quaintly expressed. It had been better to say plainly,

"and make me not
A stranger to thy thoughts."

A stranger to thy thoughts.
JUBA. Oh! they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.
CATO. What can Juba ask
That Cato will refuse!
JUBA. I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.
CATO. What wouldst thou say?
JUBA. Cato, thou hast a daughter.
CATO. Adieu, young prince: I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem: remember
The hand of fate is over us, and heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains or conquest, liberty or death.

SCENE V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPH. How's this, my prince; what! covered with confusion?
You look as if yon stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.
JUBA. Syphax, I'm undone!
SYPH. I know it well.
JUBA. Cato thinks meanly of me.
SYPH. And so will all mankind.
JUBA. I've opened to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.
SYPH. Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with!
JUBA. Oh! I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart! was ever wretch like Juba?
SYPH. Alas! my prince, how are you changed of late!
I've known young Juba rise before the sun,
To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,
Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you roused him to the chase! I've seen you,
Even in the Libyan dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your horse
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

JUBA. Prithee, no more!
SYPH. How would the old king smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipped with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!
JUBA. Syphax, this old man's talk (though honey flowed
In every word) would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeased, and Marcia lost for ever!
SYPH. Young prince, I yet could give you good advice.
Marcia might still be yours.
JUBA. What say'st thou, Syphax?
By heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.
SYPH. Marcia might still be yours.
JUBA. As how, dear Syphax?
SYPH. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds, unused to the restraint
Of curbs or bits, and fleeter than the winds:
Give but the word, we 'll snatch this damsel up
And bear her off.
JUBA. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man! wouldst thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honour?
SYPH. Gods! I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour 's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.
JUBA. Wouldst thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?
SYPH. The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under heaven, was founded on a rape.
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos,
(These gods on earth,) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravished Sabines.
JUBA. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.
SYPH. Indeed, my prince, you want to know the world;
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throws and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, the extravagance of virtue.
JUBA. If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance?

SYPH. Go, go, you 're young.
JUBA. Gods! must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswered! thou 'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.
SYPH. I have gone too far. [*Aside.*
JUBA. Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.
SYPH. I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young prince, behold these locks that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.
JUBA. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.
SYPH. Must one rash word, the infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*
JUBA. Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unfilled, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall enclose,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?
SYPH. Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
Does not old Syphax follow you to war?
What are his aims? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aspires to?
Is it not this, to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?
JUBA. Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.
SYPH. Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to Juba,
My royal master's son, is called in question?
My prince may strike me dead, and I 'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.
JUBA. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.
SYPH. What greater instance can I give? I 've offered
To do an action, which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.
JUBA. Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.
SYPH. And 'tis for this my prince has called me traitor.
JUBA. Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.
SYPH. You did indeed, my prince, you called me traitor:
Nay, further, threatened you 'd complain to Cato.
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?

That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay, more, his honour in your service.

JUBA. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me, but indeed
Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.
[1]Honour 's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.

SYPH. By heavens,
I 'm ravished when you talk thus, though you chide me!
Alas! I 've hitherto been used to think
A blind, officious zeal to serve my king
The ruling principle that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people, who preserve their honour
By the same duties that oblige their prince!

JUBA. Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations
For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we 'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

SYPH. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

JUBA. Syphax, thy hand! we 'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and forwardness of age:
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

SYPH. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burdensome, I sha'n't support it.

JUBA. Syphax, farewell, I 'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In Cato's thoughts. I 'd rather have that man[2]
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

[1] For a comment on these famous lines, see *Note on the Guardian*, No. 161.

[2] *I 'd rather have that man*, &c.] That is, Juba's *honour* was the love of *honest praise*. See the note above referred to.

SYPH., *solus.* Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:—
Cæsar, I 'm wholly thine—[1]

SCENE VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPH. All hail, Sempronius!
Well, Cato's senate is resolved to wait
The fury of a siege before it yields.
SEM. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declared for peace, and terms were offered
To Cato by a messenger from Cæsar.
Should they submit, ere our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,
Lost in a general, undistinguished ruin.
SYPH. But how stands Cato?
SEM. Thou hast seen Mount Atlas:[2]
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmoved, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man; his towering soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.
SYPH. But what 's this messenger?
SEM. I've practised with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is Juba fixt?
SYPH. Yes—but it is to Cato.
I've tried the force of every reason on him,

[1] *Cæsar, I 'm wholly thine*—] Nature is finely touched in this scene, but especially in the concluding soliloquy of Syphax. An ordinary writer would not have reflected, that the worst of men are glad to lay hold on some pretence to reconcile their baseness to themselves.

[2] *Thou hast seen Mount Atlas.*] Wonderfully judicious. The simile, as fine as it is, had been cold and trivial, if no *particular* mountain had been specified; and none could be so properly and gracefully specified in a simile addressed to Syphax, as Mount *Atlas.*

Soothed and caressed, been angry, soothed again,
Laid safety, life, and interest in his sight,
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

SEM. Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He 'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

SYPH. May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst have her!

SEM. Syphax, I love that woman; though I curse
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.

SYPH. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepared for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?

SEM. All, all is ready.
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.
Within an hour they 'll storm the senate-house.

SYPH. Meanwhile I 'll draw up my Numidian troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide Numidian wastes[1] extend,
Sudden, the impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And smothered in the dusty whirlwind dies.

[1] *Numidian wastes.*] The same beauty as in the simile of Mount Atlas

ACT III.—Scene I.

Marcus, Portius.

Mar. Thanks to my stars, I have not ranged about
The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit;
Till, what was instinct, grew up into friendship.
Por. Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.
Mar. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness,
Then prithee spare me on its tender side,
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.
Por. When love 's well-timed 'tis not a fault to love;
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain,) but to suppress its force,
Till better times may make it look more graceful.
Mar. Alas! thou talk'st like one who never felt
The impatient throbs and longings of a soul
That pants and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I 'm ten times more undone; while hope, and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.
Por. What can thy Portius do to give thee help?
Mar. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence:
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heats of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food,

That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to him.
Describe his anxious days and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

POR. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office
That suiteth me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.

MAR. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?[1]

POR. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I 'd refuse.
But here believe me, I 've a thousand reasons—

MAR. I know thou'lt say my passion 's out of season;
That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what 's all this to one who loves like me!
Oh, Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.

POR. What should I do? if I disclose my passion
Our friendship 's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother. [*Aside.*

MAR. But see where Lucia, at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,[2]
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! observe her, Portius!
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me, if thou canst.

POR. She sees us, and advances—

MAR. I 'll withdraw,
And leave you for awhile. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

SCENE II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

LUC. Did not I see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?

POR. Oh, Lucia, language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:

[1] *i. e.* This flood of sorrows, into which *I am plunged.* Very ill expressed.

[2] *Amid the cool of yon high marble arch.*] A Roman idea. An ordinary writer would not have been so observant of decorum.

His passions and his virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigured in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul!
Oh, Lucia, I 'm distrest! my heart bleeds for him;
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I 'm unhappy, though thou smil'st upon me.

LUC. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship! think betimes, my Portius,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might insure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

POR. Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my Lucia?
His generous, open, undesigning heart
Has begged his rival to solicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps, when we have passed these gloomy hours,
And weathered out the storm that beats upon us—

LUC. No, Portius, no! I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, Portius, here I swear, to heaven I swear,
To heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.

PHR. What hast thou said! I 'm thunder-struck!—recall
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

LUC. Has not the vow already passed my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis sealed in heaven.
May all the vengeance that was ever poured
On perjured heads o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

POR. Fixt in astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one just blasted by a stroke from heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks—a monument of wrath!

LUC. At length I've acted my severest part,
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow.
But oh I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.
POR. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!
LUC. Oh stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds! why dost thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves,
But, oh! I cannot bear thy hate and live!
POR. Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force,
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliss. Oh Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunned ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick, let us part! perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee!—hah, she faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injured innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death—
But, hah! she moves! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.
LUC. O Portius, was this well!—to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles! to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman loved!
—What do I say? my half-recovered sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us! we must part.
POR. Name not the word, my frighted thoughts run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.
LUC. What wouldst thou have me do? consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think, thou seest thy dying brother
Stabbed at his heart, and all besmeared with blood,
Storming at heaven and thee! thy awful sire
Sternly demands the cause, the accursed cause,

That robs him of his son! poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and frantic in her griefs
Calls out on Lucia! What could Lucia answer?
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?

POR. To my confusion and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist that hung about my mind clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Brightening each other! thou art all divine!

LUC. Portius, no more! thy words shoot through my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul with sorrow?
It softens me too much—farewell, my Portius,
Farewell, though death is in the word, for ever!

POR. Stay, Lucia, stay! what dost thou say? For ever?

LUC. Have I not sworn? if, Portius, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell—
Oh, how shall I repeat the word?—for ever!

POR. Thus o'er the dying lamp[1] the unsteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.
—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.

LUC. If the firm Portius shake
To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

POR. 'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlooked-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

LUC. What dost thou say? not part?
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are there not heavens, and gods, and thunder o'er us?
—But see! thy brother Marcus bends this way!

[1] *Thus o'er the dying lamp.*] An elegant simile, and well expressed but too pretty for the circumstances of the speaker. If the author had had a chorus at his command, he might have introduced it more naturally.

I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell,
Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

SCENE III.

MARCUS, PORTIUS.

MAR. Portius, what hopes? how stands she? am I doomed
To life or death?
POR. What wouldst thou have me say?
MAR. What means this pensive posture? thou appear'st
Like one amazed and terrified.
POR. I've reason.
MAR. Thy downcast looks and thy disordered thoughts
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.
POR. I'm grieved I undertook it.
MAR. What! does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
My aching heart! and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!
POR. Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.
MAR. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion when 'tis void of love?
Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause! compassionates my pains!
Prithee what art, what rhetoric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!
To one that asks the warm return of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death—
POR. Marcus, no more! have I deserved this treatment?
MAR. What have I said! O Portius, O forgive me!
A soul exasperated in ills fall out
With everything, its friend, its self—but, hah!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm?
POR. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.
MAR. Oh for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

POR. Quick, let us hence; who knows if Cato's life
Stands sure? O Marcus, I am warmed, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

SCENE IV.

SEMPRONIUS *with the leaders of the mutiny.*

SEM. At length the winds are raised, the storm blows high,
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.
Meanwhile I 'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that whate'er arrive,
My friends and fellow soldiers may be safe.
1ST LEAD. We all are safe, Sempronius is our friend,
Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.
But, hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils, and give us rest!
Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

SCENE V.

CATO, SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, PORTIUS, MARCUS, &c.

CATO. Where are these bold, intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?
SEM. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonished!
[*Aside.*
CATO. Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquered towns and plundered provinces?
Fired with such motives you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape the envenomed aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,

And let the man that's injured strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wronged,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguished from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!

SEM. By heavens they droop!
Confusion to the villains! all is lost. [*Aside.*

CATO. Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parched earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first to explore the untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long, laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlooked-for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

SEM. If some penurious source by chance appeared,
Scanty of waters, when you scooped it dry,
And offered the full helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash the untasted moisture from him?
Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds and scorching heats?

CATO. Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to Cæsar
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

LUC. See, Cato, see the unhappy men! they weep!
Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.

CATO. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

SEM. Cato, commit these wretches to my care.
First let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impaled and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.

LUC. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men?

SEM. How! wouldst thou clear rebellion?
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders,
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.
CATO. Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base, degenerate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay the uplifted thunderbolt aside.
SEM. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.
CATO. Meanwhile we'll sacrifice to liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power delivered down,
From age to age, by your renowned forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood,)
Oh let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

SCENE VI.

SEMPRONIUS *and the leaders of the mutiny.*

1ST LEAD. Sempronius, you have acted like yourself,
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.
SEM. Villain, stand off! base, grovelling, worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!
2ND LEAD. Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius:
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.
SEM. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth
To sudden death.

Enter Guards.

1ST LEAD. Nay, since it comes to this—

SEM. Despatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their tongues,
Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

SCENE VII.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPH. Our first design, my friend, has proved abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play:
My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We 'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.
SEM. Confusion! I have failed of half my purpose:
Marcia, the charming Marcia 's left behind!
SYPH. How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave?
SEM. Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I 'd cast her off.
SYPH. Well said! that 's spoken like thyself, Sempronius.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?
SEM. But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none but Juba and her brothers.
SYPH. Thou shalt have Juba's dress and Juba's guards:[1]
The doors will open, when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.
SEM. Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia 's my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty and disordered charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!

[1] *Thou shalt have Juba's dress and Juba's guards.*] It was so natural for Syphax, so much in his character, to suggest this expedient, that one has no suspicion of its being contrived to carry on the fable, and so bring about the interesting *discovery* in the third scene of the fourth act.—It is by the invention and improvement of such incidents as these, that the true dramatic poet is distinguished from an ordinary play-writer.

So Pluto,[1] seized of Proserpine, conveyed
To hell's tremendous gloom the affrighted maid,
There grimly smiled, pleased with the beauteous prize,
Nor envied Jove his sunshine and his skies.

ACT IV.—Scene I.

Lucia, Marcia.

Luc. Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?
Mar. O Lucia, Lucia, might my big-swoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow:
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.
Luc. I know thou 'rt doomed, alike, to be beloved
By Juba and thy father's friend, Sempronius;
But which of these has power to charm like Portius!
Mar. Still must I beg thee not to name Sempronius?
Lucia, I like not that loud, boisterous man;
Juba to all the bravery of a hero
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness:
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of woman-kind, but Marcia, happy.
Luc. And why not Marcia? come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.
Mar. While Cato lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.
Luc. But should this father give you to Sempronius?
Mar. I dare not think he will: but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancied tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger.
When love once pleads admission to our hearts,

[1] *So Pluto*, &c.] The simile is in character; but is not so properly addressed to Syphax: I could wish the Numidian had been dismissed, and this last speech had past in soliloquy.

(In spite of all the virtue we can boast,)
The woman that deliberates is lost.[1]

Scene II.

Sempronius, *dressed like Juba, with Numidian guards.*

Sem. The deer is lodged. I've tracked her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
—How will the young Numidian rave, to see
His mistress lost! if aught could glad my soul,
Beyond the enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay barbarian.
—But, hark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left—
He must be murdered, and a passage cut
Through those his guards — Hah! dastards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven—

Enter Juba.

Juba. What do I see? who's this that dare usurp
The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?
Sem. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!
Juba. What can this mean? Sempronius!
Sem. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.
Juba. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man!
[*Sempronius falls. His guards surrender.*
Sem. Curse on my stars! am I then doomed to fall
By a boy's hand? disfigured in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!

[1] *The woman that deliberates is lost.*] This line has been thought too free, and injurious to the sex: but it is to be remembered that Marcia is speaking of *virtuous* love, which vindicates the sentence from such imputations. What, then, it may be asked, is meant by—"In spite of all the *virtue* we can boast?" clearly, the virtue of firmness, in resolving not to admit a lawful passion in unfit *circumstances*. But *all the virtue* of this sort, which the best women can muster up, will hardly keep its ground against *deliberation*. However, the *severe* Marcia was *lost* by surprise, and not by *deliberation*.

Oh for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble! [*Dies.*

JUBA. With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.

SCENE III.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUC. Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear and aches at every sound.
O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.

MAR. See, Lucia, see! here 's blood! here 's blood and murder!
Hah! a Numidian! heavens preserve the prince;
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But, hah! death to my sight; a diadem,
And purple robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warmed
A virgin 's heart, Juba lies dead before us!

LUC. Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind;
Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.

MAR. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience.
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

LUC. What can I think or say to give thee comfort?

MAR. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight, that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA, *listening.*

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair,
That man, that best of men, deserved it from me.

JUBA. What do I hear? and was the false Sempronius
That best of men? Oh had I fall'n like him,
And could have thus been mourned, I had been happy!

LUC. Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,

And help thee with my tears! when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.
MAR. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortured breast.
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.
JUBA. I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?
MAR. Oh! he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wish or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appeared,
A secret pleasure gladdened all that saw him;
But when he talked, the proudest Roman blushed
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.
JUBA. I shall run mad—
MAR. O Juba! Juba! Juba!
JUBA. What means that voice? did she not call on Juba?
MAR. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I loved him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remembered Marcia,
And the last words he uttered called me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba.
JUBA. Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What Marcia thinks! all is Elysium round me!
MAR. Ye dear remains of the most loved of men!
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus—
JUBA. —See, Marcia, see,
[*Throwing himself before her.*
The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.
MAR. With pleasure and amaze,[1] I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?
JUBA. A wretch,
Disguised like Juba, on a cursed design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.

[1] *Amaze.*] For *amazement;* a liberty in which the poets of that time indulged themselves. So Pope:

"In Tot'nam fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze." DUNC. b. ii. 261

Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee:
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.

MAR. I've been surprised in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back: the love, that lay
Half smothered in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre;
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

JUBA. I'm lost in ecstasy! and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid?

MAR. And dost thou live to ask it?

JUBA. This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,
Such life as Juba never felt till now!

MAR. Believe me, prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I loved thee.

JUBA. Oh fortunate mistake!

MAR. Oh happy Marcia!

JUBA. My joy! my best beloved! my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul?

MAR. Lucia, thy arm! oh let me rest upon it!—
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tide,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.—
O prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

JUBA. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness. I absolve my stars.
What though Numidia add her conquered towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph!
Juba will never at his fate repine;
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.

SCENE IV.—*A march at a distance.*

CATO, LUCIUS.

LUC. I stand astonisht! what, the bold Sempronius!
That still broke foremost through the crowd of patriots,

As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness—

CATO. Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surprised at nothing.
—O Lucius! I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.[1]

Enter PORTIUS.

But see where Portius comes! What means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus changed?

POR. My heart is grieved.
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

CATO. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?

POR. Not so.
The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercised his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch.
I saw, and called to stop him, but in vain,
He tossed his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

CATO. Perfidious men! but haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part. [*Exit Por.*
—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquered world
Is Cæsar's: Cato has no business in it.

LUC. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

CATO. Would Lucius have me live to swell the number
Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

LUC. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungenerous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

CATO. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason—
But see young Juba! the good youth appears

[1] *The day-light and the sun*, &c.] "Tædet cœli convexa tueri."
VIRG. ÆNEID. lib. iv. 451.

Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.
LUC. Alas! poor prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter JUBA.

JUBA. I blush and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.
CATO. What 's thy crime?
JUBA. I 'm a Numidian.
CATO. And a brave one too.
Thou hast a Roman soul.
JUBA. Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen?
CATO. Alas! young prince,
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæsars.
JUBA. 'Tis generous thus to comfort the distrest.
CATO. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserved;
Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortured in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.
JUBA. What shall I answer thee? my ravished heart
O'erflows with secret joy: I 'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato! than Numidia's empire.

Re-enter PORTIUS.

POR. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus—
CATO. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?
POR. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and covered o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes.
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.
CATO. I 'm satisfied.
POR. Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierced through the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

CATO. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
—Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.
POR. Long may they keep asunder.
LUC. O Cato! arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarmed,
Have gathered round it, and attend it weeping.

CATO, *meeting the corpse.*

Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death, when earned by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourished in a civil war.
—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.
JUBA. Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*
CATO. Alas! my friends!
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears,
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
Oh liberty! Oh virtue! Oh my country!
JUBA. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears, that flowed not o'er his own dead son.
[*Aside.*
CATO. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued,
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's.
For him the self-devoted Decii died,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquered;
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh! my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fall'n! Oh curst ambition!
Fall'n into Cæsar's hands! Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

JUBA. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.
CATO. Cæsar ashamed! has not he seen Pharsalia?
LUC. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.
CATO. Lose not a thought on me, I 'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say, I conquered Cato.
But, oh! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends!
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.
LUC. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.
CATO. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunished.
—Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?—
JUBA. If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may heaven abandon Juba!
CATO. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near! my son, thou oft hast seen
Thy sire engaged in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpowered, despairing of success:
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toiled with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were blest
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retired, pray for the peace of Rome:
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
POR. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius that he scorns himself.
CATO. Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ships prepared by my command,

(Their sails already opening to the winds,)
That shall convey you to the wished-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead son.*
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquered. The firm patriot there,
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care,)
Though still, by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—CATO solus, *sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, the unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when! or where!—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end 'em.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature, oppressed and harassed out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I 'll favour her,
That my awakened soul may take her flight,
Renewed in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

Scene II.

Cato, Portius.

Cato. But, hah! how's this, my son? why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobeyed?
Por. Alas! my father!
What means this sword? this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!
Cato. Rash youth, forbear!
Por. Oh let the prayers, the entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.
Cato. Wouldst thou betray me? wouldst thou give me up
A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!—
Por. Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I 'd rather die than disobey you.
Cato. 'Tis well! again I 'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue, thy gathering fleets

O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes—

POR. Oh, sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him! Oh my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! be not displeased,
Oh be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

CATO. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful. [*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my son. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour Cato, and preserve his children.

POR. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.

CATO. Portius, thou may'st rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embarked;
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weighed down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

POR. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

SCENE III.

PORTIUS, MARCIA.

POR. O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has despatched me hence
With orders, that bespeak a mind composed,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.

MAR. O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And show mankind that goodness is your care

Scene IV.

Lucia, Marcia.

Luc. Where is your father, Marcia, where is Cato?
Mar. Lucia, speak low, he is retired to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.
Luc. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato,
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a god,
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.
Mar. Though stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father! I have ever found him
Easy, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.
Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us blest.
Marcia, we both are equally involved
In the same intricate, perplext distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroyed
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—
Mar. And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!
Luc. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determined of thyself?
Mar. Let him but live! commit the rest to heaven.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father:
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretched at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smiled, and cried, Cæsar, thou canst not hurt me.
Mar. His mind still labours with some dreadful thought
Luc. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?

Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

JUBA. Lucius, the horsemen are returned from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We ken them from afar, the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnished helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

LUC. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy father.
Cæsar is still disposed to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance,
What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

POR. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arrived
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But, hark! what means that groan! Oh give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence. [*Exit Portius.*

LUC. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country.—Hah! a second groan!—
Heaven guard us all—

MAR. Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound—

Re-enter PORTIUS.

POR. Oh sight of woe!
O Marcia, what we feared is come to pass!
Cato is fall'n upon his sword—

O Portius,

Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.

POR. I've raised him up,
And placed him in his chair, where, pale and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

[*The back scene opens, and discovers Cato.*

MAR. O heaven, assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father.

JUBA. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæsar!

LUC. Now is Rome fall'n indeed!—

[*Cato brought forward in his chair.*

CATO. Here set me down—
Portius, come near me—are my friends embarked?
Can anything be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
—O Lucius, art thou here?—thou art too good!—
Let this our friendship live between our children;
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.
Alas! poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daughter—
—Oh bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A senator of Rome, while Rome survived,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king,
But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman.—
—I'm sick to death—Oh when shall I get loose
From this vain world, the abode of guilt and sorrow!
—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas! I fear
I've been too hasty.[1] O ye powers that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!—
The best may err, but you are good, and—oh! [*Dies.*

LUC. There fled the greatest soul that ever warmed
A Roman breast. O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observed.
But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand

[1] *Alas! I fear I've been too hasty.*] This sentiment is not in character; but the amiable author, ever attentive to the interests of religion and virtue, chose, for the sake of these, to violate decorum.

A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the guilty world of Cato's life.

EPILOGUE BY DR. GARTH.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PORTER.

What odd fantastic things we women do!
Who would not listen when young lovers woo?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their cost;
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weighed;
Too oft they're cancelled, though in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may:
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say;
We hate you when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears!
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are formed as you yourselves would choose,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms;
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now:
There, golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddess that has nought to give.

Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvied things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains;
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal;
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

TO HER

ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO, NOV. 1714.

THE muse that oft, with sacred raptures fired,
Has generous thoughts of liberty inspired,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engaged great Cato in her country's cause,[1]
On you submissive waits, with hopes assured,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secured,
And all the glories that our age adorn,
Are promised to a people yet unborn.
No longer shall the widowed land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.

[1] *Engaged great Cato in her country's cause.*] Some little disingenuity has been charged on the author from this line (see Pope's Works, Ep. to Aug. v. 215, Mr. Warburton's edition,) nor can I wholly acquit him of it. The truth, however, seems to be this: Mr. A. had no party-views in composing this tragedy; and he was only solicitous (whatever his friends might be) to secure the suffrage of both parties, when it was brought on the stage. But the public would only see it in a political light: and was it to be wondered at, that a poet, in a dedication too, should take advantage of the general voice, to make a merit of his imputed patriotism, with the new family? How spotless must that muse be, that, in passing through a court, had only contracted this slight stain, even in the opinion of so severe a censor and casuist as Mr. Pope!

O, born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
While you, fair PRINCESS, in your offspring smile,
Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heavenly daughter's triumphs we presage;
Already see the illustrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doomed to sigh in vain.
Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce and captivate the fair.
O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness and the father's fire!
For thee perhaps, ev'n now, of kingly race,
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some Carolina, to heaven's dictates true,
Who, while the sceptred rivals vainly sue,
Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight the imperial diadem for thee.
Pleased with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears opprest,
Endangered rights, and liberty distrest:
To milder sounds each muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And soothe the madding factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,
Describe his awful look and godlike mind,
And Cæsar's power with Cato's virtue joined.
Meanwhile, bright Princess, who, with graceful ease
And native majesty, are formed to please,
Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly!
Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
Improve her manners and refine her rage,
More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finished heroines from you.
Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skilled in the labours of the deathless muse:
The deathless muse with undiminished rays
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys:

To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung;
The queen still shines, because the poet sung.
Ev'n all those graces, in your frame combined,
The common fate of mortal charms may find,
(Content our short-lived praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age,)
Unless some poet in a lasting song
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS

PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER, with silence and surprise
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee displayed
In all the force of light and shade;
And, awed by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends and scorn of foes:
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.
Oh may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
This image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles graced,

And stampt on British coins, shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoiced the metal to refine,
And ripened the Peruvian mine.
Thou, Kneller,[1] long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vied
With nature in a generous strife,
And touched the canvass into life.
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in their robes of state arrayed,
The kings of half an age displayed.
Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria joined;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her hero was disgraced:
Oh may famed Brunswick be the last,
(Though heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee,)
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!
Wise Phidias,[2] thus his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanced to Jove,
And taught the polished rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
Till Greece, amazed, and half afraid,
The assembled deities surveyed.
Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And loved the spreading oak, was there;

[1] *Thou, Kneller.*] If this little poem had begun here, and ended with "*their king defied,*" it had been equal, or superior, to anything in any other poet, on the like occasion.

[2] There never was anything happier than this whole illustration, nor more exquisitely expressed.

Old Saturn too, with up-cast eyes,
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renowned,
In adamantine armour frowned;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Matched with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-lived darling son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That, from a hundred hills allied
In impious leagues, their king defied.
This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produced, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-established praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a GEORGE, or carved a Jove!

POEMATA.

THE following Latin poems are, in their kind, excellent. They are the better worth reading, as they show with what care our young author had studied the prince of the Latin poets; and from what source he afterwards derived, what a certain writer calls, a little whimsically indeed, but, I think, not unhappily, his *sweet Virgilian prose*. This *Virgilianism*, if I may so speak, consists in opening a subject by degrees; in presenting it, first, in few and simple terms, and then enlarging and brightening it by a more distinct and exquisite expression, till the description becomes as it were *full-blown*, and is set before us in all its grace and beauty. With this gradual extension of a sentiment, or image, is joined an improvement in the rhythm. The ear is consulted, as well as the imagination; and the harmony of numbers keeps pace with the energy of expression. It is remarkable that Mr. Addison's studious imitation of Virgil's manner hurt his English poetry sometimes, though it always improved his English

prose. The reason was, he had no facility in rhyming; and so was obliged many times to take up with a weaker word or phrase, than its place in his verse required. Hence the frequent *redundancies* in his rhymed poetry, which were intended by him as *amplifications*. In his prose, he was under no such restraint; and his exact taste always led him to perfection. That this observation is just, we may see from his *Cato*, where the freedom of blank verse, as it is called, secured him from this mischance; and from these *Latin poems*, in which the Virgilian gradation is everywhere observed, and nicely imitated.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU, ARMIGERO,

SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO, ÆRARII PRÆFECTO,

REGI A SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, ETC.

Cum tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præstent Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si Congrevius ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditissimis poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut poema patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

Humanitatis Tuæ
Cultor devotissimus,
Josephus Addison.

PAX GULIELMI AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

Postquam ingens clamorque virum, strepitusque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice, Cæsar,
Quæ tibi soliciti, turba importuna, poetæ
Munera deducunt: generosæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem absiste triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroso milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.
Aspicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis
Oppida, et eversos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum Annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirit seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famososque Ormondi volnere campos!
Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus[1] fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparsa furit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique saxis
Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
Desuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent!

[1] Honoratissimus D. Dominus CUTTS, Baro de Gowran, &c.

Hic pestem occultam, et fœcundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaque membra,
Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.
Sic, postquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Ossam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate locorum.
Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla secutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
Agmina, Nassovique latus socialibus armis
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura miscent,
Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis.
Te tamen e mediis,[1] Ductor Fortissime, turmis
Exere, Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, populique encomia sera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris æstus
Non jubar Arctoum, aut nostri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua sol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, ursæ
Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta

[1] Insig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.

Describit sociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vastos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deserit, imperio extremum[1] qui subjicit orbem,
Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namurcæ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore!
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes.
Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, camposque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
Nassovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum
Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
Nassovi secura tui, desiste tumentes
Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Sollicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.
Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.
Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.
Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli

[1] Muscoviæ Imperator.

Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monstris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumstat fremitu denso: Tibi Jupiter annum
Serius invertit, luces mirata serenas
Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.
Jamque[1] nepos tibi parvus adest, lætoque juventæ
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
Ut patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut mater formosa serenat
Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!
Agnosco faciem ambiguam, mixtosque parentes.
Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et tristia bella,
Pugnasque innocua dudum sub imagine lusit,
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit; interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pompas
Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effusa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura sordes?
Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos?
En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem

[1] Celsissimus Princeps Dux Glocestrensis.

Fulgore insolito ! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagrantesque hyemes ; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus in terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas ! hic membra Leonis
Hispida mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilasque jubas ; hic lubricus Anguem
Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat :
Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt ; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

Qua penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis ;
Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem ;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.
Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat ;

An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amictu
Ambiit, et, gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui densior aër
Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.
Jam cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et large diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens Argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumto prata virore.
Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior Ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassa fruitur sublimius aura,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, metuensque procellam,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aspicit; ostendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet Argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
quæque tument; eversis flumina ripis

Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.
Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit.
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt, obscura diem, pluviasque minantur;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes Messor aristas
Prosternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ,

SIVE

PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

Pennatas acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
Pieridum labor exhausit, versuque sonoro
Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
Quis lectos Graium juvenes, et torva tuentem
Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem?
Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus;
Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
Heroas, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hostem.
Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessa vireta)

Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
Imperium. Hic varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas
Exiguis videt, et vestigia parva stupescit.
Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna, et securo crepitat Grus improba nido.
Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpe improvisas mactabat, sæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, fœtusque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.
  Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virumque
Commissæ strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.
  Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Caystri
Prata tenent, adsunt, Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro,
Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
——— trum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.

Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepit alis,
Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longe
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque at nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella facessit
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas composta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.
Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confisus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti!
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aera pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aera plumæ.
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris

Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.
Pygmeadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet,
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fusa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Miscetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, subito appulsus (sic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis Ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triste relatu)
Sustulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
Alituum; frustra Pygmæi lumine mœsto
Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
Heroem aspiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus escam.
Jamque recrudescit bellum, Grus desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morsu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is sursum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cœlum Briareus, solioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; sparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta Gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.
Viribus absumptis penitus Pygmeia tandem
Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; late populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Instant a tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: Nempe exitus omnia tandem

Certus Regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra transire nefas: sic corruit olim
Assyriæ Imperium, sic magnæ Persidis imis
Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elysii valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, Pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore cassos.
Dum secura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA

AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

Egregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.
Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
Vestiit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia late
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.

Sic, operis postquam lusit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,
Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
Quantum dissimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
[illegible]ere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans

Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem.
Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utrasque,
Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hospite cum tumet incluso, et præcordia sentit
Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, honesto
Surgentem e tumulo, alatoque satellite fultam?
Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
Wainfletus,[1] sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur Imago!
Quando alium similem virtus habitura!—
Irati innocuas securus numinis iras
Aspicit, impavidosque in Judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fuco
Mœnia, flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida serpat opus, tenuesque absumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex a tergo implacabile sævit, et ensem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos
Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu! quid agat tristis? quo se cœlestibus iris
Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit

[1] Coll. Magd. Fundator.

Nequicquam, et sero in lachrymas effunditur; obstant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus vestigia! quanta colorum
Gratia se profert! tales non discolor Iris
Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.
O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

Hic, ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Desecat, exiguam radens a cespite messem:
Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra; sed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque sinit procedere recto.
Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
Consilium, aut sors; quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, quæ cursum meta futurum
Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit, at illa
Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat; subito globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem

Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur, iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.
Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram a recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.
Haud ita prosiliens Elëo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingant socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia.—
Si vero incursus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spolietur honore:
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omne viretum.
Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et falsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

AD D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O QUI canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
  Feliciore luctuosis
    Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
  Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
    Luminibus penetras acutis;
Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
  Scyphumque jucundus require
    Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor WILHELMI, nunc moveat sitim
  Minister ingens, imperique
    Præsidum haud leve, MONTACUTUS.
Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
  Nec cæteros cautus mederi
    Ipse tuam minuas salutem.
Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
  Attentus explorare venam
    Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:
Frustra liquores quot Chymica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
  Innatus herbis te fatigant:
    Serius aut citius sepulchro
Debemur omnes, vitaque deseret
Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
  Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
    (Relliquias animæ) cadaver.
Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
  Suumque victorem vicissim
    Subjiciet libitina victrix.

Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit molestam, urgetve curas
Sponte sua satis ingruentes;
Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiisque
Innocuis bene temperata.

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES,

ANGLICE

A PUPPET-SHOW.

Admiranda cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent.
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mænia squallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.
Sed præter reliquos incedit Homuncio rauca
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confisus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,

Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa,
Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit Nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.
Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.
Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito Nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique quirites.
Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis,
Jamque, infensa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.
Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cœlo,
Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsitat orbem.
Mane patent gressus; hinc succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriem, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.
At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida, bella, tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure fœti,
Protensæque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.
Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
Sed postquam insanus pugnæ deferbuit æstus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec raro prisci heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Quos prodire, agmen venerabile, Patres.

Rugis sulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus
TITHONUM minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri:
Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUTOREM.

NON usitatum carminis alitem,
BURNETTE, poscis, non humiles modos;
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Respuis officium camœnæ.
Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
Molemque cernis dissociabilem,
Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum
Utcunque stet commune vulgi
Arbitrium et popularis error.
Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Supposítas gravis urget undas.

Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
Claudit vicissim; has inter orbis
Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.
Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
Stellasque miratur natantes,
Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.
Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis calescit spiritus ingeni!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbis rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata bustum!
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquescens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu socio peritura mundo.
Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident: En teretem globum!
En læta vernantis Favoni
Flamina, perpetuosque flores!
O pectus ingens! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem! si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

DIALOGUES

UPON THE

USEFULNESS OF ANCIENT MEDALS.

ESPECIALLY IN RELATION TO THE LATIN AND GREEK POETS.

Quoniam hæc ratio plerumque videtur
Tristior esse, quibus non est tractata, retroque
Volgus abhorret ab hac: volui tibi suaviloquenti
Carmine Pierio rationem exponere nostram,
Et quasi musæo dulci contingere melle,
Si tibi forte animum tali ratione tenerem. LUCRETIUS.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY MR. ADDISON'S TREATISE ON MEDALS.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears:
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanished like their dead!
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age;
Some, hostile fury; some, religious rage;
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal, conspire;
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps by its own ruins saved from flame,
Some buried marble half preserves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sighed. She found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust;
Huge moles whose shadow stretched from shore to shore
Their ruins perished, and their place no more!
Convinced, she now contracts her vast design;
And all her triumphs sink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps;
Beneath her palm here sad Judæa weeps;
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile and Rhine:
A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled;
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name
In one short view, subjected to our eye,
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties lie.
With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,
The inscription value, but the rust adore:
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes;
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams:
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devoured,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scoured;
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine.
Touched by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her gods and god-like heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garments bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleased the fathers of poetic rage;
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.
Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enrolled,
And vanquished realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There warriors frowning in historic brass.
Then future ages with delight shall see,
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree:
Or in fair series laureled bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read.
"Statesman, yet friend to truth! in soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
And praised, unenvied, by the muse he loved." A. POPE.

DIALOGUE I.[1]

CYNTHIO, Eugenius, and Philander had retired together from the town to a country village, that lies upon the Thames. Their design was to pass away the heat of the summer among the fresh breezes that rise from the river, and the agreeable mixture of shades and fountains, in which the whole country naturally abounds. They were all three very well versed in the politer parts of learning, and had travelled into the most refined nations of Europe: so that they were capable of entertaining themselves on a thousand different subjects, without running into the common topics of defaming public parties,[2] or particular persons. As they were intimate friends they took the freedom to dissent from one another in discourse, or upon occasion to speak a Latin sentence without fearing the imputation of pedantry or ill-breeding.

They were one evening taking a walk together in the fields, when their discourse accidentally fell upon several unprofitable parts of learning. It was Cynthio's humour to run down everything that was rather for ostentation than use. He was still preferring good sense to arts and sciences, and often took a pleasure to appear ignorant, that he might the better turn to ridicule those that valued themselves on their books and studies, though at the same time one might very well see that he could not have attacked many parts of learning so successfully, had not he borrowed his assistances from them. After having rallied a set or two of *virtuosos*, he fell upon the medalists.

[1] Mr Addison's great reputation is chiefly owing to what he wrote in prose. This part of his works, then, will deserve to be studied with care. It is scarce possible to examine a writer of this class, without *admiring* sometimes. But I shall do it sparingly. It will be more useful to point out his defects, which, in such a crowd of beauties, may be overlooked, or may themselves be mistaken for beauties. Nor let the presumption of this attempt give offence to any, even though they should dissent from me, in the instances alleged: for, to be at the pains of inquiring whether such a writer have any faults, is, in effect, to pay the highest compliment to his merit. And for the rest, I commit myself to the candour of all capable judges.—*Nam etiam cum judicium meum ostendero, suum tamen legentibus relinquam.*

[2] *Defaming* public parties, is not a topic, but a *mode* of treating it. It had been more exact to say, "into the common *practice* of defaming public parties," &c.

These gentlemen, says he, value themselves upon being critics in rust, and will undertake to tell you the different ages of it by its colour. They are possessed with a kind of learned avarice, and are for getting together hoards of such money only as was current among the Greeks and Latins. There are several of them that are better acquainted with the faces of the Antonines than of the Stuarts, and would rather choose to count out a sum in sesterces than in pounds sterling. I have heard of one in Italy that used to swear by the head of Otho. Nothing can be pleasanter than to see a circle of these virtuosos about a cabinet of medals, descanting upon the value, rarity, and authenticalness[1] of the several pieces that lie before them. One takes up a coin of gold, and after having well weighed the figures and inscription, tells you very gravely, if it were brass, it would be invaluable. Another falls a ringing a Pescennius Niger, and judiciously distinguishes the sound of it to be modern.[2] A third desires you to observe well the toga on such a reverse, and asks you whether you can in conscience believe the sleeve of it to be of the true Roman cut.

I must confess, says Philander, the knowledge of medals has most of those disadvantages that can render a science ridiculous, to such as are not well versed in it. Nothing is more easy than to represent as impertinences any parts of learning that have no immediate relation to the happiness or convenience of mankind. When a man spends his whole life among the stars and planets, or lays out a twelve-month on the spots in the sun, however noble his speculations may be, they are very apt to fall into burlesque. But it is still more natural to laugh at such studies as are employed on low and vulgar objects. What curious observations have been made on spiders, lobsters, and cockle-shells! yet the

[1] Substantives terminating in *ess*, especially if polysyllables, have an ill effect in our language.—We now say, *authenticity*.

[2] *Judiciously distinguishes the sound of it to be modern.*] Inaccurately expressed.—It should have been, "judiciously *observes* the sound of it to be modern." We say, *to distinguish one thing from another*; or, *to distinguish between one thing and another*,—but not, "*to distinguish* any thing *to be*. If the word *distinguishes* be here used, it should be in some such way as this, "*distinguishes the sound of it from that of an ancient coin*." We first perceive a *distinction* between two things, and then *conclude* this not to be that. The word *distinguishes* is here used by Mr. A. as if it implied an act of the mind, which is consequent to *distinguishing* The word is, therefore, improper.

very naming of them is almost sufficient to turn them into raillery. It is no wonder, therefore, that the science of medals, which is charged with so many unconcerning parts of knowledge, and built on such mean materials, should appear ridiculous to those that have not taken the pains to examine it.

Eugenius was very attentive to what Philander said on the subject of medals. He was one that endeavoured rather to be agreeable than shining in conversation, for which reason he was more beloved, though not so much admired as Cynthio. I must confess, says he, I find myself very much inclined to speak against a sort of study that I know nothing of. I have, however, one strong prejudice in favour of it, that Philander has thought it worth his while to employ some time upon it. I am glad, then, says Cynthio, that I have thrown him on a science of which I have long wished to hear the usefulness. There, says Philander, you must excuse me. At present you do not know but it may have its usefulness. But should I endeavour to convince you of it, I might fail in my attempt, and so render my science still more contemptible. On the contrary, says Cynthio, we are already so persuaded [1] of the unprofitableness of your science, that you can but leave us where you find us, but if you succeed, you increase the number of your party. Well, says Philander, in hopes of making two such considerable proselytes, I am very well content to talk away an evening with you on the subject; but on this condition, that you will communicate your thoughts to me freely when you dissent from me, or have any difficulties that you think me capable of removing. To make use of the liberty you give us, says Eugenius, I must tell you what I believe surprises all beginners as well as myself. We are apt to think your medallists a little fantastical in the different prices they set upon their coins, without any regard to the ancient value or the metal of which they are composed. A silver medal, for example, shall be more esteemed than a gold one, and a piece of brass than either. To answer you, says Philander, in the language of a medallist, you are not to look upon a cabinet of medals as a treasure of money, but of knowledge; nor must you fancy any charms in gold, but in the figures and

[1] *So persuaded*, &c.] Better thus, "we already account your science so unprofitable that———"

inscriptions that adorn it. The intrinsic value of an old coin does not consist in its metal, but its erudition. It is the device that has raised the species, so that at present an *as* or an *obolus* may carry a higher price than a *denarius* or a *drachma;* and a piece of money that was not worth a penny fifteen hundred years ago, may be now rated at fifty crowns, or perhaps a hundred guineas. I find, says Cynthio, that to have a relish for ancient coins, it is necessary to have a contempt of the modern. But I am afraid you will never be able, with all your medallic eloquence, to persuade Eugenius and myself that it is better to have a pocket full of *Othos* and *Gordians* than of *Jacobuses* or *Louis d'ors*. This, however, we shall be judges of, when you have let us know the several uses of old coins.

The first and most obvious one, says Philander, is the showing us the faces of all the great persons of antiquity. A cabinet of medals is a collection of pictures in miniature. Juvenal calls them very humorously,

Concisum argentum in titulos, faciesque minutas. Sat. 5.

You here see the Alexanders, Cæsars, Pompeys, Trajans, and the whole catalogue of heroes, who have many of them so distinguished themselves from the rest of mankind, that we almost look upon them as another species. It is an agreeable amusement to compare, in our own thoughts, the face of a great man with the character that authors have given us of him, and to try if we can find out in his looks and features either the haughty, cruel, or merciful temper that discovers itself in the history of his actions. We find, too, on medals, the representations of ladies that have given occasion to whole volumes on the account only of a face. We have here the pleasure to examine their looks and dresses; and to survey at leisure those beauties that have sometimes been the happiness or misery of whole kingdoms: nor do you only meet[1] the faces of such as are famous in history, but of several whose names are not to be found anywhere except on medals. Some of the emperors, for example, have had wives, and some of them children, that no authors have mentioned. We are, therefore, obliged to the study of coins for having made new discoveries to the learned, and given them

[1] *Meet.*] It should be "*meet with*," as we have it below—"*met with* on no other kind of records."

information of such persons as are to be met with on no other kind of records. You must give me leave, says Cynthio, to reject this last use of medals. I do not think it worth while to trouble myself with a person's name or face that receives all his reputation from the mint, and would never have been known in the world, had there not been such things as medals. A man's memory finds sufficient employment on such as have really signalized themselves by their great actions, without charging itself with the names of an insignificant people, whose whole history is written on the edges of an old coin.

If you are only for such persons as have made a noise in the world, says Philander, you have on medals a long list of heathen deities, distinguished from each other by their proper titles and ornaments. You see the copies of several statues that have had the politest nations of the world fall down before them. You have here, too, several persons of a more thin and shadowy nature, as Hope, Constancy, Fidelity, Abundance, Honour, Virtue, Eternity, Justice, Moderation, Happiness, and in short a whole creation of the like imaginary substances. To these you may add the genius of nations, provinces, cities, highways, and the like allegorical beings. In devices of this nature one sees a pretty poetical invention, and may often find as much thought on the reverse of a medal as in a canto of Spenser. Not to interrupt you, says Eugenius, I fancy it is this use of medals that has recommended them to several history painters, who, perhaps, without this assistance, would have found it very difficult to have invented[1] such an airy species of beings, when they are obliged to put a moral virtue into colours, or to find out a proper dress for a passion. It is doubtless for this reason, says Philander, that painters have not a little contributed to bring the study of medals in vogue.[2] For not to mention several others, Caraccio is said to have assisted Aretine by designs that he took from the Spintriæ of Tiberius. Raphael had thoroughly studied the figures on old coins. Patin tells us that Le Brun had done the same. And it is well known that Rubens had a noble collection of medals in his own possession. But I must not quit this head before I tell you,

[1] *To have invented.*] He had said before, "who would have found"—it should, therefore, be "*to invent*," for an obvious reason.—

[2] *In vogue.*] It should be "*into.*"

that you see on medals not only the names and persons of emperors, kings, consuls, pro-consuls, prætors, and the like characters of importance, but of some of the poets, and of several who had won the prizes at the Olympic games. It was a noble time, says Cynthio, when trips and Cornish hugs could make a man immortal. How many heroes would Moorfields have furnished out in the days of old? A fellow that can now only win a hat or a belt, had he lived among the Greeks, might have had his face stamped upon their coins. But[1] these were the wise ancients, who had more esteem for a Milo than a Homer, and heaped up greater honours on Pindar's jockeys than on the poet himself. But by this time, I suppose, you have drawn up all your medallic people, and, indeed, they make a much more formidable body than I could have imagined. You have shown us all conditions, sexes, and ages, emperors and empresses, men and children, gods and wrestlers. Nay, you have conjured up persons that exist nowhere else but on old coins, and have made our passions, and virtues, and vices visible. I could never have thought that a cabinet of medals had been so well peopled. But, in the next place, says Philander, as we see on coins the different faces of persons, we see on them, too, their different habits and dresses, according to the mode that prevailed in the several ages when the medals were stamped. This is another use, says Cynthio, that, in my opinion, contributes rather to make a man learned than wise, and is neither capable of pleasing the understanding or imagination.[2] I know there are several supercilious critics, that will treat an author with the greatest contempt imaginable, if he fancies the old Romans wore a girdle, and are amazed at a man's ignorance, who believes the *toga* had any sleeves to it till the declension of the Roman empire. Now I would fain know the great importance of this kind of learning, and why it should not be as noble a task to write upon a bib and hang-

[1] *But.*] Better "*And.*" "*But*" begins the next sentence.

[2] *And is neither capable of pleasing the understanding or imagination.*] The disjunctive "*neither*" as placed before "*capable,*" leads us to expect that *two distinct capacities* are going to be specified; whereas we have only one *capacity*, that of *pleasing*, here mentioned. Besides, the *correlative* of "*neither*" is "*nor,*" and not "*or.*" The whole should be given thus: "and is neither capable of *informing* the understanding, nor of *pleasing* the imagination; or else, "and is not capable of pleasing *either* the understanding *or* imagination."

ing sleeves, as on the *bulla* and *prætexta*. The reason is, that we are familiar with the names of the one, and meet with the other nowhere but in learned authors. An antiquary will scorn to mention a pinner or night-rail, a petticoat or a manteau; but will talk as gravely as a father of the church on the *vitta* and *peplus*, the *stola* and *instita*. How would an old Roman laugh, were it possible for him to see the solemn dissertations that have been made on these weighty subjects! To set them in their natural light, let us fancy, if you please, that about a thousand years hence, some profound author shall write a learned treatise on the habits of the present age, distinguished into the following titles and chapters:

Of the old British trowser.

Of the ruff and collar-band.

The opinion of several learned men concerning the use of the shoulder-knot.

Such-a-one mistaken in his account of the surtout, &c.

I must confess, says Eugenius, interrupting him, the knowledge of these affairs is in itself very little improving, but as it is impossible without it to understand several parts of your ancient authors, it certainly hath its use. It is pity, indeed, there is not a nearer way of coming at it. I have sometimes fancied it would not be an impertinent design to make a kind of an old Roman wardrobe, where you shall see *togas* and *tunicas*, the *chlamys* and *trabea*, and in short all the different vests and ornaments that are so often mentioned in the Greek and Roman authors. By this means a man would comprehend better and remember much longer the shape of an ancient garment, than he possibly can from the help of tedious quotations and descriptions. The design, says Philander, might be very useful, but after what models would you work? Sigonius, for example, will tell you that the *vestis trabeata* was of such a particular fashion, Scaliger is for another, and Dacier thinks them both in the wrong. These are, says Cynthio, I suppose, the names of three Roman tailors: for is it possible men of learning can have any disputes of this nature? May not we as well believe that hereafter the whole learned world will be divided upon the make of a modern pair of breeches? And yet, says Eugenius, the critics have fallen as foul upon each other for matters of

the same moment. But as to this point, where the make of the garment is controverted, let them, if they can find cloth enough, work after all the most probable fashions. To enlarge the design, I would have another room for the old Roman instruments of war, where you might see the *pilum* and the shield, the eagles, ensigns, helmets, battering-rams, and trophies,—in a word, all the ancient military furniture in the same manner as it might have been in an arsenal of old Rome. A third apartment should be a kind of sacristy for altars, idols, sacrificing instruments, and other religious utensils. Not to be tedious, one might make a magazine for all sorts of antiquities, that would show a man in an afternoon more than he could learn out of books in a twelvemonth. This would cut short the whole study of antiquities, and perhaps be much more useful to universities than those collections of whalebone and crocodile-skins, in which they commonly abound. You will find it very difficult, says Cynthio, to persuade those societies of learned men to fall in with your project. They will tell you that things of this importance must not be taken on trust; you ought to learn them among the classic authors and at the fountain-head. Pray consider what a figure a man would make in the republic of letters, should he appeal to your university wardrobe, when they expect a sentence out of the *Re Vestiaria?* or how do you think a man that has read Vegetius, will relish your Roman arsenal? In the mean time, says Philander, you find on medals everything that you could meet with in your magazine of antiquities, and when you have built your arsenals, wardrobes, and sacristies, it is from medals that you must fetch their furniture. It is here, too, that you see the figures of several instruments of music, mathematics, and mechanics. One might make an entire gallery out of the plans that are to be met with on the reverses of several old coins. Nor are they only charged with things, but with many ancient customs, as sacrifices, triumphs, congiaries, allocutions, decursions, lectisterniums, and a thousand other antiquated names and ceremonies, that we should not have had so just a notion of were they not still preserved on coins. I might add, under this head of antiquities, that we find on medals the manner of spelling in the old Roman inscriptions. That is, says Cynthio, we find

that Felix is never written with an *æ* diphthong, and that, in Augustus's days, *civis* stood for *cives*, with other secrets in orthography of the same importance.

To come then to a more weighty use, says Philander, it is certain that medals give a very great light to history, in confirming such passages as are true in old authors, in settling such as are told after different manners, and in recording such as have been omitted. In this case a cabinet of medals is a body of history. It was, indeed, the best way in the world to perpetuate the memory of great actions, thus to coin out the life of an emperor, and to put every great exploit into the mint. It was a kind of printing, before the art was invented. It is by this means that Monsieur Vaillant has disembroiled a history that was lost to the world before his time, and out of a short collection of medals has given us a chronicle of the kings of Syria. For this too is an advantage medals have over books, that they tell their story much quicker, and sum up a whole volume in twenty or thirty reverses. They are, indeed, the best epitomes in the world, and let you see in one cast of an eye the substance of above a hundred pages. Another use of medals is, that they not only show you the actions of an emperor, but at the same time mark out the year in which they were performed. Every exploit has its date set to it. A series of an emperor's coins is his life digested into annals. Historians seldom break their relation with a mixture of chronology, nor distribute the particulars of an emperor's story into the several years of his reign: or, where they do it, they often differ in their several periods. Here, therefore, it is much safer to quote a medal than an author, for in this case you do not appeal to a Suetonius or a Lampridius, but to the emperor himself, or to the whole body of a Roman senate. Besides that, a coin is in no danger of having its characters altered by copyists and transcribers. This I must confess, says Cynthio, may in some cases be of great moment, but, considering the subjects on which your chronologers are generally employed, I see but little use that rises from it. For example, what signifies it to the world whether such an elephant appeared in the amphitheatre in the second or the third year of Domitian? Or what am I the wiser for knowing that Trajan was in the fifth year of

his tribuneship when he entertained the people with such a horse-race or bull-baiting? Yet it is the fixing of these great periods that gives a man the first rank in the republic of letters, and recommends him to the world for a person of various reading and profound erudition.

You must always give your men of great reading leave to show their talents on the meanest subjects, says Eugenius; it is a kind of shooting at rovers: where a man lets fly his arrow without taking any aim, to show his strength. But there is one advantage, says he, turning to Philander, that seems to be very considerable, although you medallists seldom throw it into the account, which is the great help to memory one finds in medals: for my own part, I am very much embarrassed in the names and ranks of the several Roman emperors, and find it difficult to recollect upon occasion the different parts of their history: but your medallists, upon the first naming of an emperor, will immediately tell you his age, family, and life. To remember where he enters in the succession, they only consider in what part of the cabinet he lies; and by running over in their thoughts such a particular drawer, will give you an account of all the remarkable parts of his reign.

I thank you, says Philander, for helping me to an use that, perhaps, I should not have thought on. But there is another, of which, I am sure, you could not but be sensible when you were at Rome. I must own to you it surprised me to see my Ciceroni so well acquainted with the busts and statues of all the great people of antiquity. There was not an emperor or empress but he knew by sight, and, as he was seldom without medals in his pocket, he would often show us the same face on an old coin that we saw in the statue. He would discover a Commodus through the disguise of the club and lion's skin, and find out such a one to be Livia that was dressed up like a Ceres. Let a bust be never so disfigured, they have a thousand marks by which to decipher it. They will know a Zenobia by the sitting of her diadem, and will distinguish the Faustinas by their different way of tying up their hair. Oh! sir, says Cynthio, they will go a great deal farther, they will give you the name and title of a statue that has lost his nose and ears; or, if there is but half a beard remaining, will tell you, at first sight, who was the

owner of it. Now I must confess to you, I used to fancy they imposed upon me an emperor or empress at pleasure, rather than appear ignorant.

All this, however, is easily learnt from medals, says Philander, where you may see likewise the plans of many of the most considerable buildings of old Rome. There is an ingenious gentleman of our own nation extremely well versed in this study, who has a design of publishing the whole history of architecture, with its several improvements and decays, as it is to be met with on ancient coins. He has assured me that he has observed all the nicety of proportion in the figures of the different orders that compose the buildings on the best preserved medals. You here see the copies of such ports and triumphal arches as there are not the least traces of in the places where they once stood. You have here the models of several ancient temples, though the temples themselves, and the gods that were worshipped in them, are perished many hundred years ago. Or if there are still any foundations or ruins of former edifices, you may learn from coins what was their architecture, when they stood whole and entire. These are buildings which the Goths and Vandals could not demolish, that are infinitely more durable than stone or marble, and will, perhaps, last as long as the earth itself. They are, in short, so many real monuments of brass:

> Quod non imber edax non aquilo impotens
> Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
> Annorum series, et fuga temporum.
>
> Which eating showers, nor north wind's feeble blast,
> Nor whirl of time, nor flight of years can waste.
>
> MR. CREECH.

This is a noble panegyric on an old copper coin, says Cynthio. But I am afraid a little malicious rust would demolish one of your brazen edifices as effectually as a Goth or Vandal. You would laugh at me, says Philander, should I make you a learned dissertation on the nature of rusts. I shall only tell you there are two or three sorts of them, which are extremely beautiful in the eye of an antiquary, and preserve a coin better than the best artificial varnish. As for other kinds, a skilful medallist knows very well how to deal with them. He will recover you a temple or a triumphal arch out of its rubbish, if I may so call it, and, with a few reparations of the graving tool, restore it to its first

splendour and magnificence. I have known an emperor quite hid under a crust of dross, who, after two or three days' cleansing, has appeared with all his titles about him, as fresh and beautiful as at his first coming out of the mint. I am sorry, says Eugenius, I did not know this last use of medals when I was at Rome. It might, perhaps, have given me a greater taste of its antiquities, and have fixed in my memory several of the ruins that I have now forgotten. For my part, says Cynthio, I think there are at Rome enow modern works of architecture to employ any reasonable man. I never could have a taste for old bricks and rubbish, nor would trouble myself about the ruins of Augustus's palace, so long as I could see the Vatican, the Borghese, and the Farnese, as they now stand; I must own to you, at the same time, this is talking like an ignorant man. Were I in other company, I would, perhaps, change my style, and tell them that I would rather see the fragments of Apollo's temple than St. Peter's. I remember when our antiquary at Rome had led us a whole day together from one ruin to another, he at last brought us to the Rotunda; and this, says he, is the most valuable antiquity in Italy, notwithstanding it is so entire.

The same kind of fancy, says Philander, has formerly gained upon several of your medallists, who were for hoarding up such pieces of money only as had been half consumed by time or rust. There were no coins pleased them more than those which had passed through the hands of an old Roman clipper. I have read an author of this taste, that compares a ragged coin to a tattered colours. But to come again to our subject. As we find on medals the plans of several buildings that are now demolished, we see on them, too, the models of many ancient statues that are now lost. There are several reverses which are owned to be the representation of antique figures, and I question not but that there are many others that were formed on the like models, though, at present, they lie under no suspicion of it. The Hercules Farnese, the Venus of Medicis, the Apollo in the Belvidera, and the famous Marcus Aurelius on horseback, which are, perhaps, the four most beautiful statues extant, make their appearance all of them on ancient medals, though the figures that represent them were never thought to be the copies of statues till the statues themselves were discovered.

There is no question, I think, but the same reflection may extend itself to antique pictures: for I doubt not but in the designs of several Greek medals in particular, one might often see the hand of an Apelles or Protogenes, were we as well acquainted with their works as we are with Titian's or Vandyke's. I might here make a much greater show of the usefulness of medals, if I would take the method of others, and prove to you that all arts and sciences receive a considerable illustration from this study. I must, however, tell you, that medals and the civil law, as we are assured by those who are well read in both, give a considerable light to each other, and that several old coins are like so many maps for explaining of the ancient geography. But, besides the more solid parts of learning, there are several little intimations to be met with on medals, that are very pleasant to such as are conversant in this kind of study. Should I tell you gravely, that without the help of coins we should never have known which was the first of the emperors that wore a beard, or rode in stirrups, I might turn my science into ridicule. Yet it is certain there are a thousand little impertinences of this nature that are very gratifying to curiosity, though, perhaps, not very improving to the understanding. To see the dress that such an empress delighted to be drawn in, the titles that were most agreeable to such an emperor, the flatteries that he lay most open to, the honours that he paid to his children, wives, predecessors, friends, or colleagues, with the like particularities, only to be met with on medals, are certainly not a little pleasing to that inquisitive temper which is so natural to the mind of man.

I declare to you, says Cynthio, you have astonished me with the several parts of knowledge that you have discovered on medals. I could never fancy, before this evening, that a coin could have any nobler use in it than to pay a reckoning.

You have not heard all yet, says Philander, there is still an advantage to be drawn from medals, which I am sure will heighten your esteem for them. It is, indeed, an use that nobody has hitherto dwelt upon. If any of the antiquaries have touched upon it, they have immediately quitted it, without considering it in its full latitude, light, and extent. Not to keep you in suspense, I think there is a great affinity between coins and poetry, and that your medallist and critic

are much nearer related than the world generally imagines. A reverse often clears up the passage of an old poet, as the poet often serves to unriddle a reverse. I could be longer on this head, but I fear I have already tired you. Nay, says Eugenius, since you have gone so far with us, we must beg you to finish your lecture, especially since you are on a subject that I dare promise you will be very agreeable to Cynthio, who is so professed an admirer of the ancient poets. I must only warn you, that you do not charge your coins with more uses than they can bear. It is generally the method of such as are in love with any particular science, to discover all others in it. Who would imagine, for example, that architecture should comprehend the knowledge of history, ethics, music, astronomy, natural philosophy, physic, and the civil law? Yet Vitruvius will give you his reasons, such as they are, why a good architect is master of these several arts and sciences. Sure, says Cynthio, Martial had never read Vitruvius when he threw the crier and the architect into the same class:

> Duri si puer ingeni videtur
> Præconem facias vel architectum.
>
> If of dull parts the stripling you suspect,
> A herald make him, or an architect.

But to give you an instance out of a very celebrated discourse on poetry, because we are on that subject, of an author's finding out imaginary beauties in his own art.[1] "I have observed," says he, speaking of the natural propension that all men have to numbers and harmony, "that my barber has often combed my head in dactyls and spondees, that is, with two short strokes and a long one, or with two long ones successively. Nay," says he, "I have known him sometimes run even into pyrrhichiuses and anapæstuses." This you will think, perhaps, a very extravagant fancy, but, I must own, I should as soon expect to find the *prosodia* in a comb, as poetry in a medal. Before I endeavour to convince you of it, says Philander, I must confess to you that this science has its visionaries, as well as all others. There are several, for example, that will find a mystery in every tooth of Neptune's trident, and are amazed at the wisdom of the ancients, that represented a thunder-bolt with three forks,

[1] Vossius de Viribus Rythmi.

since, they will tell you, nothing could have better explained its triple quality of piercing, burning, and melting. I have seen a long discourse on the figure and nature of horn, to show it was impossible to have found out a fitter emblem for plenty than the *cornu-copiæ*. These are a sort of authors who scorn to take up with appearances, and fancy an interpretation vulgar when it is natural. What could have been more proper to show the beauty and friendship of the three Graces, than to represent them naked, and knit together in a kind of dance? It is thus they always appear in ancient sculpture, whether on medals or in marble, as I doubt not but Horace alludes to designs of this nature, when he describes them after the same manner:

> Gratia,
> Junctis nuda sororibus:
> ————Segnesque nodum solvere Gratiæ.
>
> The sister Graces hand in hand
> Conjoined by love's eternal band.

Several of your medallists will be here again astonished at the wisdom of the ancients, that knew how to couch such excellent precepts of morality under visible objects. The nature of gratitude, they will tell you, is better illustrated by this single device, than by Seneca's whole book *de Beneficiis*. The three Graces teach us three things. 1. To remark the doing of a courtesy. 2. The return of it from the receiver. 3. The obligation of the receiver to acknowledge it. The three Graces are always hand in hand, to show us that these three duties should never be separated. They are naked, to admonish us that gratitude should be returned with a free and open heart; and dancing, to show us that no virtue is more active than gratitude. May not we here say with Lucretius?

> Quæ bene et eximie quanquam disposta ferantur,
> Sunt longè tamen a verâ ratione repulsa.

It is an easy thing, says Eugenius, to find out designs that never entered into the thoughts of the sculptor or the coiner. I dare say, the same gentlemen who have fixed this piece of morality on the three naked sisters, dancing hand in hand, would have found out as good a one for them, had there been four of them sitting at a distance from each other, and covered from head to foot. It is here, therefore, says

Philander, that the old poets step in to the assistance of the medallist, when they give us the same thought in words as the masters of the Roman mint have done in figures. A man may see a metaphor or an allegory in a picture, as well as read them in a description. When, therefore, I confront a medal with a verse, I only show you the same design executed by different hands, and appeal from one master to another of the same age and taste. This is certainly a much surer way than to build on the interpretations of an author who does not consider how the ancients used to think, but will be still inventing mysteries and applications out of his own fancy. To make myself more intelligible, I find a shield on the reverse of an emperor's coin, designed as a compliment to him from the senate of Rome. I meet with the same metaphor in ancient poets to express protection or defence. I conclude, therefore, that this medal compliments the emperor in the same sense as the old Romans did their dictator, Fabius, when they called him the buckler of Rome. Put this reverse now, if you please, into the hands of a mystical antiquary: he shall tell you that the use of the shield being to defend the body from the weapons of an enemy, it very aptly shadows out to us the resolution or continence of the emperor, which made him proof to all the attacks of fortune or of pleasure. In the next place, the figure of the shield being round, it is an emblem of perfection; for Aristotle has said the round figure is the most perfect. It may likewise signify the immortal reputation that the emperor has acquired by his great actions, rotundity being an emblem of eternity, that has neither beginning nor end. After this I dare not answer for the shield's convexity, that it does not cover a mystery; nay, there shall not be the least wrinkle or flourish upon it which will not turn to some account. In this case, therefore,[1] poetry being in some respects an art of designing as well as painting or sculpture, they may serve as comments on each other. I am very well satisfied, says Eugenius, by what you have said on this subject, that the poets may contribute to the explication of such reverses as are purely emblematical, or when the persons are of that shadowy, allegorical nature you have before mentioned; but I suppose there are many other reverses that represent things and persons of a more real existence. In this case too, says

[1] Poema est pictura loquax.

Philander, a poet lets you into the knowledge of a device better than a prose-writer, as his descriptions are often more diffuse, his story more naturally circumstanced, and his language enriched with a greater variety of epithets: so that you often meet with little hints and suggestions in a poet that give a great illustration to the customs, actions, ornaments, and all kinds of antiquities that are to be met with on ancient coins. I fancy, says Cynthio, there is nothing more ridiculous than an antiquary's reading the Greek or Latin poets. He never thinks of the beauty of the thought or language, but is for searching into what he calls the erudition of the author. He will turn you over all Virgil to find out the figure of an old rostrum, and has the greatest esteem imaginable for Homer, because he has given us the fashion of a Greek sceptre. It is, indeed, odd enough to consider how all kinds of readers find their account in the old poets. Not only your men of the more refined or solid parts of learning, but even your alchymist and fortune-teller will discover the secrets of their art in Homer and Virgil. This, says Eugenius, is a prejudice of a very ancient standing. Read but Plutarch's discourse on Homer, and you will see that the Iliad contains the whole circle of arts, and that Thales and Pythagoras stole all their philosophy out of this poet's works. One would be amazed to see what pains he takes to prove that Homer understood all the figures in rhetoric, before they were invented. I do not question, says Philander, were it possible for Homer to read his praises in this author, but he would be as much surprised as ever Monsieur Jourdain was, when he found he had talked prose all his life-time, without ever knowing what it was. But to finish the task you have set me, we may observe, that not only the virtues, and the like imaginary persons, but all the heathen divinities, appear generally in the same dress among the poets that they wear in medals. I must confess, I believe both the one and the other took the mode from the ancient Greek statuaries. It will not, perhaps, be an improper transition to pass from the heathen gods to the several monsters of antiquity, as chimeras, gorgons, sphinxes, and many others that make the same figure in verse as on coins. It often happens, too, that the poet and the senate of Rome have both chosen the same topic to flatter their emperor upon, and have sometimes fallen upon the same thought. It

is certain, they both of them lay upon the catch for a great action: it is no wonder, therefore, that they were often engaged on one subject, the medal and the poem being nothing else but occasional compliments to the emperor. Nay, I question not but you may sometimes find certain passages among the poets that relate to the particular device of a medal.

I wonder, says Eugenius, that your medallists have not been as diligent in searching the poets as the historians, since I find they are so capable of enlightening their art. I would have somebody put the muses under a kind of contribution, to furnish out whatever they have in them that bears any relation to coins. Though they taught us but the same things that might be learnt in other writings, they would at least teach us more agreeably, and draw several over to the study of medals that would rather be instructed in verse than in prose. I am glad, says Philander, to hear you of this opinion, for, to tell you truly, when I was at Rome, I took occasion to buy up many imperial medals that have any affinity with passages of the ancient poets. So that I have by me a sort of poetical cash, which I fancy I could count over to you in Latin and Greek verse. If you will drink a dish of tea with me to-morrow morning I will lay my whole collection before you. I cannot tell, says Cynthio, how the poets will succeed in the explication of coins, to which they are generally very great strangers. We are, however, obliged to you for preventing us with the offer of a kindness that you might well imagine we should have asked you.

Our three friends had been so intent on their discourse, that they had rambled very far into the fields, without taking notice of it. Philander first put them in mind, that, unless they turned back quickly, they would endanger being benighted.[1] Their conversation ran insensibly into other subjects; but as I design only to report such parts of it as have any relation to medals, I shall leave them to return home as fast as they please, without troubling myself with their talk on the way thither, or with their ceremonies at parting.

[1] This sentence is not expressed so gracefully and easily as it might have been.

DIALOGUE II.

Some of the finest treatises of the most polite Latin and Greek writers are in dialogue, as many very valuable pieces of French, Italian, and English, appear in the same dress. I have sometimes, however, been very much distasted at this way of writing, by reason of the long prefaces and exordiums into which it often betrays an author. There is so much time taken up in ceremony, that before they enter on their subject the dialogue is half ended. To avoid the fault I have found in others, I shall not trouble myself, nor my reader, with the first salutes[1] of our three friends, nor with any part of their discourse over the tea-table. We will suppose the china dishes taken off, and a drawer of medals supplying their room. Philander, who is to be the hero in my dialogue, takes it in his hand, and addressing himself to Cynthio and Eugenius, I will first of all, says he, show you an assembly of the most virtuous ladies that you have ever, perhaps, conversed with. I do not know, says Cynthio, regarding them, what their virtue may be, but methinks they are a little fantastical in their dress. You will find, says Philander, there is good sense in it. They have not a single ornament that they cannot give a reason for. I was going to ask you, says Eugenius, in what country you find these ladies. But I see they are some of those imaginary persons you told us of last night, that inhabit old coins, and appear nowhere else but on the reverse of a medal. Their proper country, says Philander, is the breast of a good man: for I think they are most of them the figures of virtues. It is a great compliment, methinks, to the sex, says Cynthio, that your virtues are generally shown in petticoats. I can give no other reason for it, says Philander, but because they chanced to be of the feminine gender in the learned languages. You will find, however, something bold and masculine in the air and posture of the first figure, which is that of Virtue herself, and agrees very well with the description we find of her in Silius Italicus.[2]

> Virtutis dispar habitus, frons hirta, nec unquam
> Compositâ mutata comâ, stans vultus, et ore
> Incessuque viro propior, lætique pudoris,
> Celsa humeris, niveæ fulgebat stamine pallæ. Sil. It. lib. 15.

[1] "*Salutations*" had been better.

[2] First series. Fig. 1.

A different form did Virtue wear,
Rude from her forehead fell the unplaited hair,
With dauntless mien aloft she reared her head,
And next to manly was the virgin's tread;
Her height, her sprightly blush, the goddess show,
And robes unsullied as the falling snow.

Virtue and Honour had their temples bordering on each other, and are sometimes both on the same coin, as in the following one of Galba.[1] Silius Italicus makes them companions in the glorious equipage that he gives his Virtue.

Mecum Honor, et Laudes, et læto Gloria vultu, [*Virtus loquitur.*
Et Decus, et niveis Victoria concolor alis. Ibid.

With me the foremost place let honour gain, [*Virtue speaks.*
Fame and the Praises mingling in her train;
Gay Glory next, and Victory on high,
White like myself, on snowy wings shall fly.

Tu cujus placido posuere in pectore sedem
Blandus Honos, hilarisque (tamen cum pondere) Virtus.
STAT. SIL. lib. 2.

The head of Honour is crowned with a laurel, as Martial has adorned his Glory after the same manner, which indeed is but another name for the same person.

Mitte coronatas Gloria mæsta comas.

I find, says Cynthio, the Latins mean courage by the figure of Virtue, as well as by the word itself. Courage was esteemed the greatest perfection among them, and therefore went under the name of Virtue in general, as the modern Italians give the same name on the same account to the knowledge of curiosities. Should a Roman painter at present draw the picture of Virtue, instead of the spear and paratonium that she bears on old coins, he would give her a bust in one hand and a fiddle in the other.

The next, says Philander, is a lady of a more peaceful character, and had her temple at Rome.[2]

—Salutato crepitat Concordia nido.

She is often placed on the reverse of an imperial coin, to show the good understanding between the emperor and empress. She has always a *cornu-copiæ* in her hand, to denote that plenty is the fruit of concord. After this short account of the goddess, I desire you will give me your opinion of the deity that is described in the following verses of Seneca, who

[1] Fig. 2. [2] Fig. 3.

SERIES I.

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would have her propitious to the marriage of Jason and Creusa. He mentions her by her qualities, and not by her name.

Asperi
Martis sanguineas quæ cohibit manus,
Quæ dat belligeris fœdera gentibus,
Et cornu retinet divite copiam. SEN. MED. act. i.

Who soothes great Mars the warrior god,
And checks his arm distained with blood,
Who joins in leagues the jarring lands,
The horn of plenty fills her hands.

The description, says Eugenius, is a copy of the figure we have before us: and for the future, instead of any further note on this passage, I would have the reverse you have shown us stamped on the side of it. The interpreters of Seneca, says Philander, will understand the precedent verses as a description of Venus, though in my opinion there is only the first of them that can aptly relate to her, which at the same time agrees as well with Concord: and that this was a goddess who used to interest herself in marriages, we may see in the following description.

Jamdudum poste reclinis,
Quærit Hymen thalamis intactum dicere carmen,
Quo vatem mulcere queat; dat Juno verenda
Vincula, et insigni geminat Concordia tædâ.
STATII EPITHALAMION. SILV. lib. i.

Already leaning at the door, too long
Sweet Hymen waits to raise the nuptial song;
Her sacred bands majestic Juno lends,
And Concord with her flaming torch attends.

Peace[1] differs as little in her dress as in her character from Concord. You may observe in both these figures, that the vest is gathered up before them, like an apron, which you must suppose filled with fruits as well as the *cornu-copiæ*. It is to this part of the dress that Tibullus alludes.

At nobis, PAX alma, veni, spicamque teneto,
Perfluat et pomis candidus ante sinus.

Kind Peace, appear,
And in thy right hand hold the wheaten ear,
From thy white lap the o'erflowing fruits shall fall.

Prudentius has given us the same circumstance in his description of Avarice.

— Avaritia gremio præcincta capaci.
PRUD. PSYCHOMACHIA.

[1] Fig. 4.

How proper the emblems of Plenty are to Peace, may be seen in the same poet.

Interea Pax arva colat, Pax candida primùm
Duxit araturos sub juga curva boves;
Pax aluit vites, et succos condidit uvæ,
Funderet ut nato testa paterna merum:
Pace bidens vomerque vigent.
TIBUL. El. 10, lib. i.

She first, white Peace, the earth with ploughshares broke,
And bent the oxen to the crooked yoke,
First reared the vine, and hoarded first with care
The father's vintage for his drunken heir.

The olive-branch in her hand is frequently touched upon in the old poets as a token of peace.

Pace orare manu— VIRG. ÆN. 10.
Ingreditur, ramumque tenens popularis olivæ. OV. MET. lib. vii.
In his right hand an olive-branch he holds.
—furorem
Indomitum duramque viri deflectere mentem
Pacifico sermone parant, hostemque propinquum
Orant Cecropiæ prælatâ fronde Minervæ. LUC. lib. iii.
To move his haughty soul they try
Entreaties, and persuasion soft apply;
Their brows Minerva's peaceful branches wear,
And thus in gentlest terms they greet his ear. MR. ROWE.

Which, by the way, one would think had been spoken rather of an Attila, or a Maximin, than Julius Cæsar.

You see Abundance or Plenty[1] makes the same figure in medals as in Horace.

—tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu. HOR. lib. i. Od. 17.
Here to thee shall Plenty flow
And all her riches show,
To raise the honour of the quiet plain. MR. CREECH.

The compliment on this reverse to Gordianus Pius is expressed in the same manner as that of Horace to Augustus.

Aurea fruges
Italiam pleno diffudit copia cornu. HOR. Epist. 12, lib. i.
Golden Plenty with a bounteous hand
Rich harvests freely scatters o'er our land. MR. CREECH.

But to return again to our virtues. You have here the

[1] Fig. 5.

picture of Fidelity,[1] who was worshipped as a goddess among the Romans.

Si tu oblitus es at Dii meminerunt, meminit Fides.
CATUL. AD ALPHEN.

I should fancy, from the following verses of Virgil and Silius Italicus, that she was represented under the figure of an old woman.

Cana Fides, et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus
Jura dabunt— VIRG. ÆN. lib. i.

Then banished Faith shall once again return,
And vestal fires in hallowed temples burn,
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
MR. DRYDEN.

—ad limina sanctæ
Tendebat Fidei, secretaque pectora tentat.
Arcanis dea læta, polo tum forte remoto
Cœlicolum magnas volvebat conscia curas.
Ante Jovem generata, decus divumque hominumque,
Quâ sine non tellus pacem, non æquora norunt,
Justitiæ consors— SIL. IT. lib. ii.

He to the shrines of Faith his steps addrest,
She, pleased with secrets rolling in her breast,
Far from the world remote, revolved on high
The cares of gods, and counsels of the sky.
Ere Jove was born she graced the bright abodes,
Consort of Justice, boast of men and gods;
Without whose heavenly aid, no peace below,
The stedfast earth and rolling ocean know.

There is a medal of Heliogabalus,[2] inscribed *Fides Exercitus*, that receives a great light from the preceding verses. She is posted between two military ensigns, for the good quality that the poet ascribes to her, of preserving the public peace, by keeping the army true to its allegiance.

I fancy, says Eugenius, as you have discovered the age of this imaginary lady, from the description that the poets have made of her, you may find, too, the colour of the drapery that she wore in the old Roman paintings, from that verse in Horace,

Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
Velata pamno— HOR. Od. 35, lib. i.

Sure Hope and Friendship clothed in white,
Attend on thee— MR. CREECH.

[1] Fig. 6. [2] Fig. 7.

One would think says Philander, by this verse, that Hope and Fidelity had both the same kind of dress. It is certain Hope might have a fair pretence to white, in allusion to those that were candidates for an employ.[1]

—quem ducit hiantem
Cretata ambitio— PERS. Sat. 5.

And how properly the epithet of *rara* agrees with her, you may see in the transparency of the next figure.[2] She is here dressed in such a kind of vest as the Latins call a *multicium*, from the fineness of its tissue. Your Roman beaus had their summer *toga* of such a light airy make.

Quem tenues decuere togæ nitidique capilli. HOR. Ep. 14, lib. i.
I that loved—
Curled powdered locks, a fine and gaudy gown. MR. CREECH.

I remember, says Cynthio, Juvenal rallies Creticus, that was otherwise a brave, rough fellow, very handsomely, on this kind of garment.

—sed quid
Non facient alii cum tu multitia sumas,
Cretice? et hanc vestem populo mirante perores
In Proculas et Pollineas.— JUV. Sat. 2.
Acer et indomitus Libertatisque magister,
Cretice, pelluces— JUV. Sat. 2.
Nor, vain Metellus, shall
From Rome's tribunal thy harangues prevail
'Gainst harlotry, whilst thou art clad so thin,
That through thy cob-web robe we see thy skin,
As thou declaim'st— MR. TATE.
Canst thou restore old manners, or retrench
Rome's pride, who com'st transparent to the bench? *Idem.*

But pray what is the meaning that this transparent lady holds up her train in her left hand? for I find your women on medals do nothing without a meaning. Besides, I suppose there is a moral precept at least couched under the figure she holds in her other hand. She draws back her garment, says Philander, that it may not encumber her in her march. For she is always drawn in a posture of walking, it being as natural for Hope to press forward to her proper objects, as for Fear to fly from them.

[1] *Employ.*] For "employment;" as before, "*salute*," for "salutation."—This way of turning a verb into a substantive, has a grace in poetry, which it has not in prose.

[2] Fig. 8.

Ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo
Vidit, et hic prædam pedibus petit, ille salutem :
Alter inhæsuro similis, jam jamque tenere
Sperat, et extento stringit vestigia rostro ;
Alter in ambiguo est an sit comprensus, et ipsis
Morsibus eripitur, tangentiaque ora relinquit :
Sic deus et virgo est : hic spe celer, illa timore.
DE APOL. et DAPH. OV. MET. lib. i.

As when the impatient greyhound, slipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe to catch the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay ;
And he with double speed pursues the prey ;
O'erruns her at the sitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix :
She 'scapes, and for the neighbouring covert strives,
And gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives :—
Such was the god, and such the flying fair,
She, urged by Fear, her feet did swiftly move,
But he more swiftly, who was urged by Love. MR. DRYDEN.

This beautiful similitude is, I think, the prettiest emblem in the world of Hope and Fear in extremity. A flower or blossom that you see in the right hand is a proper ornament for Hope, since they are these that we term, in poetical language, the hopes of the year.

Vere novo, tunc herba nitens, et roboris expers
Turget et insolida est, et spe delectat agrestes.
Omnia tum florent florumque coloribus almus
Ridet ager— OV. MET. lib. xv.

The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes ;
Then laughs the childish year with flowerets crowned,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around. MR. DRYDEN.

The same poet in his *De Fastis*, speaking of the vine in flower, expresses it,

In spe vitis erat— OV. DE FAST. lib. v.

The next on the list is a lady of a contrary character,[1] and therefore in a quite different posture. As Security is free from all pursuits, she is represented leaning carelessly on a pillar. Horace has drawn a pretty metaphor from this posture.

Nullum me a labore reclinat otium.

No ease doth lay me down from pain. MR. CREECH.

She rests herself on a pillar, for the same reason as the poets often compare an obstinate resolution, or a great firmness of mind, to a rock that is not to be moved by all the assaults of winds or waves.

[1] Fig. 9.

Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solidâ, neque Auster
Dux inquietæ turbidus Adriæ, &c. HOR.

The man resolved, and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf— &c. MR. CREECH.

I am apt to think it was on devices of this nature that Horace had his eye in his Ode to Fortune. It is certain he alludes to a pillar that figured out Security, or something very like it; and, till anybody finds out another that will stand better in its place, I think we may content ourselves with this before us.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ
Urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni:
Injurioso nè pede proruas
Stantem columnam; neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.
AD FORTUNAM. HOR. lib. i. Od. 35.

To thee their vows rough Germans pay,
To thee the wandering Scythians bend,
Thee mighty Rome proclaims a friend:
And for their tyrant sons
The barbarous mothers pray
To thee, the greatest guardian of their thrones.
They bend, they vow, and still they fear,
Lest you should kick their column down,
And cloud the glory of their crown;
They fear that you would raise,
The lazy crowd to war,
And break their empire, or confine their praise. MR. CREECH.

I must, however, be so fair as to let you know that Peace and Felicity have their pillars in several medals, as well as Security, so that if you do not like one of them, you may take the other.

The next figure is that of Chastity,[1] who was worshipped as a goddess, and had her temple.

[1] Fig. 10.

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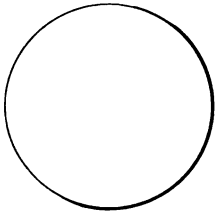

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—deinde ad superos Astræa recessit
Hâc comite, atque duæ pariter fugere sorores.
De Pudicitia, Juv. Sat. 6.

At length uneasy Justice upwards flew,
And both the sisters to the stars withdrew. Mr. Dryden.

Templa pudicitiæ quid opus statuisse puellis,
Si cuivis nuptæ quidlibet esse licet? Tib. lib. ii.

Since wives whate'er they please unblamed can be,
Why rear we useless fanes to Chastity?

How her posture and dress become her, you may see in the following verses.

Ergo sedens velat vultus, obnubit ocellos
Ista verecundi signa Pudoris erant. Alciat.

She sits, her visage veiled, her eyes concealed,
By marks like these was Chastity revealed.

Ite procul vittæ tenues, insigne pudoris,
Quæque tegit medios instita longa pedes.
Ov. de Art. Aman.

—frontem limbo velata pudicam. Claud. de Theod. Cons.

Hence! ye smooth fillets on the forehead bound,
Whose bands the brows of Chastity surround,
And her coy robe that lengthens to the ground. Mr. Creech.

She is represented in the habit of a Roman matron.

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
Cætera, ni Catia est, demissâ veste tegentis.
Hor. Sat. 2. lib. i.

Besides, a matron's face is seen alone;
But Kate's, that female bully of the town,
For all the rest is covered with a gown. Mr. Creech.

That, *ni Catia est*, says Cynthio, is a beauty unknown to most of our English satirists. Horace knew how to stab with address, and to give a thrust where he was least expected. Boileau has nicely imitated him in this, as well as his other beauties. But our English libellers are for hewing a man downright, and for letting him see at a distance that he is to look for no mercy. I own to you, says Eugenius, I have often admired this piece of art in the two satirists you mention, and have been surprised to meet with a man in a satire that I never in the least expected to find there. They have a particular way of hiding their ill-nature, and introduce a criminal rather to illustrate a precept or passage, than out of any seeming design to abuse him. Our English poets, on the contrary, show a kind of malice prepense in their satires,

and instead of bringing in the person to give light to any part of the poem, let you see they writ the whole poem on purpose to abuse the person. But we must not leave the ladies thus. Pray what kind of head-dress is that of Piety?

As Chastity,[1] says Philander, appears in the habit of a Roman matron, in whom that virtue was supposed to reign in its perfection, Piety wears the dress of the vestal virgins, who were the greatest and most shining examples of it. *Vittata Sacerdos* is, you know, an expression among the Latin poets. I do not question but you have seen, in the Duke of Florence's gallery, a beautiful antique figure of a woman standing before an altar, which some of the antiquarians call a Piety, and others a vestal virgin. The woman, altar, and fire burning on it, are seen in marble exactly as in this coin, and bring to my mind a part of a speech that religion makes in Phædrus's fables.

> Sed ne ignis noster facinori præluceat,
> Per quem verendos excolit Pietas deos. Fab. 10, lib. iv.

It is to this goddess that Statius addresses himself in the following lines:

> Summa deum Pietas! cujus gratissima cœlo
> Rara profanatas inspectant numina terras,
> Huc vittata comam, niveoque insignis amictu,
> Qualis adhuc præsens, nullâque expulsa nocentum
> Fraude rudes populos atque aurea regna colebas,
> Mitibus exequiis ades, et lugentis Hetrusci
> Cerne pios fletus, laudataque lumina terge. STATIUS SIL. lib. iii.
>
> Chief of the skies, celestial Piety!
> Whose godhead, prized by those of heavenly birth,
> Revisits rare these tainted realms of earth,
> Mild in thy milk-white vest, to soothe my friend,
> With holy fillets on thy brows descend,
> Such as of old (ere chased by Guilt and Rage)
> A race unpolished, and a golden age,
> Beheld thee frequent. Once more come below,
> Mixt in the soft solemnities of woe,
> See, see, thy own Hetruscus wastes the day
> In pious grief; and wipe his tears away.

The little trunk she holds in her left hand is the *acerra* that you so often find among the poets, in which the frankincense was preserved that Piety is here supposed to strew on the fire.

> Dantque sacerdoti custodem thuris acerram. OV. MET. lib. xiii.
> Hæc tibi pro nato plenâ dat lætus acerrâ
> Phœbe— MART. lib. iv. Epig. 45.

[1] Fig. 11.

The figure of Equity[1] differs but little from that our painters make of her at present. The scales she carries in her hand are so natural an emblem of justice, that Persius has turned them into an allegory to express the decisions of right or wrong.

Quirites,
Hoc puto non justum est, illud male, rectius istud;
Scis etenim justum geminâ suspendere lance
Ancipitis Libræ. SOCRAT. AD ALCIBIAD. Sat. 4.

Romans, know,
Against right reason all your counsels go:
This is not fair; nor profitable that;
Nor t'other question proper for debate.
But thou, no doubt, canst set the business right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'st with an equal hand to hold the scale, &c. MR. DRYDEN.

The next figure I present you with is Eternity.[2] She holds in her hand a globe with a Phœnix on it. How proper a type of Eternity is each of these you may see in the following quotations. I am sure you will pardon the length of the latter, as it is not improper to the occasion, and shows at the same time the great fruitfulness of the poet's fancy, that could turn the same thought to so many different ways.

Hæc æterna manet, divisque simillima forma est,
Cui neque principium est usquam, nec finis: in ipso
Sed similis toto remanet, perque omnia par est.
DE ROTUNDITATE CORPORUM, MANIL. lib. i.

This form's eternal, and may justly claim
A godlike nature, all its parts the same;
Alike, and equal to itself 'tis found,
No end and no beginning in a round:
Nought can molest its being, nought control,
And this ennobles, and confines the whole. MR. CREECH.

Par volucer superis: stellas qui vividus æquat
Durando, membrisque terit redeuntibus ævum.—
Nam pater est prolesque sui, nulloque creante
Emeritos artus fœcundâ morte reformat,
Et petit alternam totidem per funera vitam.—
O senium positure rogo, falsisque sepulchris
Natales habiture vices, quæ sæpe renasci
Exitio, proprioque soles pubescere letho.—
O felix, hæresque tui! quo solvimur omnes,
Hoc tibi suppeditat vires, præbetur origo
Per cinerem, moritur te non pereunte senectus
Vidisti quodcunque fuit. Te secula teste

[1] Fig. 12. [2] Fig. 13.

Cuncta revoluntur: nosti quo tempore pontus
Fuderit elatas scopulis stagnantibus undas:
Quis Phaëtonteis erroribus arserit annus.
Et clades Te nulla rapit, solusque superstes
Edomitâ tellure manes, non stamina Parcæ
In Te dura legunt, non jus habuere nocendi. De Phœn. Claud.

A godlike bird! whose endless round of years
Outlasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres;—
Begot by none himself, begetting none,
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son:
His life in fruitful death renews its date,
And kind destruction but prolongs his fate.—
O thou, says he, whom harmless fires shall burn,
Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,
An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn.—
Thrice happy Phœnix! heaven's peculiar care
Has made thyself thyself's surviving heir.
By death thy deathless vigour is supplied,
Which sinks to ruin all the world beside.
Thy age, not thee, assisting Phœbus burns,
And vital flames light up thy funeral urns.
Whate'er events have been, thy eyes survey,
And thou art fixed while ages roll away.
Thou saw'st when raging ocean burst his bed,
O'er-topped the mountains, and the earth o'erspread;
When the rash youth inflamed the high abodes,
Scorched up the skies, and scared the deathless gods.
When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.

The circle of rays that you see round the head of the Phœnix, distinguish him to be the bird and offspring of the sun.

Solis avi specimen—
Una est quæ reparet, seque ipsa reseminet ales;
Assyrii Phœnica vocant: non fruge neque herbis,
Sed thuris lacrymis, et succo vivit amomi.
Hæc ubi quinque suæ complevit secula vitæ,
Ilicis in ramis, tremulæve cacumine palmæ,
Unguibus et duro sibi nidum construit ore:
Quo simul ac casias, ac nardi lenis aristas
Quassaque cum fulvâ substravit cinnama myrrhâ,
Se super imponit, finitque in odoribus ævum.
Inde ferunt totidem qui vivere debeat annos
Corpore de patrio parvum Phœnica renasci.
Cum dedit huic ætas vires, onerique ferendo est,
Ponderibus nidi ramos levat arboris altæ,
Fertque pius cunasque suas, patriumque sepulchrum,
Perque leves auras Hyperionis urbe potitus
Ante fores sacras Hyperionis æde reponit. Ov. Met. lib. xv.

—Titanius ales. CLAUD. DE PHŒNICE.

From himself the Phœnix only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame,
In which he burned, another and the same.
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of Amomum drains:
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfilled)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm, and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is formed, and rises round; then with the spoil
Of cassia, cinnamon, and stems of Nard,
(For softness strewed beneath,) his funeral bed is reared:
Funeral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crowned,
On this incumbent; till æthereal flame
First catches, then consumes the costly frame;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
He lived on odours, and in odours dies.
An infant Phœnix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust, his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms renews.
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle: (this with pious care
Placed on his back,) he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burthen in the porch. MR. DRYDEN.

Sic ubi fœcundâ reparavit morte juventam,
Et patrios idem cineres, collectaque portat
Unguibus ossa piis, Nilique ad littora tendens
Unicus extremo Phœnix procedit ab Euro:
Conveniunt aquilæ, cunctæque ex orbe volucres
Ut Solis mirentur avem— CLAUD. DE LAUD. STIL. lib. ii.

So when his parent's pile hath ceased to burn,
Towers the young Phœnix from the teeming urn:
And from the purple east, with pious toil,
Bears the dear relics to the distant Nile:
Himself a species! Then the bird of Jove,
And all his plumy nation, quit the grove;
The gay, harmonious train delighted gaze,
Crowd the procession, and resound his praise.

The radiated head of the Phœnix gives us the meaning of a passage in Ausonius, which I was formerly surprised to

[illegible] with in the description of a bird. But at present I am [illegible] satisfied the poet must have had his eye on the [illegible] of this bird in ancient sculpture and painting, as indeed it was impossible to take it from the life.

Ter nova Nestoreos implevit purpura fusos,
Et toties terno cornix vivacior ævo,
Quam novies terni glomerantem secula tractûs
Vincunt æripides ter terno Nestore cervi,
Tres quorum ætates superat Phœbeius oscen,
Quem novies senior Gangeticus anteit ales,
Ales cinnameo radiatus tempora nido. AUSON. Eidyl. 11.

Arcanum radiant oculi jubar, igneus ora
Cingit honos, rutilo cognatum vertice sidus
Attollit cristatus apex, tenebrasque serenâ
Luce secat— CLAUD. DE PHŒN.

His fiery eyes shoot forth a glittering ray,
And round his head ten thousand glories play:
High on his crest, a star celestial bright
Divides the darkness with its piercing light.

Procul ignea lucet
Ales, odorati redolent cui cinnama busti.
CL. DE LAUD. STIL. lib. ii.

If you have a mind to compare this scale of beings with that of Hesiod, I shall give it you in a translation of that poet.

Ter binos deciesque novem super exit in annos
Justa senescentum quos implet vita virorum.
Hos novies superat vivendo garrula cornix:
Et quater egreditur cornicis sæcula cervus.
Alipedem cervum ter vincit corvus: at illum
Multiplicat novies Phœnix, reparabilis ales.
Quam vos perpetuo decies prævertitis ævo
Nymphæ Hamadryades: quarum longissima vita est:
Hi cohibent fines vivacia fata animantum. AUSON. Eidyl. 18.

The utmost age to man the gods assign
Are winters three times two, and ten times nine:
Poor man nine times the prating daws exceed:
Three times the daw's the deer's more lasting breed:
The deer's full thrice the raven's race outrun:
Nine times the raven, Titan's feathered son:
Beyond his age, with youth and beauty crowned,
The Hamadryads shine ten ages round:
Their breath the longest is the Fates bestow;
And such the bounds to mortal lives below.

A man had need be a good arithmetician, says Cynthio, to understand this author's works. His description runs on like a multiplication table. But methinks the poets ought

to have agreed a little better in the calculations of a bird's life that was probably of their own creation.

We generally find a great confusion in the traditions of the ancients, says Philander. It seems to me, from the next medal,[1] it was an opinion among them that the Phœnix renewed herself at the beginning of the great year, and the return of the golden age. This opinion I find touched upon in a couple of lines in Claudian.

> Quicquid ab externis ales longæva colonis
> Colligit, optati referens exordia sæcli.
>
> CLAUD. DE RAPT. PROS. lib. ii.

The person in the midst of the circle is supposed to be Jupiter, by the author that has published this medal, but I should rather take it for the figure of Time. I remember I have seen at Rome an antique statue of Time, with a wheel or hoop of marble in his hand, as Seneca describes him, and not with a serpent, as he is generally represented.

> Properat cursu
> Vita citato, volucrique die
> Rota præcipitis volvitur anni. HERC. FUR. act. i.
>
> Life posts away,
> And day from day drives on with swift career
> The wheel that hurries on the headlong year.

As the circle of marble in his hand represents the common year, so this that encompasses him is a proper representation of the great year, which is the whole round and comprehension of Time. For when this is finished, the heavenly bodies are supposed to begin their courses anew, and to measure over again the several periods and divisions of years, months, days, &c., into which the great year is distinguished.

> —consumpto, Magnus qui dicitur, anno,
> Rursus in antiquum venient vaga sidera cursum:
> Qualia dispositi steterant ab origine mundi. AUSON. Eidyl. 18.
>
> When round the great Platonic year has turned,
> In their old ranks the wandering stars shall stand,
> As when first marshalled by the Almighty's hand.

To sum up, therefore, the thoughts of this medal. The inscription teaches us that the whole design must refer to the golden age, which it lively represents, if we suppose the circle that encompasses Time, or if you please Jupiter, signifies the finishing of the great year; and that the Phœnix figures out

[1] Fig. 14.

the beginning of a new series of time. So that the compliment on this medal to the Emperor Adrian, is in all respects the same that Virgil makes to Pollio's son, at whose birth he supposes the *annus magnus* or Platonical year run out, and renewed again with the opening of the golden age.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo;
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna:
Et nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto. VIRG. Ec. 4.

The time is come the Sibyls long foretold,
And the blest maid restores the age of gold
In the great wheel of Time before unrolled.
Now a great progeny from heaven descends.
LORD LAUDERDALE.

—nunc adest mundo dies
Supremus ille, qui premat genus impium
Cœli ruinâ; rursus ut stirpem novam
Generet renascens melior: ut quondam tulit
Juvenis tenente regna Saturno poli. SEN. OET. act. ii.

The last great day is come,
When earth and all her impious sons shall lie
Crusht in the ruins of the falling sky;
Whence fresh shall rise, her new-born realms to grace,
A pious offspring and a purer race,
Such as erewhile in golden ages sprung,
When Saturn governed, and the world was young.

You may compare the design of this reverse, if you please, with one of Constantine, so far as the Phœnix is concerned in both. As for the other figure, we may have occasion to speak of it in another place. *Vid.* 15 figure. King of France's medallions.

The next figure shadows out Eternity[1] to us, by the sun in one hand and the moon in the other, which in the language of sacred poetry is "as long as the sun and moon endureth." The heathens made choice of these lights as apt symbols of Eternity, because, contrary to all sublunary beings, though they seem to perish every night, they renew themselves every morning.

Soles occidere et redire possunt;
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda. CATUL.

The suns shall often fall and rise:
But when the short-lived mortal dies
And night eternal seals his eyes.

[1] Fig. 16.

Horace, whether in imitation of Catullus or not, has applied the same thought to the moon; and that too in the plural number.

Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunæ:
Nos ubi decidimus
Quò pius Æneas, quò Tullus dives, et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus. HOR. Od. 7, lib. iv.

Each loss the hastening moon repairs again.

But we, when once our race is done,
With Tullus and Anchises' son,
(Though rich like one, like t'other good,)
To dust and shades, without a sun,
Descend, and sink in dark oblivion's flood. SIR W. TEMPLE.

In the next figure Eternity[1] sits on a globe of the heavens adorned with stars. We have already seen how proper an emblem of Eternity the globe is, and may find the duration of the stars made use of by the poets, as an expression of what is never like to end.

Stellas qui vividus æquas
Durando— CLAUD.

Polus dum sidera pascet,
Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. i.

Lucida dum current annosi sidera mundi, &c. SEN. MED.

I might here tell you that Eternity[2] has a covering on her head, because we never find out her beginning; that her legs are bare, because we see only those parts of her that are actually running on; that she sits on a globe and bears a sceptre in her hand, to show she is a sovereign mistress of all things; but for any of these assertions I have no warrant from the poets.

You must excuse me, if I have been longer than ordinary on such a subject as Eternity. The next you see is Victory,[3] to whom the medallists as well as poets never fail to give a pair of wings.

Adfuit ipsa suis Ales Victoria— CLAUD. DE 6 CONS. HONOR.
—dubiis volitat Victoria pennis. OV.
—niveis Victoria concolor alis. SIL. IT.

The palm branch and laurel were both the rewards of conquerors, and therefore no improper ornaments for Victory.

[1] Fig. 17. [2] *Vid.* Fig. 13. [3] Fig. 18.

—lentæ Victoris præmia palmæ. Ov. Met.
Et palmæ pretium Victoribus. Virg. Æn. v.
Tu ducibus lætis aderis cum læta triumphum
Vox canet, et longas visent capitolia pompas.
Apollo ad Laurum. Ov. Met.
Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn;
Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumphs grace,
When pomps shall in a long procession pass. Dryden.

By the way, you may observe the lower plaits of the drapery that seem to have gathered the wind into them. I have seen abundance of antique figures in sculpture and painting, with just the same turn in the lower foldings of the vest, when the person that wears it is in a posture of tripping forward.

Obviaque adversas vibrabant flamina Vestes. Ov. Met. lib. i.
As she fled, the wind
Increasing, spread her flowing hair behind;
And left her legs and thighs exposed to view. Dryden.
—tenues sinuantur flamine vestes. *Id.* lib. ii.

It is worth while to compare this figure of Victory with her statue as it is described in a very beautiful passage of Prudentius.

Non aris non farre molæ Victoria felix
Exorata venit: labor impiger, aspera virtus,
Vis animi, excellens ardor, violentia, cura,
Hanc tribuunt, durum tractandis robur in armis.
Quæ si defuerint bellantibus, aurea quamvis
Marmoreo in templo rutilas Victoria pinnas
Explicet, et multis surgat formata talentis:
Non aderit vestisque offensa videbitur hastis.
Quod miles propriis diffisus viribus optas
Irrita fœmineæ tibimet solatia formæ?
Nunquam pennigeram legio ferrata puellam
Vidit anhelantum regeret quæ tela virorum.
Vincendi quæris dominam? sua dextera cuique est,
Et Deus omnipotens. Non pexo crine virago,
Nec nudo suspensa pede, strophioque revincta,
Nec tumidas fluitante sinu vestita papillas.
Prudentius contra Symm. lib. ii.

Shall Victory entreated lend her aid
For cakes of flour on smoking altars laid?
Her help from toils and watchings hope to find,
From the strong body, and undaunted mind:
If these be wanting on the embattled plain,
Ye sue the unpropitious maid in vain.
Though in her marble temples taught to blaze,
Her dazzling wings the golden dame displays,

And many a talent in due weight was told
To shape her god-head in the curious mould,
Shall the rough soldier of himself despair,
And hope for female visions in the air?
What legion sheathed in iron e'er surveyed
Their darts directed by this winged maid!
Dost thou the power that gives success demand?
'Tis he, the Almighty, and thy own right hand;
Not the smooth nymph, whose locks in knots are twined,
Who bending shows her naked foot behind,
Who girds the virgin zone beneath her breast,
And from her bosom heaves the swelling vest.

You have here another Victory[1] that I fancy Claudian had in his view when he mentions her wings, palm, and trophy in the following description. It appears on a coin of Constantine, who lived about an age before Claudian, and I believe we shall find that it is not the only piece of antique sculpture that this poet has copied out of his descriptions.

—cum totis exurgens ardua pennis
Ipsa duci sacras Victoria panderet ædes,
Et palma viridi gaudens, et amicta trophæis.
CLAUD. DE LAU. SIL. lib. iii.

On all her plumage rising when she threw
Her sacred shrines wide open to thy view,
How pleased for thee her emblems to display,
With palms distinguished, and with trophies gay.

The last of our imaginary beings is Liberty.[2] In her left hand she carries the wand that the Latins call the Rudis or Vindicta, and in her right the cap of liberty. The poets use the same kinds of metaphors to express liberty. I shall quote Horace for the first, whom Ovid has imitated on the same occasion, and for the latter, Martial.

—donatum jam rude quæris
Mecænas iterum antiquo me includere ludo. HOR. lib. i. Ep. 1.

—tardâ vires minuente senectâ
Me quoque donari jam rude tempus erat. OV. DE TR. lib. iv. El. 8.

Since bent beneath the load of years I stand,
I too might claim the freedom-giving wand.

Quod te nomine jam tuo saluto
Quem regem, et dominum priùs vocabam,
Ne me dixeris esse contumacem
Totis pilea sarcinis redemi. MAR. lib. ii. Epig. 68.

By thy plain name though now addrest,
Though once my king and lord confest,
Frown not: with all my goods I buy
The precious cap of Liberty.

[1] Fig. 19. [2] Fig. 20.

I cannot forbear repeating a passage out of Persius, says Cynthio, that in my opinion turns the ceremony of making a free-man very handsomely into ridicule. It seems, the clapping a cap on his head and giving him a turn on the heel were necessary circumstances. A slave thus qualified became a citizen of Rome, and was honoured with a name more than belonged to any of his forefathers, which Persius has repeated with a great deal of humour.

Heu steriles veri, quibus una Quiritem
Vertigo facit! hic Dama est, nam tressis agaso,
Vappa, et lippus, et in tenui farragine mendax.
Verterit hunc dominus, momento turbinis exit
Marcus Dama. Papæ! Marco spondente, recusas
Credere tu nummos? Marco sub Judice palles?
Marcus dixit, ita est; assigna, Marce, tabellas.
Hæc mera libertas: hanc nobis pilea donant. PERS. SAT. V.

That false enfranchisement with ease is found:
Slaves are made citizens by turning round.
How! replies one, can any be more free?
Here 's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside;
So true a rogue, for lying's sake he lied:
But, with a turn, a freeman he became;
Now Marcus Dama is his worship's name.
Good gods! who would refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy Marcus surety would become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, *he said it*, is enough.
A will is to be proved; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscribed his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe;
What farther can we from our caps receive,
Than as we please without control to live. MR. DRYDEN.

Since you have given us the ceremony of the cap, says Eugenius, I 'll give you that of the wand, out of Claudian.

Te fastos ineunte quater, solennia ludit
Omnia libertas, deductum Vindice morem
Lex celebrat, famulusque jugo laxatus herili
Ducitur, et grato remeat securior ictu.
Tristis conditio pulsata fronte recedit:
In civem rubuere genæ, tergoque removit
Verbera promissi felix injuria voti. CLAUD. DE 4. CONS. HON.

The *grato ictu* and the *felix injuria*, says Cynthio, would have told us the name of the author, though you had said nothing of him. There is none of all the poets that delights so much in these pretty kinds of contradiction as Claudian. ...es to set his epithet at variance with its substantive,

and to surprise his reader with a seeming absurdity. If this poet were well examined, one would find that some of his greatest beauties as well as faults arise from the frequent use of this particular figure.

I question not, says Philander, but you are tired by this time with the company of so mysterious a sort of ladies as those we have had before us. We will now, for our diversion, entertain ourselves with a set of riddles, and see if we can find a key to them among the ancient poets. The first of them, says Cynthio, is a ship under sail, I suppose it has at least a metaphor or moral precept for its cargo. This, says Philander, is an emblem of Happiness,[1] as you may see by the inscription it carries in its sails. We find the same device to express the same thought in several of the poets: as in Horace, when he speaks of the moderation to be used in a flowing fortune, and in Ovid, when he reflects on his past happiness.

Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare: sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimiùm secundo
Turgida vela. HOR. Od. 10, lib. ii.

When Fortune sends a stormy wind,
Then show a brave and steady mind;
And when with too indulgent gales
She swells too much, then furl thy sails. MR. CREECH.

Nominis et famæ quondam fulgore trahebar,
Dum tulit antennas aura secunda meas.
OV. DE TRIS. lib. v. El. 12.

En ego, non paucis quondam munitus amicis,
Dum flavit velis aura secunda meis.
Id. EPIST. EX PONTO 3. lib. ii.

I lived the darling theme of every tongue,
The golden idol of the adoring throng;
Guarded with friends, while Fortune's balmy gales
Wantoned auspicious in my swelling sails.

You see the metaphor is the same in the verses as in the medal, with this distinction only, that the one is in words and the other in figures. The idea is alike in both, though the manner of representing it is different. If you would see the whole ship made use of in the same sense by an old poet, as it is here on the medal, you may find it in a pretty allegory of Seneca.

[1] Second series, fig. 1.

Fata si liceat mihi
Fingere arbitrio meo,
Temperem zephyro levi
Vela, nè pressæ gravi
Spiritu antennæ tremant.
Lenis et modicè fluens
Aura, nec vergens latus,
Ducat intrepidam ratem. SEN. ŒDIP. chor. act. 4.

My fortune might I form at will,
My canvass zephyrs soft should fill
With gentle breath, lest ruder gales
Crack the main-yard, or burst the sails.
By winds that temperately blow
The bark should pass, secure and slow,
Nor scare me leaning on her side:
But smoothly cleave the unruffled tide.

After having considered the ship as a metaphor, we may now look on it as a reality, and observe in it the make of the old Roman vessels, as they are described among the poets. It is carried on by oars and sails at the same time.

Sive opus est velis minimam bene currit ad auram,
Sive opus est remo remige carpit iter.
OV. DE TRIS. lib. i. El. 10.

The poop of it has the bend that Ovid and Virgil mention.

Puppique recurvæ. *Ibid.* lib. i. El. 3.

Littora curvæ
Prætexunt puppes— VIRG.

You see the description of the pilot, and the place he sits on, in the following quotations.

Ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab alta. VIRG. Æn. lib. v.

Ipsius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus
In puppim ferit: excutitur, pronusque magister
Volvitur in caput. *Id.* Æn. lib. i.

Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight,) e'en in the hero's view,
From stem to stern by waves was overborne:
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurled:— MR. DRYDEN.

Segnemque Menœten.
Oblitus decorisque sui sociumque salutis,
In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab altâ:
Ipse gubernaculo rector subit. VIRG. Æn. lib. v.

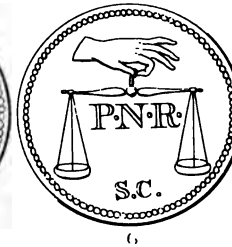
Mindless of others' lives, so high was grown
His raging rage, and rareness of his own:

SERIES II.

1

2

3



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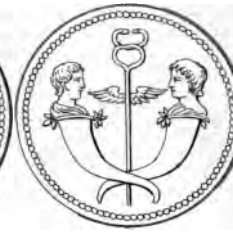

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The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoisted up, and overboard he threw:
This done, he seized the helm— MR. DRYDEN.

I have mentioned these two last passages of Virgil, because I think we cannot have so right an idea of the pilot's misfortune in each of them, without observing the situation of his post, as appears in ancient coins. The figure you see on the other end of the ship is a Triton, a man in his upper parts, and a fish below, with a trumpet in his mouth. Virgil describes him in the same manner on one of Æneas's ships. It was probably a common figure on their ancient vessels, for we meet with it too in Silius Italicus.

Hunc vehit immanis Triton, et cærula conchâ
Exterrens freta: cui laterum tenus hispida nanti
Frons hominem præfert, in pristim desinit alvus;
Spumea semifero sub pectore murmurat unda. VIR. ÆN. lib. x.

The Triton bears him, he, whose trumpet's sound
Old ocean's waves from shore to shore rebound.
A hairy man above the waist he shows,
A porpoise tail down from his belly grows,
The billows murmur, which his breast oppose.
LORD LAUDERDALE.

Ducitur et Libyæ puppis signata figuram
Et Triton captivus. SIL. IT. lib. xiv.

I am apt to think, says Eugenius, from certain passages of the poets, that several ships made choice of some god or other for their guardians, as among the Roman Catholics every vessel is recommended to the patronage of some particular saint. To give you an instance of two or three.

Est mihi sitque precor flavæ tutela Minervæ
Navis— OV. DE TRIS. lib. i. El. 10.

Numen erat celsæ puppis vicina Dione. SIL. IT. lib. xiv.

Hammon numen erat Libycæ carinæ,
Cornigerâque sedens spectabat cærula fronte. *Ibid.*

The poop great Ammon, Libya's god, displayed,
Whose horned front the nether flood surveyed.

The figure of the deity was very large, as I have seen it on other medals, as well as this you have shown us, and stood on one end of the vessel that it patronized. This may give us an image of a very beautiful circumstance that we meet with in a couple of wrecks described by Silius Italicus and Persius.

Subito cum pondere victus
Insiliente mari submergitur alveus undis.
Scuta virûm cristæque, et inerti spicula ferro
Tutelæque deûm fluitant. SIL. IT. lib. xiv.

Sunk by a weight so dreadful, down she goes,
And o'er her head the broken billows close:
Bright shields and crests float round the whirling floods,
And useless spears confused with tutelary gods.

—trabe ruptâ Bruttia saxa
Prendit amicus inops, remque omnem surdaque vota
Condidit: Iönio jacet ipse in littore, et unà
Ingentes de puppe Dei, jamque obvia mergis
Costa ratis laceræ. PERS. SAT. vi.

My friend is shipwrecked on the Bruttian strand,
His riches in the Ionian main are lost;
And he himself stands shivering on the coast:
Where, destitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless prayer.
Their images, the relics of the wreck,
Torn from their naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves; and, rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent, nor can themselves restore.
The vessel sticks, and shows her opened side,
And on her shattered mast the mews in triumph ride.
MR. DRYDEN.

You will think, perhaps, I carry my conjectures too far, if I tell you that I fancy they are these kind of gods that Horace mentions in his allegorical vessel, which was so broken and shattered to pieces; for I am apt to think that *integra* relates to the gods as well as the *lintea*.

Non tibi sunt integra lintea,
Non dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo. HOR. Od. 14, lib. i.

Thy stern is gone, thy gods are lost,
And thou hast none to hear thy cry,
When thou on dangerous shelves art tost,
When billows rage, and winds are high. MR. CREECH.

Since we are engaged so far in the Roman shipping, says Philander, I'll here show you a medal[1] that has on its reverse a *rostrum* with three teeth to it; whence Silius's *trifidum rostrum* and Virgil's *rostrisque tridentibus*, which in some editions is *stridentibus*, the editor choosing rather to make a false quantity than to insert a word that he did not know the meaning of. Flaccus gives us a *rostrum* of the same make.

[1] Fig. 2.

Volat immissis cava pinus habenis
Infinditque salum, et spumas vomit ære tridenti.
VAL. FLAC. ARGON. lib. i.

A ship-carpenter of old Rome, says Cynthio, could not have talked more judiciously. I am afraid, if we let you alone, you will find out every plank and rope about the vessel, among the Latin poets. Let us now, if you please, go to the next medal.

The next, says Philander, is a pair of scales,[1] which we meet with on several old coins. They are commonly interpreted as an emblem of the emperor's justice. But why may not we suppose that they allude sometimes to the Balance in the heavens, which was the reigning constellation of Rome and Italy? Whether it be so or not, they are capable, methinks, of receiving a nobler interpretation than what is commonly put on them, if we suppose the thought of the reverse to be the same as that in Manilius.

Hesperiam sua Libra tenet, quâ condita Roma
Et propriis frœnat pendentem nutibus orbem,
Orbis et Imperium retinet, discrimina rerum
Lancibus, et positas gentes tollitque premitque:
Qua genitus cum fratre Remus hanc condidit urbem.
MANIL. lib. iv.

The Scales rule Italy, where Rome commands,
And spreads its empire wide to foreign lands:
They hang upon her nod, their fates are weighed
By her, and laws are sent to be obeyed:
And as her powerful favour turns the poise,
How low some nations sink and others rise;
Thus guide the scales, and then, to fix our doom,
They gave us Cæsar,[2] founder of our Rome. MR. CREECH.

The thunder-bolt is a reverse of Augustus.[3] We see it used by the greatest poet of the same age to express a terrible and irresistible force in battle, which is probably the meaning of it on this medal, for, in another place, the same poet applies the same metaphor to Augustus's person.

—duo fulmina belli
Scipiadas— VIRG. ÆN. lib. vi.

Who can declare
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war? MR. DRYDEN.

—dum Cæsar ad altum
Fulminat Euphratem bello— *Id.* GEORG. lib. iv.

[1] Fig. 3. [2] So Vossius reads it. [3] Fig. 4.

While mighty Cæsar, thundering from afar,
Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war. MR. DRYDEN.

I have sometimes wondered, says Eugenius, why the Latin poets so frequently give the epithets of *trifidum* and *trisulcum* to the thunderbolt. I am now persuaded they took it from the sculptors and painters that lived before them, and had generally given it three forks, as in the present figure. Virgil insists on the number three in its description, and seems to hint at the wings we see on it. He has worked up such a noise and terror in the composition of his thunderbolt as cannot be expressed by a pencil or graving tool.

Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et Alitis Austri.
Fulgores nunc terrificos sonitumque metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. viii.

Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store,
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;
And fears are added, and avenging flame. MR. DRYDEN.

Our next reverse is an oaken garland,[1] which we find on abundance of imperial coins. I shall not here multiply quotations to show that the garland of oak was the reward of such as had saved the life of a citizen, but will give you a passage out of Claudian, where the compliment to Stilico is the same that we have here on the medal. I question not but the old coins gave the thought to the poet.

Mos erat in veterum castris, ut tempora quercu
Velaret, validis qui fuso viribus hoste
Casurum potuit morti subducere civem.
Ad tibi quæ poterit pro tantis civica reddi
Mœnibus? aut quantæ pensabunt facta coronæ?
CLAUD. DE LAUD. STIL. lib. iii.

Of old, when in the war's tumultuous strife
A Roman saved a brother Roman's life,
And foiled the threatening foe, our sires decreed
An oaken garland for the victor's meed.
Thou who hast saved whole crowds, whole towns set free,
What groves, what woods, shall furnish crowns for thee?

It is not to be supposed that the emperor had actually covered a Roman in battle. It is enough that he had driven out a tyrant, gained a victory, or restored justice; for in any of these or the like cases he may very well be said to have

[1] Fig. 5.

saved the life of a citizen, and by consequence entitled to the reward of it. Accordingly, we find Virgil distributing his oaken garlands to those that had enlarged or strengthened the dominions of Rome; as we may learn from Statius, that the statue of Curtius, who had sacrificed himself for the good of the people, had the head surrounded with the same kind of ornament.

Atque umbrata gerunt civili tempora quercu.
Hi tibi Nomentum, et Gabios, urbemque Fidenam,
Hi Collatinas imponent montibus arces. VIRG. ÆN. lib. vi.

But they who crowned with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidena rear:
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found;
And raise Collatian towers on rocky ground. MR. DRYDEN.

Ipse loci custos, cujus sacrata vorago,
Famosusque lacus nomen memorabile servat,
Innumeros æris sonitus, et verbere crudo
Ut sensit mugire Forum, movet horrida sancto
Ora situ, meritâque caput venerabile quercu.
STATIUS SYL. lib. i.

The guardian of that lake, which boasts to claim
A sure memorial from the Curtian name;
Roused by the artificers, whose mingled sound
From the loud Forum pierced the shades profound,
The hoary vision rose confessed in view,
And shook the civic wreath that bound his brow.

The two horns that you see on the next medal are emblems of plenty.[1]

—Apparetque beata pleno
Copia cornu. HOR. CARM. SÆC.

Your medallists tell us that two horns on a coin signify an extraordinary plenty. But I see no foundation for this conjecture. Why should they not as well have stamped two thunderbolts, two *Caduceuses*, or two ships, to represent an extraordinary force, a lasting peace, or an unbounded happiness. I rather think that the double *cornu-copiæ* relates to the double tradition of its original. Some representing it as the horn of Achelous broken off by Hercules, and others, as the horn of the goat that gave suck to Jupiter.

—rigidum fera dextera cornu
Dum tenet, infregit; truncâque à fronte revellit
Naiades hoc, pomis et odoro flore repletum,
Sacrârunt; divesque meo bona copia cornu est.

[1] Fig. 6.

Dixerat: at Nymphe ritu succincta Dianæ
Una ministrarum, fusis utrinque capillis,
Incessit, totumque tulit prædivite cornu
Autumnum, et mensas felicia poma secundas.
DE ACHELOI CORN. OV. MET. lib. ix.

Nor yet his fury cooled; twixt rage and scorn,
From my maimed front he bore the stubborn horn:
This, heaped with flowers and fruits, the Naiads bear,
Sacred to Plenty and the bounteous year.
He spoke; when lo! a beauteous nymph appears,
Girt like Diana's train, with flowing hairs;
The horn she brings, in which all autumn's stored;
And ruddy apples for the second board. MR. GAY.

Lac dabat illa deo: sed fregit in arbore cornu:
Truncaque dimidiâ parte decoris erat.
Sustulit hoc Nymphe; cinctumque recentibus herbis,
Et plenum pomis ad Jovis ora tulit.
Ille, ubi res cœli tenuit, solioque paterno
Sedit, et invicto nil Jove majus erat,
Sidera nutricem, nutricis fertile cornu
Fecit; quot dominæ nunc quoque nomen habet.
DE CORNU AMALTH. OV. DE FAST. lib. v.

The god she suckled, of old Rhea born;
And in the pious office broke her horn,
As playful in a rifted oak she tost
Her heedless head, and half its honours lost.
Fair Amalthæa took it off the ground,
With apples filled it, and with garlands bound,
Which to the smiling infant she conveyed.
He, when the sceptre of the gods he swayed,
When bold he seized his father's vacant throne,
And reigned the tyrant of the skies alone,
Bid his rough nurse the starry heavens adorn,
And grateful in the zodiac fixed her horn.

Betwixt the double *cornu-copia*, you see Mercury's rod.

Cyllenes cœlique decus, facunde minister,
Aurea cui torto virga dracone viret. MART. lib. vii. Epig. 74.

Descend, Cyllene's tutelary god,
With serpents twining round thy golden rod.

It stands on old coins as an emblem of Peace, by reason of its stupifying quality that has gained it the title of *virga somnifera*. It has wings, for another quality that Virgil mentions in his description of it.

Hac fretus ventos et nubila tranat. VIRG.

Thus armed, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space.
MR. DRYDEN.

The two heads over the two *cornu-copiæ* are of the emperor's

children, who are sometimes called among the poets the Pledges of Peace, as they took away the occasions of war, in cutting off all disputes to the succession.

—tu mihi primum
Tot natorum memoranda parens—
Utero toties enixa gravi
Pignora pacis. SEN. OCTAV. act. v.

The first kind author of my joys,
Thou source of many smiling boys,
Nobly contented to bestow
A pledge of peace in every throe.

This medal, therefore, compliments the emperor on his two children, whom it represents as public blessings that premise peace and plenty to the empire.

The two hands that join one another are emblems of Fidelity.[1]

Inde Fides dextræque datæ— OV. MET. lib. xiv.
Sociemus animos, pignus hoc fidei cape,
Contingе dextram— SEN. HERC. FUR. act. ii.
—en dextra fidesque
Quem secum patrios aiunt portare penates! VIRG. ÆN. lib. iv.
See now the promised faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
Preserved his gods. MR. DRYDEN.

By the inscription we may see that they represent, in this place, the fidelity or loyalty of the public towards their emperor. The Caduceus rising between the hands signifies the peace that arises from such an union with their prince, as the spike of corn, on each side, shadows out the plenty that is the fruit of such a peace.

Pax Cererem nutrit, pacis alumna Ceres. OV. DE FAST. lib. i.

The giving of a hand,[2] in the reverse of Claudius, is a token of good will. For when, after the death of his nephew Caligula, Claudius was in no small apprehension for his own life, he was, contrary to his expectation, well received among the Prætorian guards, and afterwards declared their emperor. His reception is here recorded on a medal, in which one of the ensigns presents him his hand, in the same sense as Anchises gives it in the following verses.

Ipse pater dextram Anchises haud multa moratus
Dat juveni, atque animum præsenti munere firmat.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. iii.

[1] Fig. 7. [2] Fig. 8.

The old weather-beaten soldier that carries in his hand the Roman eagle, is the same kind of officer that you meet with in Juvenal's fourteenth satire.

Dirue Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantum,
Ut locupletem Aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus
Afferat— Juv. Sat. 14.

I remember in one of the poets the Signifer is described with a lion's skin over his head and shoulders, like this we see in the medal, but at present I cannot recollect the passage. Virgil has given us a noble description of a warrior making his appearance under a lion's skin.

—tegmen torquens immane leonis
Terribili impexum setâ, cum dentibus albis
Indutus capiti, sic regia tecta subibat
Horridus, Herculeoque humeros indutus amictu.
Virg. Æn. lib.vii.

Like Hercules himself his son appears,
In savage pomp: a lion's hide he wears;
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin,
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus like the god his father, homely drest,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest! Mr. Dryden.

Since you have mentioned the dress of your standard-bearer, says Cynthio, I cannot forbear remarking that of Claudius, which was the usual Roman habit. One may see in this medal, as well as in any antique statues, that the old Romans had their necks and arms bare, and as much exposed to view as our hands and faces are at present. Before I had made this remark, I have sometimes wondered to see the Roman poets, in their descriptions of a beautiful man, so often mentioning the turn of his neck and arms, that in our modern dresses lie out of sight, and are covered under part of the clothing. Not to trouble you with many quotations, Horace speaks of both these parts of the body in the beginning of an ode, that in my opinion may be reckoned among the finest of his books, for the naturalness of the thought, and the beauty of the expression.

Dum tu Lydia Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.

When Telephus, his youthful charms,
His rosy neck and winding arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in that pleasing name delight;

My heart, inflamed by jealous heats,
With numberless resentments beats;
From my pale cheek the colour flies,
And all the man within me dies.

It was probably this particular in the Roman habit that gave Virgil the thought in the following verse, where Remulus, among other reproaches that he makes the Trojans for their softness and effeminacy, upbraids them with the make of their *tunicas* that had sleeves to them, and did not leave the arms naked and exposed to the weather like that of the Romans.

Et tunicæ manicas, et habent ridimicula mitræ.

Virgil lets us know in another place, that the Italians preserved their old language and habits, notwithstanding the Trojans became their masters, and that the Trojans themselves quitted the dress of their own country for that of Italy. This, he tells us, was the effect of a prayer that Juno made to Jupiter.

Illud te nullâ fati quod lege tenetur,
Pro Latio obtestor, pro majestate tuorum:
Cum jam connubiis pacem felicibus (esto);
Component, cum jam leges et fœdera jungent;
Ne vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos,
Neu Troas fieri jubeas, Teucrosque vocari;
Aut vocem mutare viros, aut vertere vestes.
Sit Latium, sint Albani per sæcula reges:
Sit Romana potens Italâ virtute propago:
Occidit, occideritque sinas cum nomine Troja. ÆN. lib. xii.

This let me beg (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself and for your father's land,
That when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless,)
The laws of either nation be the same;
But let the Latins still retain their name:
Speak the same language which they spoke before,
Wear the same habits which their grandsires wore.
Call them not Trojans: perish the renown
And name of Troy with that detested town.
Latium be Latium still: let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majesty remain. MR. DRYDEN.

By the way, I have often admired at Virgil for representing his Juno with such an impotent kind of revenge as what is the subject of this speech. You may be sure, says Eugenius, that Virgil knew very well this was a trifling kind of request for the queen of the gods to make, as we may find by Jupiter's way of accepting it.

Olli subridens hominum rerumque repertor:
Et germana Jovis, Saturnique altera proles:
Irarum tantos volvis sub pectore fluctus?
Verum age, et inceptum frustra submitte furorem.
Do, quod vis; et me victusque volensque remitto.
Sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt.
Utque est, nomen erit: commixti corpore tantùm
Subsident Teucri: morem ritusque sacrorum
Adjiciam, faciamque omnes uno ore Latinos, &c. ÆN. lib. xii.

Then thus the founder of mankind replies,
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes,)
Can Saturn's issue, and heaven's other heir,
Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
Be mistress, and your full desires obtain;
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood the Ausonian people sprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
The Trojans to their customs shall be tied,
I will myself their common rites provide;
The natives shall command, the foreigners subside:
All shall be Latium; Troy without a name:
And her lost sons forget from whence they came. MR. DRYDEN.

I am apt to think Virgil had a further view in this request of Juno than what his commentators have discovered in it. He knew very well that his Æneid was founded on a very doubtful story, and that Æneas's coming into Italy was not universally received among the Romans themselves. He knew, too, that a main objection to this story was the great difference of customs, language, and habits, among the Romans and Trojans. To obviate, therefore, so strong an objection, he makes this difference to arise from the forecast and pre-determination of the gods themselves. But pray what is the name of the lady in the next medal? Methinks she is very particular in her *quoiffure*.

It is the emblem of Fruitfulness,[1] says Philander, and was designed as a compliment to Julia, the wife of Septimius Severus, who had the same number of children as you see on this coin. Her head is crowned with towers in allusion to Cybele the mother of the gods, and for the same reason that Virgil compares the city of Rome to her.

Felix prole virûm, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Læta Deûm partu— VIRG. ÆN. lib. vi.

High as the mother of the gods in place,
And proud, like her, of an immortal race.

[1] Fig. 9.

Then when in pomp she makes a Phrygian round,
With golden turrets on her temples crowned. MR. DRYDEN.

The vine issuing out of the urn, speaks the same sense as that in the Psalmist.—"Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine on the walls of thy house." The four stars overhead, and the same number on the globe, represent the four children. There is a medallion of Romulus and Remus sucking the wolf, with a star over each of their heads, as we find the Latin poets speaking of the children of princes under the same metaphor.

Utque tui faciunt sidus juvenile nepotes,
Per tua perque sui facta parentis eant.
OVID DE TRIST. lib. ii. El. 1.

Tu quoque extinctus jaces,
Deflende nobis semper, infelix puer,
Modo sidus orbis, columen angustæ domûs,
Britannice— SEN. OCTAV. act. i.

Thou too, dear youth, to ashes turned,
Britannicus, for ever mourned!
Thou star, that wont this orb to grace!
Thou pillar of the Julian race?

Maneas hominum contentus habenis,
Undarum terræque potens, et sidera dones. STAT. THEB. lib. i.

Stay, great Cæsar, and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heaven with Roman deities. MR. POPE.

I need not mention Homer's comparing Astyanax to the morning-star, nor Virgil's imitation of him in his description of Ascanius.

The next medal was stampt on the marriage of Nero and Octavia;[1] you see the sun over the head of Nero, and the moon over that of Octavia. They face one another according to the situation of these two planets in the heavens.

Phœbeis obvia flammis
Demet nocti luna timores. SEN. THYEST. act. iv.

And to show that Octavia derived her whole lustre from the friendly aspect of her husband,

Sicut luna suo tunc tantum deficit orbe,
Quum Phœbum adversis currentem non videt astris.
MAN. lib. iv.

Because the moon then only feels decay,
When opposite unto her brother's ray. MR. CREECH.

[1] Fig. 10.

But if we consider the history of this medal, we shall find more fancy in it than the medallists have yet discovered. Nero and Octavia were not only husband and wife, but brother and sister, Claudius being the father of both. We have this relation between them marked out in the tragedy of Octavia, where it speaks of her marriage with Nero.

Fratris thalamos sortita tenet
Maxima Juno: soror Augusti
Sociata toris, cur à patriâ
Pellitur aulâ? SEN. OCT. act. i.

To Jove, his sister consort wed,
Uncensured shares her brother's bed:
Shall Cæsar's wife and sister wait,
An exile at her husband's gate?

Implebit aulam stirpe cœlesti tuam
Generata divo, Claudæ gentis decus,
Sortita fratris, more Junonis, toros. *Ibid.* act. ii.

Thy sister, bright with every blooming grace,
Will mount thy bed t' enlarge the Claudian race:
And, proudly teeming with fraternal love,
Shall reign a Juno with the Roman Jove.

They are, therefore, very prettily represented by the sun and moon, who as they are the most glorious parts of the universe, are in poetical genealogy brother and sister. Virgil gives us a sight of them in the same position that they regard each other on this medal.

Nec Fratris radiis obnoxia surgere Luna. VIRG. GEORG. i.

The flattery on the next medal[1] is in the same thought as that of Lucretius.

Ipse Epicurus obìt decurso lumine vitæ;
Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omneis
Præstrinxit, stellàs exortus uti ætherius sol. LUCRET. lib. iii.

Nay, Epicurus' race of life is run;
That man of wit, who other men outshone,
As far as meaner stars the mid-day sun. MR. CREECH.

The emperor appears as the rising sun, and holds a globe in his hand, to figure out the earth that is enlightened and actuated by his beauty.

Sol qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras. VIRG.
—ubi primos crastinus ortus
Extulerit Titan, radiisque retexerit orbem. *Idem.*

When next the sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays. MR. DRYDEN.

[1] Fig. ll.

On his head you see the rays that seem to grow out of it. Claudian, in the description of his infant Titan, descants on this glory about his head, but has run his description into most wretched fustian.

> Invalidum dextro portat Titana lacerto,
> Nondum luce gravem, nec pubescentibus altè
> Cristatum radiis; primo clementior ævo
> Fingitur, et tenerum vagitu despuit ignem.
> CLAUD. DE RAPT. PROS. lib. ii.

> An infant Titan held she in her arms;
> Yet sufferably bright, the eye might bear
> The ungrown glories of his beamy hair.
> Mild was the babe, and from his cries there came
> A gentle breathing and a harmless flame.

The sun rises on a medal of Commodus,[1] as Ovid describes him in the story of Phaëton.

> Ardua prima via est, et quà vix manè recentes
> Enituntur equi— OV. MET. lib. ii.

You have here, too, the four horses breaking through the clouds in their morning passage.

> Pyroëis, et Eöus, et Æthon,
> Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon— *Ibid.*
> Corripuere viam, pedibusque per aëra motis
> Obstantes scindunt nebulas— *Ibid.*

The woman underneath represents the Earth, as Ovid has drawn her sitting in the same figure.

> Sustulit omniferos collo tenus arida vultus;
> Opposuitque manum fronti, magnoque tremore
> Omnia concutiens paulum subsedit. *Ibid.*
> The earth at length—
> Uplifted to the heavens her blasted head,
> And clapped her hand upon her brows, and said,
> (But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
> Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat).

The *cornu-copiæ* in her hand is a type of her fruitfulness, as in the speech she makes to Jupiter.

> Hosne mihi fructus, hunc fertilitatis honorem,
> Officiique refers? quod adunci vulnera aratri
> Rastrorumque fero, totoque exerceor anno?
> Quod pecori frondes, alimentaque mitia fruges
> Humano generi, vobis quoque thura ministro?
> OV. MET. lib. ii.
> And does the plough for this my body tear?
> This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
> Tortured with rakes and harassed all the year?

[1] Fig. 12.

That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
And food for man, and frankincense for you?

So much for the designing part of the medal; as for the thought of it, the antiquaries are divided upon it. For my part I cannot doubt but it was made as a compliment to Commodus on his skill in the chariot-race. It is supposed that the same occasion furnished Lucan with the same thought in his address to Nero.

Seu te flammigeros Phœbi conscendere currus,
Telluremque, nihil mutato sole, timentem
Igne vago lustrare juvet— LUC. lib. i., AD NERONEM.
Or if thou choose the empire of the day,
And make the sun's unwilling steeds obey;
Auspicious if thou drive the flaming team,
While earth rejoices in thy gentler beam. MR. ROWE.

This is so natural an allusion, that we find the course of the sun described in the poets by metaphors borrowed from the Circus.

Quum suspensus eat Phœbus, currumque reflectat
Huc illuc agiles, et servet in æthere metas. MANIL. lib. i.
Hesperio positas in littore metas. OV. MET. lib. ii.
Et sol ex æquo metâ distabat utrâque. *Idem.*

However it be, we are sure in general it is a comparing of Commodus to the sun, which is a simile of as long standing as poetry, I had almost said, as the sun itself.

I believe, says Cynthio, there is scarce a great man he ever shone upon that has not been compared to him. I look on similes as a part of his productions. I do not know whether he raises fruits or flowers in greater number. Horace has turned this comparison into ridicule seventeen hundred years ago.

—laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem,
Solem Asiæ Brutum appellat— HOR. Sat. 7, lib. i
He praiseth Brutus much and all his train;
He calls him Asia's Sun— MR. CREECH.

You have now shown us persons under the disguise of stars, moons, and suns. I suppose we have at last done with the celestial bodies.

The next figure[1] you see, says Philander, had once a place in the heavens, if you will believe ecclesiastical story. It is the sign that is said to have appeared to Constantine before the battle with Maxentius. We are told by a Christian

[1] Fig. 13.

SERIES II.

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poet, that he caused it to be wrought on the military ensign that the Romans call their *labarum*. And it is on this ensign that we find it in the present medal.

> Christus purpureum gemmanti, textus in auro
> Signabat Labarum. PRUDENT. CONTRA SYMM. lib. i.
> A Christ was on the Imperial standard borne,
> That gold embroiders, and that gems adorn.

By the word *Christus* he means without doubt the present figure, which is composed out of the two initial letters of the name.

He bore the same sign in his standards, as you may see in the following medal[1] and verses.

> Agnoscas, regina, libens mea signa necesse est:
> In quibus effigies crucis aut gemmata refulget,
> Aut longis solido ex auro præfertur in hastis.
> CONSTANTINUS ROMAM ALLOQUITUR. *Ibid.*
> My ensign let the queen of nations praise,
> That rich in gems the Christian cross displays:
> There rich in gems; but on my quivering spears
> In solid gold the sacred mark appears.
> Vexillumque crucis summus dominator adorat. *Id.* in APOTH.
> See there the cross he waved on hostile shores,
> The emperor of all the world adores.

But to return to our *Labarum*;[2] if you have a mind to see it in a state of Paganism you have it on a coin of Tiberius. It stands between two other ensigns, and is the mark of a Roman colony where the medal was stamped. By the way, you must observe, that wherever the Romans fixed their standards they looked on that place as their country, and thought themselves obliged to defend it with their lives. For this reason their standards were always carried before them when they went to settle themselves in a colony. This gives the meaning of a couple of verses in Silius Italicus, that make a very far-fetched compliment to Fabius.

> Ocyus huc Aquilas servataque signa referte,
> Hic patria est, murique urbis stant pectore in uno.
> SIL. IT. lib. vii.

The following medal was stamped on Trajan's victory over the Daci,[3] you see on it the figure of Trajan representing a little Victory to Rome. Between them lies the conquered province of Dacia. It may be worth while to observe the particularities in each figure. We see abundance of persons

[1] Fig. 14. [2] Fig. 15. [3] Fig. 16.

on old coins that held a little Victory in one hand, like this of Trajan, which is always the sign of a conquest. I have sometimes fancied Virgil alludes to this custom in a verse that Turnus speaks.

> Non adeo has exosa manus victoria fugit. VIRG. ÆN. lib. xi.
> If you consent, he shall not be refused,
> Nor find a hand to victory unused. MR. DRYDEN.

The emperor's standing in a gown, and making a present of his Dacian Victory to the city of Rome, agrees very well with Claudian's character of him.

> —victura feretur
> Gloria Trajani, non tam quod, Tigride victo,
> Nostra triumphati fuerint provincia Parthi,
> Alta quod invectus stratis Capitolia Dacis:
> Quam patriæ quod mitis erat:— CLAUD. DE 4to CONS. HONOR.
> Thy glory, Trajan, shall for ever live:
> Not that thy arms the Tigris mourned, o'ercome,
> And tributary Parthia bowed to Rome,
> Not that the Capitol received thy train
> With shouts of triumph for the Daci slain:
> But for thy mildness to thy country shown.

The city of Rome carries the wand in her hand that is the symbol of her divinity.

> Delubrum Romæ (colitur nam sanguine et ipsa
> More Deæ,— PRUDENT. CONT. SYM. lib. i.
> For Rome, a goddess too, can boast her shrine,
> With victims stained, and sought with rites divine.

As the globe under her feet betokens her dominion over all the nations of the earth.

> Terrarum dea, gentiumque Roma;
> Cui par est nihil, et nihil secundum. MART. lib. xii. Epig. 8.
> O Rome, thou goddess of the earth!
> To whom no rival e'er had birth;
> Nor second e'er shall rise.

The heap of arms she sits on signifies the peace that the emperor had procured her. On old coins we often see an emperor, a victory, the city of Rome, or a slave, sitting on a heap of arms, which always marks out the peace that arose from such an action as gave occasion to the medal. I think we cannot doubt but Virgil copied out this circumstance from the ancient sculptors, in that inimitable description he gives us of Military Fury shut up in the temple of Janus loaden with chains.

Claudentur belli portæ: Furor impius intus
Sæva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus ahenis
Post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. i.

Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprisoned Fury, bound in brazen chains:
High on a trophy raised of useless arms
He sits, and threats the world with dire alarms. MR. DRYDEN.

We are told by the old scholiast, says Eugenius, that there was actually such a statue in the temple of Janus as that Virgil has here described, which I am almost apt to believe, since you assure us that this part of the design is so often met with on ancient medals. But have you nothing to remark on the figure of the province? Her posture, says Philander, is what we often meet with in the slaves and captives of old coins: among the poets, too, sitting on the ground is a mark of misery or captivity.

Multos illa dies incomtis mœsta capillis
Sederat—— PROPERT. lib. i.

O utinam ante tuos sedeam captiva penates. *Id.* lib. iv.
O might I sit a captive at thy gate!

You have the same posture in an old coin[1] that celebrates a victory of Lucius Verus over the Parthians. The captive's hands are here bound behind him, as a further instance of his slavery.

Ecce manus juvenem interea post terga revinctum,
Pastores magno ad regem clamore ferebant. VIRG. ÆN. lib. ii.

Meanwhile, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
A captive Greek in bands before the king. MR. DRYDEN.

Cui dedit invitas victa noverca manus. OV. DE FAST.

Cùm rudis urgenti brachia victa dedi. PROPERT. lib. iv.

We may learn from Ovid that it was sometimes the custom to place a slave with his arms bound at the foot of the trophy, as in the figure before us.

Stentque super vinctos trunca trophæa viros.
OV. EP. EX PONTO, lib. iv.

You see on his head the cap which the Parthians, and, indeed, most of the eastern nations, wear on medals. They had not probably the ceremony of veiling the bonnet in their salut-

[1] Fig. 17.

ations, for in medals they still have it on their heads, whether they are before emperors or generals, kneeling, sitting, or standing. Martial has distinguished them by this cap as their chief characteristic.

Frustra blanditiæ venitis ad me
Attritis miserabiles labellis,
Dicturus dominum, deumque non sum:
Jam non est locus hâc in urbe vobis.
Ad Parthos procul ite pileatos,
Et turpes, humilesque supplicesque
Pictorum sola basiate regum. MART. Epig. 72, lib. x.

In vain mean flatteries ye try,
To gnaw the lip and fall the eye;
No man a god or lord I name:
From Romans far be such a shame!
Go, teach the supple Parthian how
To veil the bonnet on his brow:
Or on the ground all prostrate fling
Some Pict, before his barbarous king.

I cannot hear, says Cynthio, without a kind of indignation, the satirical reflection that Martial has made on the memory of Domitian. It is certain so ill an emperor deserved all the reproaches that could be heaped upon him, but he could not deserve them of Martial. I must confess I am less scandalized at the flatteries the epigrammatist paid him living, than the ingratitude he showed him dead. A man may be betrayed into the one by an overstrained complaisance, or by a temper extremely sensible of favours and obligations: whereas the other can arise from nothing but a natural baseness and villany of soul. It does not always happen, says Philander, that the poet and the honest man meet together in the same person. I think we need enlarge no further on this medal, unless you have a mind to compare the trophy on it with that of Mezentius, in Virgil.

Ingentem quercum decisis undique ramis
Constituit tumulo, fulgentiaque induit arma,
Mezenti ducis exuvias; tibi, magne, tropæum,
Bellipotens: aptat rorantes sanguine cristas,
Telaque trunca viri, et bis sex thoraca petitum
Perfossumque locis; clypeumque ex ære sinistræ
Subligat, atque ensem collo suspendit eburnum.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. xi.

He bared an ancient oak of all her boughs:

Then on a rising ground the trunk he placed;
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he graced.
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked snag in triumph borne,
Was hung on high, and glittered from afar;
A tropy sacred to the god of war.
Above his arms, fixed on the leafless wood,
Appeared his plumy crest, besmeared with blood;
His brazen buckler on the left was seen;
Truncheons of shivered lances hung between:
And on the right was placed his corselet, bored,
And to the neck was tied his unavailing sword. MR. DRYDEN.

On the next medal[1] you see the peace that Vespasian procured the empire, after having happily finished all its wars both at home and abroad. The woman with the olive branch in her hand is the figure of Peace.

Pignora Pacis
Prætendens dextrâ ramum canentis olivæ. SIL. IT. lib. iii.

With the other hand she thrusts a lighted torch under a heap of armour that lies by an altar. This alludes to a custom among the ancient Romans, of gathering up the armour that lay scattered on the field of battle, and burning it as an offering to one of their deities. It is to this custom that Virgil refers, and Silius Italicus has described at large.

Qualis eram cùm primam aciem Præneste sub ipsâ
Stravi, scutorumque incendi victor acervos. VIRG. ÆN. lib. viii.

Such as I was beneath Præneste's walls;
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquered shields on fire. MR. DRYDEN.

Ast tibi, Bellipotens, Sacrum, constructus acervo
Ingenti mons armorum consurgit ad astra:
Ipse manu celsam pinum, flammâque comantem
Attollens, ductor Gradivum in vota ciebat:
Primitias pugnæ, et læti labamina belli,
Hannibal Ausonio cremat hæc de nomine victor.
Et tibi, Mars genitor, votorum haud surde meorum,
Arma electa dicat spirantum turba virorum.
Tum face conjectâ, populatur fervidus ignis
Flagrantem molem; et ruptâ caligine, in auras
Actus apex claro perfundit lumine campos. SIL. IT. lib. x.

To thee, the Warrior-God, aloft in air
A mountain-pile of Roman arms they rear:
The general grasping in his victor hand
A pine of stately growth, he waved the brand,

[1] Fig. 18.

And cried, O Mars! to thee devote I yield
These choice first-fruits of honour's purple field.
Joined with the partners of my toil and praise,
Thy Hannibal this vowed oblation pays;
Grateful to thee for Latian laurels won:
Accept this homage, and absolve thy son.—
Then to the pile the flaming torch he tossed;
In smouldering smoke the light of heaven is lost:
But when the fire increase of fury gains,
The blaze of glory gilds the distant plains.

As for the heap of arms, and mountain of arms, that the poet mentions, you may see them on two coins of Marcus Aurelius.[1] De Sarmatis and De Germanis allude, perhaps, to the form of words that might be used at the setting fire to them—*Ausonio de nomine.* Those who will not allow of the interpretation I have put on these two last medals, may think it an objection that there is no torch or fire near them to signify any such allusion. But they may consider that on several imperial coins we meet with the figure of a funeral pile, without anything to denote the burning of it, though indeed there is on some of them a flambeau sticking out on each side, to let us know it was to be consumed to ashes.

You have been so intent on the burning of the arms, says Cynthio, that you have forgotten the pillar on your 18th medal. You may find the history of it, says Philander, in Ovid de Fastis. It was from this pillar that the spear was tossed at the opening of a war, for which reason the little figure on the top of it holds a spear in its hand, and Peace turns her back upon it.

Prospicit à templo summum brevis area circum:
Est ibi non parvæ parva columna notæ:
Hinc solet hasta manu, belli prænuncia, mitti;
In regem et gentes cum placet arma capi.
OV. DE FAST. lib. vi.

Where the high fane the ample cirque commands,
A little but a noted pillar stands,
From hence, when Rome the distant kings defies,
In form the war-denouncing javelin flies.

The different interpretations that have been made on the next medal[2] seem to be forced and unnatural. I will, therefore, give you my own opinion of it. The vessel is here represented as stranded. The figure before it seems to come in to its assistance, and to lift it off the shallows: for we see

[1] Fig. 19, 20. [2] Fig. 21.

the water scarce reaches up to the knees; and though it is the figure of a man standing on firm ground, his attendants, and the good office he is employed upon, resemble those the poets often attribute to Neptune. Homer tells us, that the whales leaped up at their god's approach, as we see in the medal. The two small figures that stand naked among the waves, are sea-deities of an inferior rank, who are supposed to assist their sovereign in the succour he gives the distressed vessel.

Cymothoë, simul et Triton adnixus acuto
Detrudunt naves scopulo; levat ipse tridenti,
Et vastas aperit syrtes, et temperat æquor. VIRG. ÆN. lib. i.

Cymothoë, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands;
The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands. MR. DRYDEN.

Jam placidis ratis extat aquis, quam gurgite ab imo
Et Thetis, et magnis Nereus socer erigit ulnis. VAL. FLAC. lib. i.

The interpreters of this medal have mistaken these two figures for the representation of two persons that are drowning. But as they are both naked, and drawn in a posture rather of triumphing over the waves than of sinking under them, so we see abundance of water deities on other medals represented after the same manner.

Ite Deæ virides, liquidosque advertite vultus,
Et vitreum teneris crinem redimite corymbis,
Veste nihil tectæ: quales emergitis altis
Fontibus, et visu Satyros torquetis amantes.
STATIUS DE BALNEO ETRUSCI, lib. i.

Haste, haste, ye Naiads! with attractive art
New charms to every native grace impart:
With opening flowerets bind your sea-green hair,
Unveiled; and naked let your limbs appear:
So from the springs the Satyrs see you rise,
And drink eternal passion at their eyes.

After having thus far cleared our way to the medal, I take the thought of the reverse to be this. The stranded vessel is the commonwealth of Rome, that, by the tyranny of Domitian, and the insolence of the Prætorian guards, under Nerva, was quite run aground and in danger of perishing. Some of those embarked in it endeavour at her recovery, but it is Trajan that, by the adoption of Nerva, stems the tide to her relief, and like another Neptune shoves her off the quicksands. Your device, says Eugenius, hangs very well together;

but is not it liable to the same exceptions that you made us last night to such explications as have nothing but the writer's imagination to support them? To show you, says Philander, that the construction I put on this medal is conformable to the fancies of the old Romans, you may observe, that Horace represents at length the commonwealth of Rome under the figure of a ship, in the allegory that you meet with in the fourteenth ode of his first book.

O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus.
And shall the raging waves again
Bear thee back into the main? MR. CREECH.

Nor was anything more usual than to represent a god in the shape and dress of an emperor.

Apelleæ cuperent te scribere ceræ,
Optassetque novo similem te ponere templo
Atticus Elei senior Jovis: et tua mitis
Ora Taras: tua sidereas imitantia flammas
Lumina, contempto mallet Rhodos aspera Phœbo.
STATIUS DE EQUO DOMITIANI, Syl. i.

Now had Apelles lived, he 'd sue to grace
His glowing tablets with thy godlike face.
Phidias, a sculptor for the powers above,
Had wished to place thee with his ivory Jove.
Rhodes, and Tarentum, that with pride survey,
The thunderer this, and that the god of day;
Each famed Colossus would exchange for thee,
And own thy form the loveliest of the three.

For the thought in general, you have just the same metaphorical compliment to Theodosius in Claudian, as the medal here makes to Trajan.

Nulla relicta foret Romani nominis umbra,
Ni pater ille tuus jamjam ruitura subisset
Pondera, turbatamque ratem, certâque levasset
Naufragium commune manu.
CLAUDIAN DE 4to CONS. HONORII.

Had not thy sire deferred the impending fate,
And with his solid virtue propped the state;
Sunk in oblivion's shade, the name of Rome,
An empty name! had scarce survived her doom:
Half wrecked she was, till his auspicious hand
Resumed the rudder, and regained the land.

I shall only add, that this medal was stamped in honour of Trajan, when he was only Cæsar, as appears by the face of it .... Sari Traiano.

The next is a reverse of Marcus Aurelius.[1] We have on it a Minerva mounted on a monster, that Ausonius describes in the following verses.

Illa etiam Thalamos per trina ænigmata quærens
Qui bipes, et quadrupes foret, et tripes omnia solus;
Terruit Aoniam Volucris, Leo, Virgo; triformis
Sphinx, volucris pennis, pedibus fera, fronte puella.

To form the monster Sphinx, a triple kind,
Man, bird, and beast, by nature were combined:
With feathered fans she winged the aërial space;
And on her feet the lion-claws disgrace
The bloomy features of a virgin face.
O'er pale Aönia panic horror ran,
While in mysterious speech she thus began:
"What animal, when yet the morn is new,
Walks on four legs infirm; at noon on two:
But day declining to the western skies,
He needs a third; a third the night supplies?"

The monster, says Cynthio, is a sphinx, but for her meaning on this medal, I am not Œdipus enough to unriddle it. I must confess, says Philander, the poets fail me in this particular. There is, however, a passage in Pausanias that I will repeat to you, though it is in prose, since I know nobody else that has explained the medal by it. The Athenians, says he, drew a sphinx on the armour of Pallas, by reason of the strength and sagacity of this animal. The sphinx, therefore, signifies the same as Minerva herself, who was the goddess of arms as well as wisdom, and describes the emperor as one of the poets expresses it,—

Studiis florentem utriusque Minervæ.
Whom both Minervas boast t' adopt their own.

The Romans joined both devices together, to make the emblem the more significant, as indeed they could not too much extol the learning and military virtues of this excellent emperor, who was the best philosopher and the greatest general of his age.

We will close up this series of medals with one that was stamped under Tiberius to the memory of Augustus.[2] Over his head you see the star that his father Julius Cæsar was supposed to have been changed into.

Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum. VIRG. ECL. ix.
See Cæsar's lamp is lighted in the skies. MR. DRYDEN.

[1] Fig. 22. [2] Fig. 23.

—micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores. HOR.

—Julius Cæsar's light appears
As, in fair nights and smiling skies,
The beauteous moon amidst the meaner stars. MR. CREECH.

Vix ea fatus erat, mediâ cum sede senatûs
Constitit alma Venus, nulli cernenda, suique
Cæsaris eripuit membris, nec in aëra solvi
Passa recentem animam, cœlestibus intulit astris.
Dumque tulit lumen capere atque ignescere sensit,
Emisitque sinu: Lunâ evolat altius illa,
Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem,
Stella micat. OV. MET. lib. XV.

This spoke, the goddess to the senate flew;
Where, her fair form concealed from mortal view,
Her Cæsar's heavenly part she made her care,
Nor left the recent soul to waste to air;
But bore it upwards to its native skies:
Glowing with new-born fires she saw it rise;
Forth springing from her bosom up it flew,
And kindling, as it soared, a comet grew;
Above the lunar sphere it took its flight,
And shot behind it a long trail of light. MR. WELSTED.

Virgil draws the same figure of Augustus on Æneas's shield as we see on this medal. The commentators tell us, that the star was engraven on Augustus's helmet, but we may be sure Virgil means such a figure of the emperor as he used to be represented by in the Roman sculpture, and such a one as we may suppose this to be that we have before us.

Hinc Augustus agens Italos in prælia Cæsar,
Cum patribus, populoque, Penatibus, et magnis Diis,
Stans celsâ in puppi; geminas cui tempora flammas
Læta vomunt, patriumque aperitur vertice sidus.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. viii.

Young Cæsar on the stern in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans and the gods to fight:
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar;
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star. MR. DRYDEN.

The thunderbolt that lies by him is a mark of his apotheosis, that makes him, as it were, a companion of Jupiter. Thus the poets of his own age that defied him living:

Divisum Imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet. VIRG.
Hic socium summo cum Jove numen habet. OV.
—regit Augustus socio per signa Tonante. MANIL. lib. i.

Sed tibi debetur cœlum, te fulmine pollens,
Accipiet cupidi Regia magna Jovis.
Ov. DE AUGUSTO AD LIVIAM.

He wears on his head the *corona radiata*, which at that time was another type of his divinity. The spikes that shoot out from the crown were to represent the rays of the sun. There were twelve of them, in allusion to the signs of the Zodiac. It is this kind of crown that Virgil describes.

—ingenti mole Latinus
Quadrijugo vehitur curru, cui tempora circum
Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi specimen. VIRG. ÆN. lib. xii.

Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day. MR. DRYDEN.

If you would know why the *corona radiata* is a representation of the sun, you may see it in the figure of Apollo[1] on the next reverse, where his head is encompassed with such an arch of glory as Ovid and Statius mention, that might be put on and taken off at pleasure.

—at genitor circum caput omne micantes
Deposuit radios— Ov. MET. lib. ii.

The tender sire was touched with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head.

Imposuitque comæ radios— *Ibid.*

Then fixed his beamy circle on his head.

—licet ignipedum frænator equorum
Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat— STAT. THEB. lib. i. ad Domitianum.

Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine. MR. POPE.

In his right hand he holds the whip with which he is supposed to drive the horses of the sun: as in a pretty passage of Ovid, that some of his editors must needs fancy spurious.

Colligit amentes, et adhuc terrore paventes,
Phœbus equos, stimuloque dolens et verbere sævit:
Sævit enim, natumque objectat, et imputat illis.
Ov. MET. lib. ii.

Prevailed upon at length, again he took
The harnessed steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,
And, as he whips, upbraids them with his son.

The double-pointed dart in his left hand is an emblem of his

[1] Fig. 24.

beams, that pierce through such an infinite depth of air, and enter into the very bowels of the earth. Accordingly Lucretius calls them the darts of the day, as Ausonius to make a sort of witticism has followed his example.

Non radii solis, neque lucida tela Diei. LUCRET.
Exultant udæ super arida saxa rapinæ,
Luciferique pavent letalia tela Diei.
DE PISCIBUS CAPTIS. AUS. Eid. 10.

Caligo terræ scinditur,
Percussa solis spiculo. PRUD. Hym. 2.

I have now given you a sample of such emblematical medals as are unriddled by the Latin poets, and have shown several passages in the Latin poets that receive an illustration from medals. Some of the coins we have had before us have not been explained by others, as many of them have been explained in a different manner. There are indeed others that have had very near the same explication put upon them, but as this explication has been supported by no authority, it can at best be looked upon but as a probable conjecture. It is certain, says Eugenius, there cannot be any more authentic illustrations of Roman medals, especially of those that are full of fancy, than such as are drawn out of the Latin poets. For as there is a great affinity between designing and poetry, so the Latin poets, and the designers of the Roman medals, lived very near one another, were acquainted with the same customs, conversant with the same objects, and bred up to the same relish for wit and fancy. But who are the ladies that we are next to examine? These are, says Philander, so many cities, nations, and provinces, that present themselves to you under the shape of women. What you take for a fine lady at first sight, when you come to look into her will prove a town, a country, or one of the four parts of the world. In short, you have now Afric, Spain, France, Italy, and several other nations of the earth, before you. This is one of the pleasantest maps, says Cynthio, that I ever saw. Your geographers now and then fancy a country like a leg or a head, a bear or a dragon, but I never before saw them represented like women. I could not have thought your mountains, seas, and promontories could have made up an assembly of such well-shaped persons. This, therefore, says Philander, is a geography particular to the medallists. The poets, however, have sometimes given

into it, and furnish us with very good lights for the explication of it. The first lady you see on the list is Africa.[1] She carries an elephant's tooth by her side.

> Dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Syenes,
> Et Mauri celeres, et Mauro obscurior Indus:
> Et quos deposuit Nabathæo bellua saltu,
> Jam nimios, capitique graves— Juv. Sat. 11.

She is always quoiffed with the head of an elephant, to show that this animal is the breed of that country, as for the same reason she has a dragon lying at her feet.

> Huic varias pestes, diversaque membra ferarum,
> Concessit bellis natura infesta futuris;
> Horrendos angues, habitataque membra veneno,
> Et mortis partus, viventia crimina terræ;
> Et vastos elephantes habet, sævosque leones,
> In pœnas fœcunda suas, parit horrida tellus.
> Manil. lib. iv. de Africa.

> Here nature, angry with mankind, prepares
> Strange monsters, instruments of future wars;
> Here snakes, those cells of poison, take their birth,
> Those living crimes and grievance of the earth;
> Fruitful in its own plagues, the desert shore
> Here elephants, and frightful lions roar. Mr. Creech.

Lucan, in his description of the several noxious animals of this country, mentions in particular the flying dragon that we see on this medal.

> Vos quoque, qui cunctis innoxia numina terris
> Serpitis, aurato nitidi fulgore dracones,
> Pestiferos ardens facit Africa: ducitis altum
> Aëra cum pennis, armentaque tota secuti
> Rumpitis ingentes amplexi verbere tauros.
> Nec tutus spatio est elephas; datis omnia letho:
> Nec vobis opus est ad noxia fata veneno. Luc. lib. ix.

> And you, ye dragons! of the scaly race,
> Whom glittering gold and shining armours grace,
> In other nations harmless are you found,
> Their guardian genii and protectors owned;
> In Afric only are you fatal; there,
> On wide expanded wings, sublime you rear
> Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air.
> The lowing kine in droves you chase, and cull
> Some master of the herd, some mighty bull:
> Around his stubborn sides your tails you twist,
> By force compress, and burst his brawny chest.
> Not elephants are by their larger size
> Secure, but with the rest become your prize.

[1] Third series, fig. 1.

Resistless in your might, you all invade,
And for destruction need not poison's aid. MR. ROWE.

The bull that appears on the other side of the dragon, shows us that Afric abounds in agriculture.

—tibi habe frumentum, Alledius inquit,
O Libye, disjunge boves, dum tubera mittas. JUV. Sat. 5.

—No more plough up the ground,
O Libya, where such mushrooms can be found,
Alledius cries, but furnish us with store
Of mushrooms, and import thy corn no more. MR. BOWLES.

This part of the world has always on medals something to denote her wonderful fruitfulness, as it was, indeed, the great granary of Italy. In the two following figures, the handful of wheat, the *cornu-copiæ*, and basket of corn, are all emblems of the same signification.

Sed quâ se campis squalentibus Africa tendit,
Serpentum largo coquitur fœcunda veneno:
Felix quà pingues mitis plaga temperat agros;
Nec Cerere Ennæâ, Pharioque victa colono. SIL. IT. lib. i.

Frumenti quantum metit Africa,— HOR. Sat. 3, lib. ii.

—segetes mirantur Iberas
Horreo; nec Libyæ senserunt damna rebellis
Jam transalpinæ contenti messe Quirites.
CLAUD. IN EUTROP. lib. i.

The lion[1] on the second medal marks her out for the

—Leonum
Arida nutrix.— HOR.

The scorpion[2] on the third is another of her productions, as Lucan mentions it in particular, in the long catalogue of her venomous animals.

—quis fata putaret
Scorpion, aut vires maturæ mortis habere?
Ille minax nodis, et recto verbere sævus,
Teste tulit cœlo victi decus Orionis. LUC. lib. ix.

Who, that the scorpion's insect form surveys,
Would think that ready death his call obeys?
Threatening he rears his knotty tail on high,
The vast Orion thus he doomed to die,
And fixed him, his proud trophy, in the sky. MR. ROWE.

The three figures you have here shown us, says Eugenius, give me an idea of a description or two in Claudian, that I must confess I did not before know what to make of. They represent Africa in the shape of a woman, and certainly

[1] Fig. 2. [2] Fig. 3.

SERIES III.

1
FELIX ADVENTVS AVGVSTI
PEN
2
AFRICA
S C
3
AFRICA
S C
4
AEGIPTOS
S C
5
MAVRETANIA
S C
6
HISPANIA
S C
7
ADVENTVS AVG GALLIAE
S C
8
S C
ITALIA
9
S C
ROMA

allude to the corn and head-dress that she wears on old coins.

—mediis apparet in astris
Africa, rescissæ vestes, et spicea passim
Serta jacent, lacero crinales vertice dentes,
Et fractum pedebat ebur. CLAUD. DE BEL. GILD.

Next Afric, mounting to the blest abodes,
Pensive approached the synod of the gods:
No arts of dress the weeping dame adorn;
Her garments rent, and wheaten garlands torn:
The fillets graced with teeth in ivory rows,
Broke and disordered dangle on her brows.

Tum spicis et dente comas illustris eburno,
Et calido rubicunda die, sic Africa fatur.
CLAUD. DE CONS. STIL. lib. ii.

I think, says Philander, there is no question but the poet has copied out in his description the figure that Africa made in ancient sculpture and painting. The next before us is Egypt.[1] Her basket of wheat shows us the great fruitfulness of the country, which is caused by the inundations of the Nile.

Syrtibus hinc Libycis tuta est Ægyptus: at inde
Gurgite septeno rapidus mare summovet amnis:
Terra suis contenta bonis, non indiga mercis,
Aut Jovis; in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo. LUC. lib. viii.

By nature strengthened with a dangerous strand,
Her syrts and untried channels guard the land.
Rich in the fatness of her plenteous soil,
She plants her only confidence in Nile. MR. ROWE.

The instrument in her hand is the Sistrum of the Egyptians, made use of in the worship of the goddess Isis.

—Nilotica sistris
Ripa sonat— CLAUD. DE 4to CONS. HON.

On medals you see it in the hand of Egypt, of Isis, or any of her worshippers. The poets, too, make the same use of it, as Virgil has placed it in Cleopatra's hand, to distinguish her from an Egyptian.

Regina in mediis patrio vocat agmina sistro. VIRG. ÆN. lib. viii.

The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals tossed, her fainting soldiers warms. MR. DRYDEN.

—restabant Actia bella,
Atque ipsa Isiaco certârunt fulmina sistro. MANIL. lib. i.

[1] Fig. 4.

—imitataque Lunam
Cornua fulserunt, crepuitque sonabile sistrum.
DE ISIDE, OV. MET. lib. ix.

The lunar horns that bind
The brows of Isis, cast a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murmuring sound. MR. DRYDEN.

Quid tua nunc Isis tibi, Delia? quid mihi prosunt
Illa tuâ toties æra repulsa manu? TIB. lib. i. El. 3.

Nos in templa tuam Romana accepimus Isin,
Semideosque canes, et sistra jubentia luctus. LUC. lib. viii.

Have we with honours dead Osiris crowned,
And mourned him to the timbrel's tinkling sound?
Received her Isis to divine abodes,
And ranked her dogs deformed with Roman gods? MR. ROWE.

The bird before her is the Egyptian ibis. This figure, however, does not represent the living bird, but rather an idol of it, as one may guess by the pedestal it stands upon, for the Egyptians worshipped it as a god.

Quis nescii, Volusi Bithynice, qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat? crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc, illa pavet saturam serpentibus Ibin;
Effigies sacri nitet aurea Circopitheci. JUV. Sat. 15.

How Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known;
One sect devotion to Nile's serpent pays;
Others to Ibis, that on serpents preys.
Where, Thebes, thy hundred gates lie unrepaired,
And where maimed Memnon's magic harp is heard,
Where these are mouldering left, the sots combine
With pious care a monkey to enshrine. MR. TATE.

Venerem precaris? comprecare et Simiam.
Placet sacratus aspis Æsculapii?
Crocodilus, Ibis et Canes cur displicent?
PRUDENTIUS. Pas. i. ROMANI.

We have Mauritania[1] on the fifth medal, leading a horse with something like a thread, for where there is a bridle in old coins you see it much more distinctly. In her other hand she holds a switch. We have the design of this medal in the following descriptions that celebrate the Moors and Numidians, inhabitants of Mauritania, for their horsemanship.

Hic passim exultant Numidæ, gens inscia fræni:
Queis inter geminas per ludum mobilis aures
Quadrupedum flectit non cedens virga lupatis,
Altrix bellorum bellatorumque virorum,
Tellus— SIL. IT. lib. i.

[1] Fig. 5.

On his hot steed, unused to curb or rein,
The black Numidian prances o'er the plain;
A wand betwixt his ears directs the course,
And, as a bridle, turns the obedient horse.

— an Mauri fremitum raucosque repulsus
Umbonum, et nostros passuri, comminus enses?
Non contra clypeis tectos, galeisque micantes
Ibitis; in solis longe fiducia telis.
Exarmatus erit, cum missile torserit, hostis.
Dextra movet jaculum, prætentat pallia lævâ,
Cætera nudus eques; sonipes ignarus habenæ:
Virga regit, non ulla fides, non agminis ordo;
Arma oneri. CLAUD. DE BEL. GILDON.

Can Moors sustain the press, in close-fought fields,
Of shortened fauchions, and repelling shields?
Against a host of quivering spears ye go,
Nor helm nor buckler guards the naked foe;
The naked foe who vainly trusts his art,
And flings away his armour in his dart:
His dart the right hand shakes, the left uprears
His robe, beneath his tender skin appears,
Their steeds unreined obey the horseman's wand,
Nor know their legions when to march or stand:
In the war's dreadful laws untaught and rude,
A mob of men, a martial multitude.

The horse too may stand as an emblem of the warlike genius of the people.

Bello armantur equi, bella hæc armenta minantur.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. iii.

From Africa we will cross over into Spain. There are learned medallists that tell us, the rabbit,[1] which you see before her feet, may signify either the great multitude of these animals that are found in Spain, or, perhaps, the several mines that are wrought within the bowels of that country, the Latin word Cuniculus signifying either a rabbit or a mine. But these gentlemen do not consider, that it is not the word but the figure that appears on the medal. Cuniculus may stand for a rabbit or a mine, but the picture of a rabbit is not the picture of a mine. A pun can be no more engraven than it can be translated. When the word is construed into its idea, the double meaning vanishes. The figure, therefore, before us means a real rabbit, which is there found in vast multitudes.

Cuniculosæ Celtiberiæ fili. CATUL. IN EGNATIUM.

The olive-branch tells us it is a country that abounds in

[1] Fig. 6.

olives, as it is for this reason that Claudian in his description of Spain binds an olive-branch about her head.

—glaucis tum prima Minervæ
Nexa comam foliis, fulvâque intexta micantem
Veste Tagum, tales profert Hispania voces.
CLAUD. DE LAUD. STIL. lib. ii.

Thus Spain, whose brows the olive-wreaths infold,
And o'er her robe a Tagus streams in gold.

Martial has given us the like figure of one of the greatest rivers in Spain.

Bœtis oliviferâ crinem redimite coronâ,
Aurea qui nitidis vellera tingis aquis:
Quem Bromius quem Pallas amat— MART. lib. xii. Ep. 99.

Fair Bœtis! olives wreathe thy azure locks;
In fleecy gold thou cloth'st the neighbouring flocks:
Thy fruitful banks with rival bounty smile,
While Bacchus wine bestows, and Pallas oil.

And Prudentius, of one of its eminent towns.

Tu decem sanctos revehes et octo,
Cæsar Augusta studiosa Christi,
Verticem flavis oleis revincta
Pacis honore. PRUDENT. Hymn. 4.

France,[1] you see, has a sheep by her, not only as a sacrifice, but to show that the riches of the country consisted chiefly in flocks and pasturage. Thus Horace, mentioning the commodities of different countries,

Quanquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes,
Nec Læstrigoniâ Bacchus in amphorâ
Languescit mihi, nec pinguia Gallicis
Crescunt vellera pascuis. HOR. Od. 16, lib. iii.

Though no Calabrian bees do give
Their grateful tribute to my hive;
No wines, by rich Campania sent,
In my ignoble casks ferment;
No flocks in Gallic plains grow fat;— MR. CREECH.

She carries on her shoulders the sagulum that Virgil speaks of as the habit of the ancient Gauls.

Aurea cæsaries ollis, atque aurea vestis:
Virgatis lucent sagulis— VIRG. ÆN. lib. viii.

The gold dissembled well their yellow hair;
And golden chains on their white necks they wear;
Gold are their vests— MR. DRYDEN.

She is drawn in a posture of sacrificing for the safe arrival

[1] Fig. 7.

of the emperor, as we may learn from the inscription. We find in the several medals that were struck on Adrian's progress through the empire, that, at his arrival, they offered a sacrifice to the gods for the reception of so great a blessing. Horace mentions this custom.

Tum meæ (si quid loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars; et O sol
Pulcher, ô laudande, canam, recepto
Cæsare felix.
Te decem tauri, totidemque vaccæ;
Me tener solvet vitulus— HOR. Od. 2, lib. iv.

And there, if any patient ear
My muse's feeble song will hear,
My voice shall sound through Rome:
Thee, sun, I 'll sing, thee, lovely fair,
Thee, thee I 'll praise, when Cæsar 's come.
Ten large fair bulls, ten lusty cows,
Must die, to pay thy richer vows;
Of my small stock of kine
A calf just weaned— MR. CREECH.

Italy[1] has a *cornu-copiæ* in her hand, to denote her fruitfulness;

—magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus. VIRG. GEORG. iii.

and a crown of towers on her head, to figure out the many towns and cities that stand upon her. Lucan has given her the like ornament, where he represents her addressing herself to Julius Cæsar.

Ingens visa duci patriæ trepidantis Imago:
Clara per obscuram vultu mœstissima noctem,
Turrigero canos effundens vertice crines,
Cæsarie, lacerâ nudisque adstare lacertis,
Et gemitu permista loqui— LUCAN. lib. i.

Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,
A wondrous vision stood confest to sight;
Her awful head Rome's reverend image reared,
Trembling and sad the matron form appeared;
A towery crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted ere she spoke,
Then groaning thus the mournful silence broke. MR. ROWE.

She holds a sceptre in her other hand, and sits on a globe of the heavens, to show that she is the sovereign of nations, and that all the influences of the sun and stars fall on her dominions. Claudian makes the same compliment to Rome.

[1] Fig. 8.

Ipsa triumphatis quæ possidet æthera regnis.
CLAUD. IN PROB. et OLYB. CONS.

Jupiter arce suâ totum dum spectat in orbem,
Nil nisi Romanum quod tueatur habet. OV. DE FAST. lib. i.

Jove finds no realm, when he the globe surveys,
But what to Rome submissive homage pays.

Orbem jam totum victor Romanus habebat,
Quà mare, quà tellus, quà sidus currit utrumque. PETRON.

Now Rome, sole empress, reigned from pole to pole,
Wherever earth extends, or oceans roll.

The picture that Claudian makes of Rome, one would think, was copied from the next medal.[1]

—innuptæ ritus imitata Minervæ:
Nam neque cæsariem crinali stringere cultu,
Colla nec ornatu patitur mollire retorto;
Dextrum nuda latus, niveos exerta lacertos,
Audacem retegit mammam, laxumque coercens
Mordet gemma sinum.—
Clypeus Titana lucessit
Lumine, quem totâ variarat Mulciber arte;
Hîc patrius, Mavortis amor, fœtusque notantur
Romulei, post amnis inest, et bellua nutrix.
CLAUD. IN PROB. et OLYB. CONS.

No costly fillets knot her hair behind,
Nor female trinkets round her neck are twined.
Bold on the right her naked arm she shows,
And half her bosom's unpolluted snows;
Whilst on the left is buckled o'er her breast,
In diamond clasps, the military vest.
The sun was dazzled as her shield she reared,
Where, varied o'er by Mulciber, appeared
The loves of Mars her sire, fair Illa's joys,
The wolf, the Tiber, and the infant boys.

The next figure is Achaia.[2]

I am sorry, says Cynthio, to find you running farther off us. I was in hopes you would have shown us our own nation, when you were so near us as France. I have here, says Philander, one of Augustus's Britannias.[3] You see she is not drawn like other countries, in a soft peaceful posture, but is adorned with emblems that mark out the military genius of her inhabitants. This is, I think, the only commendable quality that the old poets have touched upon in the description of our country. I had once made a collection of all the passages in the Latin poets, that give any account of us, but I find them so very malicious, that it would look

[1] Fig. 9. [2] Fig. 10. [3] Fig. 11.

like a libel on the nation to repeat them to you. We seldom meet with our forefathers, but they are coupled with some epithet or another to blacken them. Barbarous, cruel, and inhospitable, are the best terms they can afford us, which it would be a kind of injustice to publish, since their posterity are become so polite, good-natured, and kind to strangers. To mention, therefore, those parts only that relate to the present medal. She sits on a globe that stands in water, to denote that she is mistress of a new world, separate from that which the Romans had before conquered, by the interposition of the sea. I think we cannot doubt of this interpretation, if we consider how she has been represented by the ancient poets.

Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos. VIRG. Ecl. 1.

The rest among the Britons be confined;
A race of men from all the world disjoined. MR. DRYDEN.

Adspice, confundit populos impervia tellus:
Conjunctum est, quod adhuc orbis, et orbis erat.
VET. POET. APUD SCALIG. CATUL.

At nunc oceanus geminos interluit orbes.
Id. DE BRITANNIA ET OPPOSITO CONTINENTE.

—nostro diducta Britannia mundo. CLAUD.

Nec stetit oceano, remisque ingressa profundum,
Vincendos alio quæsivit in orbe Britannos. *Idem.*

The feet of Britannia are washed by the waves, in the same poet.

—cujus vestigia verrit
Cœrulus, oceanique æstum mentitur, amictus.
Id. DE LAUD. STIL. lib. ii.

She bears a Roman ensign in one of her hands, to confess herself a conquered province.

—victricia Cæsar
Signa Caledonios transvexit ad usque Britannos. SIDON. APOL.

But to return to Achaia,[1] whom we left upon her knees before the Emperor Adrian. She has a pot before her with a sprig of parsley rising out of it. I will not here trouble you with a dull story of Hercules' eating a salad of parsley for his refreshment, after his encounter with the Nemean lion. It is certain, there were in Achaia the Neamean games, and that a garland of parsley was the victor's reward. You have an account of these games in Ausonius.

[1] Fig. 10.

Quattuor antiquos celebravit Achaïa Ludos,
Cœlicolûm duo sunt, et duo festa hominum.
Sacra Jovis, Phœbique, Palæmonis, Archemorique:
Serta quibus pinus, malus, oliva, apium.
AUS. DE LUSTRAL. AGON.

Greece, in four games thy martial youth were trained;
For heroes two, and two for gods ordained:
Jove bade the olive round his victor wave;
Phœbus to his an apple garland gave:
The pine, Palæmon; nor with less renown,
Archemorus conferred the parsley crown.

Archemori Nemeæa colunt funebria Thebæ. *Id.* DE LOCIS AGON.
—Alcides Nemeæ sacravit honorem. DE AUCT. AGON. *Id.*

One reason why they chose parsley for a garland, was doubtless because it always preserves its verdure, as Horace opposes it to the short-lived lily.

Neu vivax apium, nec breve lilium Lib. i. Od. 36.
Let fading lilies and the rose
Their beauty and their smell disclose;
Let long-lived parsley grace the feast,
And gently cool the heated guest. MR. CREECH.

Juvenal mentions the crown that was made of it, and which here surrounds the head of Achaia.

—Graiæque apium meruisse coronæ. JUV. Sat. 8.
And winning at a wake their parsley crown. MR. STEPNEY.

She presents herself to the emperor in the same posture that the Germans and English still salute the imperial and royal family.

—jus imperiumque Phraates
Cæsaris accepit genibus minor. HOR. EPIST. 12, lib. i.
The haughty Parthian now to Cæsar kneels. MR. CREECH.
Ille qui donat diadema fronti
Quem genu nixæ tremuere gentes. SENEC. THYEST. act. iii.
—Non, ut inflexo genu,
Regnantem adores, petimus. *Idem.*
Te linguis variæ gentes, missique rogatum
Fœdera Persarum proceres cum patre sedentem,
Hac quondam vidêre domo; positâque tiarâ
Submisere genu. CLAUD. AD HONORIUM.
Thy infant virtue various climes admired,
And various tongues to sound thy praise conspired:
Thee next the sovereign seat, the Persians viewed,
When in this regal dome for peace they sued:
Each turban low, in sign of worship, waved,
And every knee confessed the boon they craved.

SERIES III.

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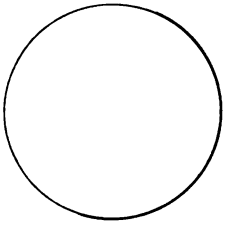

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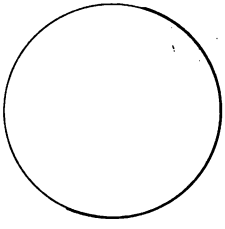

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Sicily appears before Adrian in the same posture.[1] She has a bundle of corn in her hand, and a garland of it on her head, as she abounds in wheat, and was consecrated to Ceres.

Utraque frugiferis est insula nobilis arvis:
Nec plus Hesperiam longinquis messibus ullæ,
Nec Romana magis complerunt horrea terræ.
DE SICILIA ET SARDINIA. LUC. lib. ii.

Sardinia too, renowned for yellow fields,
With Sicily her bounteous tribute yields;
No lands a glebe of richer tillage boast,
Nor waft more plenty to the Roman coast. MR. ROWE.

Terra tribus scopulis vastum procurrit in æquor
Trinacris, a positu nomen adepta loci,
Grata domus Cereri, multas ibi possidet urbes:
In quibus est culto fertilis Henna solo. OV. DE FAST. lib. iv.

To Ceres dear, the fruitful land is famed
For three tall capes, and thence Trinacria named:
There Henna well rewards the tiller's toil,
The fairest champion of the fairest isle.

We find Judea on several coins of Vespasian and Titus, in a posture that denotes sorrow and captivity.[2] The first figure of her is drawn to the life in a picture that Seneca has given us of the Trojan matrons bewailing their captivity.

—paret exertos
Turba lacertos. Veste remissâ
Substringe sinus, uteroque tenus,
Pateant artus—
—cadat ex humeris
Vestis apertis: imumque tegat
Suffulta latus. Jam nuda vocant
Pectora dextras. Nunc nunc vires
Exprome, dolor, tuas.
HECUBA AD TROJANARUM CHORUM. SEN. TROAS, act. i.

Bare
Your arms, your vestures slackly tied
Beneath your naked bosoms, slide
Down to your waists—
—Let
From your divested shoulders slide
Your garments down on either side.
Now bared bosoms call for blows,
Now, Sorrow, all thy powers disclose.
SIR EDW. SHERBOURN.

—apertæ pectora matres
Significant luctum— OV. MET. lib. xiii.

[1] Fig. 12. [2] Fig. 13.

They bared their breasts, and gave their hair to flow:
The signs of grief, and mark of public woe.

The head is veiled in both figures, as another expression of grief.

—ipsa tristi vestis obtentu caput
Velata, juxta præsides astat Deos. SEN. HERC. FUR. act. 2.

Sic ubi fata, caput ferali obducit amictu,
Decrevitque pati tenebras, puppisque cavernis
Delituit: sævumque arctè complexa dolorem
Perfruitur lacrymis, et amat pro conjuge luctum
LUC. lib. ix. DE CORNELIA.

So said the matron; and about her head
Her veil she draws, her mournful eyes to shade.
Resolved to shroud in thickest shades her woe,
She seeks the ship's deep darksome hold below:
There lonely left, at leisure to complain,
She hugs her sorrows, and enjoys her pain;
Still with fresh tears the living grief would feed,
And fondly loves it in her husband's stead. MR. ROWE.

I need not mention her sitting on the ground, because we have already spoken of the aptness of such a posture to represent an extreme affliction. I fancy, says Eugenius, the Romans might have an eye on the customs of the Jewish nation, as well as of those of their country, in the several marks of sorrow they have set on this figure. The Psalmist describes the Jews lamenting their captivity in the same pensive posture. "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept when we remembered thee, O Sion!" But what is more remarkable, we find Judea represented as a woman in sorrow sitting on the ground, in a passage of the prophet that foretells the very captivity recorded on this medal. The covering of the head, and the rending of garments, we find very often in Holy Scripture, as the expressions of raging grief. But what is the tree we see on both these medals? We find, says Philander, not only on these, but on several other coins that relate to Judea, the figure of a palm tree, to show us that palms are the growth of the country. Thus Silius Italicus, speaking of Vespasian's conquest, that is the subject of this medal,

Palmiferamque senex bello domitabit Idumen. SIL. IT. lib. iii.

Martial seems to have hinted at the many pieces of painting and sculpture that were occasioned by this conquest of Judea, and had generally something of palm tree in them. It begins

an epigram on the death of Scorpus, a chariot driver, which in those degenerate times of the empire was looked upon as a public calamity.

> Tristis Idumæas frangat Victoria palmas;
> Plange Favor sæva pectora nuda manu.
>
> MART. lib. x. Epig. 50.

The man by the palm tree in the first of these medals is supposed to be a Jew with his hands bound behind him.

I need not tell you that the winged figure on the other medal is a Victory.[1] She is represented here, as on many other coins, writing something on a shield. We find this way of registering a Victory touched upon in Virgil, and Silius Italicus.

> Ære cavo clypeum, magni gestamen Abantis,
> Postibus adversis figo, et rem carmine signo;
> Æneas hæc de Danaïs victoribus arma. VIRG. ÆN. lib. iii.

> I fixed upon the temple's lofty door
> The brazen shield, which vanquished Abas bore:
> The verse beneath my name and actions speaks,
> "These arms Æneas took from conquering Greeks."
>
> MR. DRYDEN.

> Pyrenes tumulo clypeum cum carmine figunt;
> Hasdrubalis spolium Gradivo Scipio victor. SIL. IT. lib. xv.

> High on Pyrene's airy top they placed
> The captive shield, with this inscription graced:
> "Sacred to Mars, these votive spoils proclaim
> The fate of Asdrubal, and Scipio's fame."

Parthia has on one side of her the bow and quiver which are so much talked of by the poets.[2] Lucan's account of the Parthians is very pretty and poetical.

> Parthoque sequente
> Murus erit, quodcunque potest obstare sagittæ—
> Illita tella dolis, nec Martem comminus unquam
> Ausa pati virtus, sed longè tendere nervos,
> Et, quo ferre velint, permittere vulnera ventis. LUC. lib. viii.

> Each fence that can their winged shafts endure,
> Stands, like a fort, impregnable, secure—
> To taint their coward darts is all their care,
> And then to trust them to the flitting air. MR. ROWE.

> Sagittiferosque Parthos. CATUL.

The crown she holds in her hand refers to the crown of gold that Parthia, as well as other provinces, presented to the Em-

[1] Fig. 14. [2] Fig. 15.

peror Antonine. The presenting a crown, was the giving up the sovereignty into his hands.

Ipse oratores ad me, regnique coronam,
Cum sceptro misit. VIRG. ÆN. lib. viii.

Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and every regal ornament. MR. DRYDEN.

Antioch has an anchor by her, in memory of her founder, Seleucus,[1] whose race was all born with this mark upon them, if you'll believe historians. Ausonius has taken notice of it in his verses on this city.

—Illa Seleucum
Nuncupat ingenuum, cujus fuit anchora signum,
Qualis inusta solet: generis nota certa, per omnem
Nam sobolis seriem nativa cucurrit imago.
AUS. ORDO. NOBIL. URBIUM.

Thee, great Seleucus, bright in Grecian fame!
The towers of Antioch for their founder claim:
Thee Phœbus at thy birth his son confessed,
By the fair anchor on the babe impressed;
Which all thy genuine offspring wont to grace,
From thigh to thigh transmissive through the race.

Smyrna is always represented by an Amazon,[2] that is said to have been her first foundress. You see her here entering into a league with Thyatira. Each of them holds her tutelar deity in her hand.

Jus ille, et icti fœderis testes Deos
Invocat. SEN. PHŒNISSÆ, act. i.

On the left arm of Smyrna, is the Pelta or buckler of the Amazons, as the long weapon by her is the *bipennis* or *securis*.

Non tibi Amazonia est pro me sumenda securis,
Aut excisa levi pelta gerenda manu.
OV. lib. iii. Epist. 1, EX PONT.

Lunatis agmina peltis. VIRG.

In their right hands a pointed dart they wield:
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield. MR. DRYDEN.

Videre Rhæti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem, et Vindelici; quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi
Dextras obarmet quærere distuli. HOR. Od. 4, lib. iv.

Such Drusus did in arms appear,
When near the Alps he urged the war;

[1] Fig. 16. [2] Fig. 17.

In vain the Rhæti did their axes wield,
Like Amazons they fought, like women fled the field:
But why those savage troops this weapon choose,
Confirmed by long established use,
Historians would in vain disclose.

The dress that Arabia appears in,[1] brings to my mind the description Lucian has made of these eastern nations.

Quicquid ad Eoos tractus, mundique teporem
Labitur, emollit gentes clementia cœli.
Illic et laxas vestes, et fluxa virorum
Velamenta vides. LUC. lib. viii.

While Asia's softer climate, formed to please,
Dissolves her sons in indolence and ease;
Her silken robes invest unmanly limbs,
And in long trains the flowing purple streams. MR. ROWE.

She bears in one hand a sprig of frankincense.

—Solis est thurea virga Sabeis. VIRG.

And odorous frankincense on the Sabæan bough. MR. DRYDEN.

Thuriferos Arabum saltus. CLAUD. DE 3 CONS. HONOR.

Thurilegos Arabas. OV. DE FAST. lib. iv.

In the other hand you see the perfumed reed, as the garland on her head may be supposed to be woven out of some other part of her fragrant productions.

Nec procul in molles Arabas terramque ferentem
Delicias, variæque novos radicis honores;
Leniter adfundit gemmantia littora pontus,
Et terræ mare nomen habet. DE SINU ARABICO. MANIL. lib. iv.

More west the other soft Arabia beats,
Where incense grows, and pleasing odour sweats:
The bay is called the Arabian Gulf; the name
The country gives it, and 'tis great in fame. MR. CREECH.

Urantur pia thura focis, urantur odores,
Quos tener à terrâ divite mittit Arabs. TIBUL. lib. ii. El. 2.

—sit dives amomo,
Cinnamaque, costumque suam, sudataque ligno
Thura ferat, floresque alios Panchaïa tellus,
Dum ferat et Myrrham. OV. MET. lib. x.

Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon and sweet Amomum boast;
Her flagrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her second harvests, and her double years:
How can the land be called so blessed, that Myrrha bears?
MR. DRYDEN.

—Odoratæ spirant medicamina Sylvæ. MANIL.

[1] Fig. 18.

The trees drop balsam, and on all the boughs
Health sits, and makes it sovereign as it flows. MR. CREECH.

Cinnami sylvas Arabes beatos
Vidit— SEN. ŒDIP. act. i.

What a delicious country is this! says Cynthio; a man almost smells it in the descriptions that are made of it. The camel is in Arabia, I suppose, a beast of burden that helps to carry off its spices. We find the camel, says Philander, mentioned in Persius on the same account.

Tolle recens primus piper e sitiente camelo. PERS. Sat. v.

— The precious weight
Of pepper and Sabæan incense, take
With thy own hands from the tired camel's back. MR. DRYDEN.

He loads the camel with pepper, because the animal and its cargo are both the productions of the same country.

Mercibus hic Italis mutat sub sole recenti
Rugosum piper— PERS. Sat. v.

The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parched Indies and the rising sun;
From thence hot pepper and rich drugs they bear,
Bartering for spices their Italian ware. MR. DRYDEN.

You have given us some quotations out of Persius this morning, says Eugenius, that in my opinion have a great deal of poetry in them. I have often wondered at Mr. Dryden for passing so severe a censure on this author. He fancies the description of a wreck, that you have already cited, is too good for Persius, and that he might be helped in it by Lucan, who was one of his contemporaries. For my part, says Cynthio, I am so far from Mr. Dryden's opinion in this particular, that I fancy Persius a better poet than Lucan; and that, had he been engaged on the same subject, he would at least in his expressions and descriptions[1] have outwrit the Pharsalia. He was, indeed, employed on subjects that seldom led him into anything like description, but where he has an occasion of showing himself, we find very few of the Latin poets that have given a greater beauty to their expressions. His obscurities are, indeed, sometimes affected, but they generally arise from the remoteness of the

[1] Certainly, because his *expressions* and *descriptions* are more pointed and peculiar, in which the essence of poetry consists. The style of Lucan is not the style of poetry, but of declamation. It was impossible that the Virgilian taste of Mr. Addison should approve it.

customs, persons, and things he alludes to: as satire is for this reason more difficult to be understood by those that are not of the same age with it, than any other kind of poetry. Love verses and heroics deal in images that are ever fixed and settled in the nature of things, but a thousand ideas enter into satire, that are as changeable and unsteady as the mode or the humours of mankind.

Our three friends had passed away the whole morning among their medals and Latin poets. Philander told them it was now too late to enter on another series, but if they would take up with such a dinner as he could meet with at his lodgings, he would afterwards lay the rest of his medals before them.[1] Cynthio and Eugenius were both of them so well pleased with the novelty of the subject, that they would not refuse the offer Philander made them.

[1] It appears from the close of this dialogue, that the author intended *another* before he came at his *parallel*, which now makes the third, in this collection. And it is not difficult to guess what the topics of it were to be. He had divided the whole subject into two parts. 1. *Persons of a shadowy, allegorical nature.* 2. *Things and persons of a more real existence*, p. 271. The first part makes the subject of the second dialogue, and is explained by three series of medals: the *first* representing *the virtues;* the *second, moral emblems;* and the *third, cities, nations, provinces*, &c. The *second* general division was, then, to furnish matter for the third dialogue; and probably in three or four series more. 1. Of the heathen gods. 2. Of the monsters of antiquity, chimæras, sphinxes, gorgons, &c. 3. Of the Roman emperors, and other illustrious persons:—and possibly, a 4th, of miscellaneous customs, actions, ornaments, and other antiquities (see the two last pages of the first dialogue). The whole to conclude in a *fourth* dialogue, which is now the third; containing a parallel between the ancient and modern medals.

It is strange that the editor, Mr. Tickell, should overlook this design of his friend, so necessary to the integrity of his plan, and so clearly pointed out in the place to which I have referred. We now see why the work itself was not published by the author; for one half of it, and that the most considerable, was not printed. And, indeed, so far as he had gone, the composition, though beautiful in the main, appears not to have been touched with that supreme elegance, which was to be expected from the last hand of such a writer.

It may be proper to add, that if the plan of these dialogues, so complete and masterly in itself, had been fully executed according to the intention of the author, (and especially, if he had taken real characters, instead of fictitious, for the speakers in them,) the whole would not only have done great honour to the learning and taste of Mr. Addison; but would have saved Mr. Spence the trouble of projecting a supplement to it, in his voluminous work, entitled "*Polymetis.*"

DIALOGUE III.

—causa est discriminis hujus
Concisum Argentum in titulos faciesque minutas. Juv. Sat. 14.

A PARALLEL BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND MODERN MEDALS.

PHILANDER used every morning to take a walk in a neighbouring wood, that stood on the borders of the Thames. It was cut through by abundance of beautiful alleys, which, terminating on the water, looked like so many painted views in perspective. The banks of the river and the thickness of the shades drew into them all the birds of the country, that at sun-rising filled the wood with such a variety of notes, as made the prettiest confusion imaginable. I know in descriptions of this nature the scenes are generally supposed to grow out of the author's imagination, and if they are not charming in all their parts, the reader never imputes it to the want of sun or soil, but to the writer's barrenness of invention. It is Cicero's observation on the plane tree that makes so flourishing a figure in one of Plato's dialogues, that it did not draw its nourishment from the fountain that ran by it and watered its roots, but from the richness of the style that describes it. For my own part, as I design only to fix the scene of the following dialogue, I shall not endeavour to give it any other ornaments than those which nature has bestowed upon it.

Philander was here enjoying the cool of the morning, among the dews that lay on everything about him, and that gave the air such a freshness as is not a little agreeable in the hot part of the year. He had not been here long before he was joined by Cynthio and Eugenius. Cynthio immediately fell upon Philander for breaking his night's rest. You have so filled my head, says he, with old coins, that I have had nothing but figures and inscriptions before my eyes. If I chanced to fall into a little slumber, it was immediately interrupted with the vision of a Caduceus or a Cornu-copiæ. You will make me believe, says Philander, that you begin to be reconciled to medals. They say it is a sure sign a man loves money, when he is used to find it in his dreams. There is certainly, says Eugenius, something like avarice in the

study of medals. The more a man knows of them, the more he desires to know. There is one subject in particular that Cynthio, as well as myself, has a mind to engage you in. We would fain know how the ancient and modern medals differ from one another, and which of them deserves the preference. You have a mind to engage me in a subject, says Philander, that is perhaps of a larger extent than you imagine. To examine it thoroughly, it would be necessary to take them in pieces, and to speak of the difference that shows itself in their metals, in the occasion of stamping them, in the inscriptions, and in the figures that adorn them. Since you have divided your subject,[1] says Cynthio, be so kind as to enter on it without further preface.

We should first of all, says Philander, consider the difference of the metals that we find in ancient and modern coins, but as this speculation is more curious than improving, I believe you will excuse me if I do not dwell long upon it. One may understand all the learned part of this science, without knowing whether there were coins of iron or lead among the old Romans; and if a man is well acquainted with the device of a medal, I do not see what necessity there is of being able to tell whether the medal itself be of copper or Corinthian brass. There is, however, so great a difference between the antique and modern medals, that I have seen an antiquary lick an old coin, among other trials, to distinguish the age of it by its taste. I remember when I laughed at him for it, he told me, with a great deal of vehemence, there was as much difference between the relish of ancient and modern brass, as between an apple and a turnip. It is pity, says Eugenius, but they found out the smell too of an ancient medal. They would then be able to judge of it by all the senses. The touch, I have heard, gives almost as good evidence as the sight, and the ringing of a medal is, I know, a very common experiment. But I suppose this last proof you mention relates only to such coins as are made of your baser sorts of metal. And here, says Philander, we may observe the prudence of the ancients above that of the moderns, in the care they took to perpetuate the memory of great actions. They knew very well that silver and gold might fall into the hands of the covetous or ignorant, who would not respect them for the device they bore,

[1] The method of this dialogue is very elegantly contrived and introduced.

but for the metal they were made of. Nor were their apprehensions ill-founded; for it is not easily imagined how many of these noble monuments of history have perished in the goldsmiths' hands, before they came to be collected together by the learned men of these two or three last centuries. Inscriptions, victories, buildings, and a thousand other pieces of antiquity, were melted down in these barbarous ages, that thought figures and letters only served to spoil the gold that was charged with them. Your medallists look on this destruction of coins as on the burning of the Alexandrian library, and would be content to compound for them with almost the loss of a Vatican. To prevent this in some measure, the ancients placed the greatest variety of their devices on their brass and copper coins, which are in no fear of falling into the clipper's hands, nor in any danger of melting till the general conflagration. On the contrary, our modern medals are most in silver or gold, and often in a very small number of each. I have seen a golden one at Vienna, of Philip the Second, that weighed two and twenty pound, which is probably singular in its kind, and will not be able to keep itself long out of the furnace, when it leaves the emperor's treasury. I remember another in the king of Prussia's collection, that has in it three pound weight of gold. The princes who struck these medals, says Eugenius, seem to have designed them rather as an ostentation of their wealth than of their virtues. They fancied, probably, it was a greater honour to appear in gold than in copper, and that a medal receives all its value from the rarity of the metal. I think the next subject you proposed to speak of, were the different occasions that have given birth to ancient and modern medals.

Before we enter on this particular, says Philander, I must tell you, by way of preliminary, that formerly there was no difference between money and medals. An old Roman had his purse full of the same pieces that we now preserve in cabinets. As soon as an emperor had done anything remarkable, it was immediately stamped on a coin, and became current through his whole dominions. It was a pretty contrivance, says Cynthio, to spread abroad the virtues of an emperor, and make his actions circulate. A fresh coin was a kind of a gazette, that published the latest news of the empire. I should fancy your Roman bankers were very

good historians. It is certain, says Eugenius, they might find their profit and instruction mixed together. I have often wondered that no nation among the moderns has imitated the ancient Romans in this particular. I know no other way of securing these kind of monuments, and making them numerous enough to be handed down to future ages. But where statesmen are ruled by a spirit of faction and interest, they can have no passion for the glory of their country, nor any concern for the figure it will make among posterity. A man that talks of his nation's honour a thousand years hence, is in very great danger of being laughed at. We shall think, says Cynthio, you have a mind to fall out with the government, because it does not encourage medals. But were all your ancient coins that are now in cabinets once current money? It is the most probable opinion, says Philander, that they were all of them such, excepting those we call medallions. These, in respect of the other coins, were the same as modern medals in respect of modern money. They were exempted from all commerce, and had no other value but what was set upon them by the fancy of the owner. They are supposed to have been struck by emperors for presents to their friends, foreign princes, or ambassadors. However, that the smallness of their number might not endanger the loss of the devices they bore, the Romans took care generally to stamp the subject of their medallions on their ordinary coins that were the running cash of the nation. As if in England we should see, on our halfpenny and farthing pieces, the several designs that show themselves in their perfection on our medals.

If we now consider, continued Philander, the different occasions or subjects of ancient and modern medals, we shall find they both agree in recording the great actions and successes in war, allowing still for the different ways of making it, and the circumstances that attended it in past ages, and in the present. I shall instance one. I do not remember in any old coin to have seen the taking of a town mentioned: as indeed there were few conquerors could signalize themselves that way before the invention of powder and fortifications, a single battle often deciding the fate of whole kingdoms. Our modern medals give us several sieges and plans of fortified towns, that show themselves in all their parts to a great advantage on the reverse of a coin. It is indeed a

kind of justice, says Eugenius, that a prince owes to posterity, after he has ruined or defaced a strong place, to deliver down to them a model of it as it stood whole and entire. The coin repairs in some measure the mischiefs of his bombs and cannons. In the next place, says Philander, we see both on the ancient and modern medals the several noble pieces of architecture that were finished at the time when the medals were stamped. I must observe, however, to the honour of the latter, that they have represented their buildings according to the rules of perspective. This I remember to have seen but in very few of the plans on ancient coins, which makes them appear much less beautiful than the modern, especially to a mathematical eye. Thus far our two sets of medals agree as to their subject. But old coins go farther in their compliments to their emperor, as they take occasion to celebrate his distinguishing virtues; not as they showed themselves in any particular action, but as they shone out in the general view of his character. This humour went so far, that we see Nero's fiddling, and Commodus's skill in fencing, on several of their medals. At present, you never meet with the king of France's generosity, nor the emperor's devotion, recorded after this manner. Again, the Romans used to register the great actions of peace that turned to the good of the people, as well as those of war. The remission of a debt, the taking off a duty, the giving up a tax, the mending a port, or the making a highway, were not looked upon as improper subjects for a coin. They were glad of any opportunity to encourage their emperors in the humour of doing good, and knew very well, that many of these acts of beneficence had a wider and more lasting influence on the happiness and welfare of a people, than the gaining a victory, or the conquest of a nation. In England, perhaps, it would have looked a little odd to have stamped a medal on the abolishing of chimney-money in the last reign, or on the giving a hundred thousand pounds a year towards the carrying on a war, in this. I find, said Eugenius, had we struck in with the practice of the ancient Romans, we should have had medals on the fitting up of our several docks, on the making of our rivers navigable, on the building our men of war, and the like subjects, that have certainly very well deserved them. The reason why it has been neglected, *says Philander*, may possibly be this. Our princes have the

coining of their own medals, and perhaps may think it would look like vanity to erect so many trophies and monuments of praise to their own merit: whereas, among the ancient Romans, the senate had still a watchful eye on their emperor, and if they found anything in his life and actions that might furnish out a medal, they did not fail of making him so acceptable an offering. It is true, their flatteries betray often such a baseness of spirit, as one would little expect to find among such an order of men. And here, by the way, we may observe, that you never find anything like satire or raillery on old coins.

Whatever victories were got on foreign enemies, or the several pretenders to the empire obtained over one another, they are recorded on coins without the least bitterness or reflection. The emperors often jested on their rivals or predecessors, but their mints still maintained their gravity. They might publish invectives against one another in their discourses or writings, but never on their coins. Had we no other histories of the Roman emperors, but those we find on their money, we should take them for the most virtuous race of princes that mankind were ever blessed with: whereas, if we look into their lives, they appear many of them such monsters of lust and cruelty, as are almost a reproach to human nature. Medals are, therefore, so many compliments to an emperor, that ascribe to him all the virtues and victories he himself pretended to. Were you to take from hence all your informations, you would fancy Claudius as great a conqueror as Julius Cæsar, and Domitian a wiser prince than his brother Titus. Tiberius on his coins is all mercy and moderation, Caligula and Nero are fathers of their country, Galba the patron of public liberty, and Vitellius the restorer of the city of Rome. In short, if you have a mind to see the religious Commodus, the pious Caracalla, and the devout Heliogabalus, you may find them either in the inscription or device of their medals. On the contrary, those of a modern make are often charged with irony and satire. Our kings no sooner fall out, but their mints make war upon one another, and their malice appears on their medals. One meets sometimes with very nice touches of raillery, but as we have no instance of it among the ancient coins, I shall leave you to determine, whether or no it ought to find a place

there. I must confess, says Cynthio, I believe we are generally in the wrong, when we deviate from the ancients, because their practice is for the most part grounded upon reason. But if our forefathers have thought fit to be grave and serious, I hope their posterity may laugh without offence. For my part, I cannot but look on this kind of raillery as a refinement on medals: and do not see why there may not be some for diversion, at the same time that there are others of a more solemn and majestic nature, as a victory may be celebrated in an epigram as well as in an heroic poem. Had the ancients given place to raillery on any of their coins, I question not but they would have been the most valued parts of a collection. Besides the entertainment we should have found in them, they would have shown us the different state of wit, as it flourished or decayed in the several ages of the Roman empire. There is no doubt, says Philander, but our forefathers, if they had pleased, could have been as witty as their posterity. But I am of opinion, they industriously avoided it on their coins, that they might not give us occasion to suspect their sincerity. Had they run into mirth or satire, we should not have thought they had designed so much to instruct as to divert us. I have heard, says Eugenius, that the Romans stamped several coins on the same occasion. If we follow their example, there will be no danger of deceiving posterity; since the more serious sort of medals may serve as comments on those of a lighter character. However it is, the raillery of the moderns cannot be worse than the flattery of the ancients. But hitherto you have only mentioned such coins as were made on the emperor, I have seen several of our own time that have been made as a compliment to private persons. There are pieces of money, says Philander, that, during the time of the Roman emperors, were coined in honour of the senate, army, or people. I do not remember to have seen in the upper empire the face of any private person that was not some way related to the imperial family. Sejanus has, indeed, his consulship mentioned on a coin of Tiberius, as he has the honour to give a name to the year in which our Saviour was crucified. We are now come to the legend or inscription of our medals, which, as it is one of the more essential parts of them, it may deserve to be examined more at length. You have

chosen a very short text to enlarge upon, says Cynthio: I should as soon expect to see a critic on the posie of a ring, as on the inscription of a medal.

I have seen several modern coins, says Philander, that have had part of the legend running round the edges, like the *decus et tutamen* in our milled money; so that a few years will probably wear out the action that the coin was designed to perpetuate. The ancients were too wise to register their exploits on so nice a surface. I should fancy, says Eugenius, the moderns may have chosen this part of the medal for the inscription, that the figures on each side might appear to a greater advantage. I have observed in several old coins a kind of confusion between the legend and the device. The figures and letters were so mingled together, that one would think the coiner was hard put to it on what part of the money to bestow the several words of his inscription. You have found out something like an excuse, says Philander, for your milled medals, if they carried the whole legend on their edges. But at the same time that they are lettered on the edges, they have other inscriptions on the face and the reverse. Your modern designers cannot contract the occasion of the medal into an inscription that is proper to the volume they write upon: so that having scribbled over both sides, they are forced, as it were, to write upon the margin. The first fault, therefore, that I shall find with a modern legend, is its diffusiveness. You have sometimes a whole side of a medal overrun with it. One would fancy the author had a design of being Ciceronian in his Latin, and of making a round period. I will give you only the reverse of a coin stamped by the present emperor of Germany, on the raising of the siege of Vienna. VIENNA AVSTRIAE $\frac{4}{14}$ IVLII AB ACHMETE II. OBSESSA $\frac{2}{15}$ SEPT. EX INSPERATO AB EO DESERTA EST. I should take this, says Cynthio, for the paragraph of a gazette, rather than the inscription of a medal. I remember you represented your ancient coins as abridgments of history; but your modern, if there are many of them like this, should themselves be epitomized. Compare with this, says Philander, the brevity and comprehensiveness of those legends that appear on ancient coins.

Salus Generis humani. Tellus stabilita. Gloria Orbis Terræ. Pacator Orbis. Restitutor Orbis Terrarum. Gaudium Reipublicæ. Hilaritas

populi Romani. Bono Reipub. nati. Roma renascens. Libertas resti tuta. Sæculum Aureum. Puellæ Faustinianæ. Rex Parthis datus. Victoria Germanica. Fides Mutua. Asia Subacta. Judæa capta. Amor mutuus. Genetrix orbis. Sideribus recepta. Genio Senatûs. Fides exercitûs. Providentia Senatûs. Restitutori Hispaniæ. Adventui Aug. Britanniæ. Regna Adsignata. Adlocutio. Discipulina Augusti. Felicitas publica. Rex Armenis datus.

What a majesty and force does one meet with in these short inscriptions! Are not you amazed to see so much history gathered into so small a compass? You have often the subject of a volume in a couple of words.

If our modern medals are so very prolix in their prose, they are every whit as tedious in their verse. You have sometimes a dull epigram of four lines. This, says Cynthio, may be of great use to immortalize puns and quibbles, and to let posterity see their forefathers were a parcel of blockheads. A coin, I find, may be of great use to a bad poet. If he cannot become immortal by the goodness of his verse, he may by the durableness of the metal that supports it. I shall give you an instance, says Philander, from a medal of Gustavus Adolphus, that will stand as an eternal monument of dulness and bravery.

Miles ego Christi, Christo duce sterno tyrannos,
Hæreticos simul et calco meis pedibus.
Parcere Christicolis me, debellare feroces
Papicolas Christus dux meus en animat.

It is well, says Cynthio, you tell us this is a medal of the great Gustavus: I should have taken it for some one of his Gothic predecessors. Does it not bring into your mind Alexander the Great's being accompanied with a Chærilus in his Persian expedition? If you are offended at the homeliness of this inscription, says Philander, what would you think of such as have neither sense nor grammar in them? I assure you I have seen the face of many a great monarch hemmed in with false Latin. But it is not only the stupidity and tediousness of these inscriptions that I find fault with; supposing them of a moderate length and proper sense, why must they be in verse? We should be surprised to see the title of a serious book in rhyme, yet it is every whit as ridiculous to give the subject of a medal in a piece of an hexameter. This, however, is the practice of our modern medallists. If you look into the ancient inscriptions, you see an *air of* simplicity in the words, but a great magnificence in

the thought; on the contrary, in your modern medals you have generally a trifling thought wrapt up in the beginning or end of an heroic verse. Where the sense of an inscription is low, it is not in the power of dactyls and spondees to raise it: where it is noble, it has no need of such affected ornaments. I remember a medal of Philip the Second, on Charles le Quint's resigning to him the kingdom of Spain, with this inscription, *Ut quiescat Atlas.* The device is a Hercules with the sphere on his shoulders. Notwithstanding the thought is poetical, I dare say you would think the beauty of the inscription very much lost, had it been—*requiescat ut Atlas.* To instance a medal of our own nation. After the conclusion of the peace with Holland, there was one stampt with the following legend—*Redeant Commercia Flandris.* The thought is here great enough, but in my opinion it would have looked much greater in two or three words of prose. I think, truly, says Eugenius, it is ridiculous enough to make the inscription run like a piece of a verse when it is not taken out of an old author. But I would fain have your opinion on such inscriptions as are borrowed from the Latin poets. I have seen several of this sort, that have been very prettily applied, and I fancy when they are chosen with art, they should not be thought unworthy of a place in your medals.

Whichever side I take, says Philander, I am like to have a great party against me. Those who have formed their relish on old coins, will by no means allow of such an innovation; on the contrary, your men of wit will be apt to look on it as an improvement on ancient medals. You will oblige us, however, to let us know what kind of rules you would have observed in the choice of your quotations, since you seem to lay a stress on their being chosen with art. You must know then, says Eugenius, I do not think it enough that a quotation tells us plain matter of fact, unless it has some other accidental matter to set it off. Indeed, if a great action, that seldom happens in the course of human affairs, is exactly described in the passage of an old poet, it gives the reader a very agreeable surprise, and may therefore deserve a place on a medal.

Again, if there is more than a single circumstance of the action specified in the quotation, it pleases a man to see an

old exploit copied out as it were by a modern, and running parallel with it in several of its particulars.

In the next place, when the quotation is not only apt, but has in it a term of wit or satire, it is still the better qualified for a medal, as it has a double capacity of pleasing.

But there is no inscription fitter for a medal, in my opinion, than a quotation that, besides its aptness, has something in it lofty and sublime: for such a one strikes in with the natural greatness of the soul, and produces a high idea of the person or action it celebrates, which is one of the principal designs of a medal.

It is certainly very pleasant, says Eugenius, to see a verse of an old poet, revolting, as it were, from its original sense, and siding with a modern subject. But then it ought to do it willingly of its own accord, without being forced to it by any change in the words, or the punctuation: for, when this happens, it is no longer the verse of an ancient poet, but of him that has converted it to his own use.

You have, I believe, by this time exhausted your subject, says Philander; and I think the criticisms you have made on the poetical quotations that we so often meet with in our modern medals, may be very well applied to the mottoes of books, and other inscriptions of the same nature. But before we quit the legends of medals, I cannot but take notice of a kind of wit that flourishes very much on many of the modern, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. As to mention to you another of Gustavus Adolphus. CHRISTVS DVX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick out the figures from the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find the amount of 1627, the year in which the medal was coined; for, do not you observe, some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and top it over their fellows? these you must consider in a double capacity, as letters or as ciphers. Your laborious German wits will turn you over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. You would fancy, perhaps, they were searching after an apt classical term, but, instead of that, they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D, in it. When, therefore, you see any of these inscriptions, you are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for

the year of the Lord. There are foreign universities where this kind of wit is so much in vogue, that as you praise a man in England for being an excellent philosopher or poet, it is an ordinary character among them to be a great chronogrammatist. These are, probably, says Cynthio, some of those mild provinces of acrostic land, that Mr. Dryden has assigned to his anagrams, wings, and altars. We have now done, I suppose, with the legend of a medal. I think you promised us in the next place to speak of the figures.

As we had a great deal of talk on this part of a coin, replied Philander, in our discourse on the usefulness of ancient medals, I shall only just touch on the chief heads wherein the ancient and the modern differ. In the first place, the Romans always appear in the proper dress of their country, insomuch that you see the little variations of the mode in the drapery of the medal. They would have thought it ridiculous to have drawn an emperor of Rome in a Grecian cloak or a Phrygian mitre. On the contrary, our modern medals are full of *togas* and *tunicas*, *trabeas* and *paludamentums*, with a multitude of the like antiquated garments, that have not been in fashion these thousand years. You see very often a king of England or France dressed up like a Julius Cæsar. One would think they had a mind to pass themselves upon posterity for Roman emperors. The same observation may run through several customs and religions, that appear in our ancient and modern coins. Nothing is more usual than to see allusions to Roman customs and ceremonies on the medals of our own nation. Nay, very often they carry the figure of a heathen god. If posterity takes its notions of us from our medals, they must fancy one of our kings paid a great devotion to Minerva, that another was a professed worshipper of Apollo, or at best, that our whole religion was a mixture of Paganism and Christianity. Had the old Romans been guilty of the same extravagance, there would have been so great a confusion in their antiquities, that their coins would not have had half the uses we now find in them. We ought to look on medals as so many monuments consigned over to eternity, that may possibly last when all other memorials of the same age are worn out or lost. They are a kind of present that those who are actually in being make over to such as lie hid in the depths of futurity. Were they only designed to instruct the three or

four succeeding generations, they are in no great danger of being misunderstood: but as they may pass into the hands of a posterity, that lie many removes from us, and are like to act their part in the world, when its governments, manners, and religions may be quite altered; we ought to take a particular care not to make any false reports in them, or to charge them with any devices that may look doubtful or unintelligible.

I have lately seen, says Eugenius, a medallic history of the present king of France. One might expect, methinks, to see the medals of that nation in the highest perfection, when there is a society pensioned and set apart on purpose for the designing of them.

We will examine them, if you please, says Philander, in the light that our foregoing observations have set them; but on this condition, that you do not look on the faults I find in them any more than my own private opinion. In the first place then, I think it is impossible to learn from the French medals either the religion, custom, or habits of the French nation. You see on some of them the cross of our Saviour, and on others Hercules' club. In one you have an angel, and in another a Mercury. I fancy, says Cynthio, posterity would be as much puzzled on the religion of Louis le Grand, were they to learn it from his medals, as we are at present on that of Constantine the Great. It is certain, says Philander, there is the same mixture of Christian and Pagan in their coins; nor is there a less confusion in their customs. For example, what relation is there between the figure of a bull and the planting of a French colony in America? The Romans made use of this type in allusion to one of their own customs at the sending out of a colony. But for the French, a ram, a hog, or an elephant would have been every whit as significant an emblem. Then can anything be more unnatural than to see a king of France dressed like an emperor of Rome, with his arms stripped up to his elbows, a laurel on his head, and a *chlamys* over his shoulders? I fancy, says Eugenius, the society of medallists would give you their reasons for what they have done. You yourself allow the legend to be Latin, and why may not the customs and ornaments be of the same country as the language? especially since they are all of them so universally understood by the *learned*. I own to you, says Philander, if they only design

to deliver down to posterity the several parts of their great monarch's history, it is no matter for the other circumstances of a medal; but I fancy it would be as great a pleasure and instruction for future ages to see the dresses and customs of their ancestors, as their buildings and victories. Besides, I do not think they have always chosen a proper occasion for a medal. There is one struck, for example, on the English failing in their attempts on Dunkirk; when in the last reign they endeavoured to blow up a fort, and bombard the town. What have the French here done to boast of? A medal, however, you have with this inscription, DVNKIRKA ILLÆSA. Not to cavil at the two K's in *Dunkirka*, or the impropriety of the word *Illæsa*, the whole medal, in my opinion, tends not so much to the honour of the French as of the English.

—quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.

I could mention a few other faults, or at least what I take for such. But at the same time must be forced to allow, that this series of medals is the most perfect of any among the moderns in the beauty of the work, the aptness of the device, and the propriety of the legend. In these and other particulars, the French medals come nearer the ancients than those of any other country, as indeed it is to this nation we are indebted for the best lights that have been given to the whole science in general.

I must not here forget to mention the medallic history of the popes, where there are many coins of an excellent workmanship, as I think they have none of those faults that I have spoken of in the preceding set. They are always Roman Catholic in the device and in the legend, which are both of them many times taken out of the Holy Scriptures, and therefore not unsuitable to the character of the prince they represent. Thus when Innocent XI. lay under terrible apprehensions of the French king, he put out a coin, that on the reverse of it had a ship tossed on the waves to represent the church. Before it, was the figure of our Saviour walking on the waters, and St. Peter ready to sink at his feet. The inscription, if I remember, was in Latin. "Help, Lord, or else I perish." This puts me in mind, says Cynthio, of a pasquinade, that at the same time was fixed up at Rome. *Ad Galli cantum Petrus flet.* But, methinks, under this head of the figures on ancient and modern coins, we might

expect to hear your opinion on the difference that appears in the workmanship of each. You must know then, says Philander, that, till about the end of the third century, when there was a general decay in all the arts of designing, I do not remember to have seen the head of a Roman emperor drawn with a full face. They always appear in *profil*, to use a French term of art, which gives us the view of a head, that, in my opinion, has something in it very majestic, and at the same time suits best with the dimensions of a medal. Besides that, it shows the nose and eye-brows, with the several prominences and fallings in of the features, much more distinctly than any other kind of figure. In the lower empire you have abundance of broad Gothic faces, like so many full moons on the side of a coin. Among the moderns, too, we have of both sorts, though the finest are made after the antique. In the next place, you find the figures of many ancient coins rising up in a much more beautiful relief than those on the modern. This, too, is a beauty that fell with the grandeur of the Roman emperors, so that you see the face sinking by degrees in the several declensions of the empire, till, about Constantine's time, it lies almost even with the surface of the medal. After this it appears so very plain and uniform, that one would think the coiner looked on the flatness of a figure as one of the greatest beauties in sculpture. I fancy, says Eugenius, the sculptors of that age had the same relish as a Greek priest that was buying some religious pictures at Venice. Among others he was shown a noble piece of Titian. The priest having well surveyed it, was very much scandalized at the extravagance of the relief, as he termed it. You know, says he, our religion forbids all idolatry: we admit of no images but such as are drawn on a smooth surface: the figure you have here shown me stands so much out to the eye, that I would no sooner suffer it in my church than a statue. I could recommend your Greek priest, says Philander, to abundance of celebrated painters on this side of the Alps that would not fail to please him. We must own, however, that the figures on several of our modern medals are raised and rounded to a very great perfection. But if you compare them in this particular with the most finished among the ancients, your men of art declare universally for the latter.

Cynthio and Eugenius, though they were well pleased

with Philander's discourse, were glad, however, to find it at an end: for the sun began to gather strength upon them, and had pierced the shelter of their walks in several places. Philander had no sooner done talking, but he grew sensible of the heat himself, and immediately proposed to his friends the retiring to his lodgings, and getting a thicker shade over their heads. They both of them very readily closed with the proposal, and by that means give me an opportunity of finishing my dialogue.

THREE SETS

OF

MEDALS ILLUSTRATED BY THE ANCIENT POETS,

IN THE FOREGOING DIALOGUES.

—decipit
Frons prima multos; rara mens intelligit
Interiori condidit quæ cura angulo. PHÆD.

Multa poetarum veniet manus, Auxilio quæ
Sit mihi— HOR.

THE FIRST SERIES.

1. VIRTVTI AVGVSTI. S. C. Reverse of Domitian.
2. HONOS ET VIRTVS. Reverse of Galba.
3. CONCORDIA AVG. S. C. Reverse of Sabina.
4. PAX ORBIS TERRARVM. Reverse of Otho.
5. ABVNDANTIA AVG. S. C. Reverse of Gordianus Pius.
6. 7. FIDES EXERCITVS. Reverse of Heliogabalus.
8. SPES AVGVSTA. Reverse of Claudius.
9. SECVRITAS PVBLICA. S. C. Reverse of Antoninus Pius.
10. PVDICITIA. S. C. Reverse of Faustina Junior.
11. PIETAS AVG. S. C. Reverse of Faustina Senior.
12. ÆQVITAS AVGVSTI. S. C. Reverse of Vitellius.
13. ÆTERNITAS. S. C. Reverse of Antoninus Pius.
14. SÆCVLVM AVREVM. Reverse of Adrian.
15. FELIX TEMPORUM REPARATIO. Reverse of Constantine.
16. ÆTERNITAS AVGVSTI. S. C. Reverse of Adrian.
17. ÆTERNITAS. S. C. Reverse of Antonine.
18. VICTORIA AVGVSTI. S. C. Reverse of Nero.
19. SARMATIA DEVICTA. A Victory. Reverse of Constantine.
20. LIBERTAS PVBLICA. S. C. Reverse of Galba.

THE SECOND SERIES.

1. FELICITATI AVG. COS. III. P. P. S. C. Reverse of Hadrian.
2. PONTIF. MAX. TR. POT. PP. COS. II.
3. P. N. R. S. C. Reverse of Claudius.
4. S. C. Reverse of Augustus.
5. S. P. Q. R. P. P. OB. CIVES SERVATOS. Reverse of Caligula.
6. Reverse of Tiberius.
7. FIDES PVBLICA. Reverse of Titus.
8. PRÆTOR RECEPT. Reverse of Claudius.
9. FECVNDITAS. S. C. Reverse of Julia Augusta.
10. NERO CLAV. CÆSAR. IMP. ET OCTAVIA. AVGVST. F. Reverse of Claudius.
11. ORIENS AVG. Reverse of Aurelian.
12. Reverse of Commodus.
13. GLORIA EXERCITVS. E. S. I. S. } Reverse of Constantine.
14. PRINCIPI IVVENTUTIS. S. C. }
15. M. CATO. L. VETTIACVS. II. VIR. LEG. IV. LEG. VI. LEG X. C. C. A. Reverse of Tiberius.
16. TR. P. VII. IMP. III. COS. V. P. P. S. C. Reverse of Trajan.
17. TR. POT. V. IMP. III. COS. II. S. C. Reverse of Lucius Verus.
18. PAX AVG. S. C. Reverse of Vespasian.
19. IMP. VIII. COS. III. P. P. S. C. DE GERMANIS. } Reverse of
20. IMP. VIII. COS. III. P. P. S. C. DE SARMATIS. } Marcus Aurelius.
21. Reverse of Trajan.
22. TR. POT. XIIII. P. P. COS. II. Reverse of M. Aurelius.
23. DIVVS AVGVSTVS PATER. Coined under Tiberius.
24. COS. IIII. S. C. Reverse of Antoninus Pius.

THE THIRD SERIES.

1. FELIX ADVENT. AVG. G. NN. PEN. Reverse of Dioclesian.
2. AFRICA. S. C. Reverse of Septimius Severus.
3. AFRICA. S. C. Reverse of Adrian.
4. ÆGIPTOS. S. C. Reverse of Adrian.
5. MAVRETANIA. S. C. Reverse of Adrian.
6. HISPANIA. S. C. Reverse of Adrian.
7. ADVENTVI AVG. GALLIÆ. S. C. Reverse of Adrian.
8. ITALIA. S. C. Reverse of Marcus Antoninus.
9. ROMA. S. C. Reverse of Nero.
10. RESTITVTORI ACHAIÆ. Reverse of Adrian.
11. BRITANNIA. Reverse of Antoninus Pius.
12. RESTITVTORI SICILIÆ. S. C. Reverse of Adrian.
13. IVDEA CAPTA. S. C.
14. VICTORIA AVGVSTI. S. C. } Reverse of Vespasian.
15. PARTHIA. S. C. COS. II. Reverse of Antoninus Pius.
16. ANTIOCHIA.
17. ΘΥΑΤΕΙΡΗΝΩΝΚ. CMYPN. ΣΤΡ. Τ. ΦΑΒ. ΑΛ. ΑΠΟΛΛΙΝΑΡΙΟΥ. Reverse of Marcus Aurelius.
18. ARAB. ADQ. S. P. Q. R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI. S. C. Reverse of Trajan.

REMARKS

ON

SEVERAL PARTS OF ITALY, &c.

IN THE YEARS 1701, 1702, 1703.

Verum ergo id est, si quis in cœlum ascendisset, naturamque mundi et pulchritudinem siderum perspexisset, insuavem illam admirationem ei fore, quæ jucundissima fuisset, si aliquem cui narraret habuisset. CICER. DE AMIC.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN LORD SOMERS,

BARON OF EVESHAM.

MY LORD,

THERE is a pleasure in owning obligations which it is an honour to have received, but should I publish any favours done me by your Lordship, I am afraid it would look more like vanity than gratitude.

I had a very early ambition to recommend myself to your Lordship's patronage, which yet increased in me as I travelled through the countries of which I here give your Lordship some account: for whatever great impressions an Englishman must have of your Lordship, they who have been conversant abroad will find them still improved. It cannot but be obvious to them, that though they see your Lordship's admirers everywhere, they meet with very few of your well-wishers at Paris or at Rome. And I could not but observe, when I passed through most of the Protestant governments in Europe, that their hopes or fears for the common cause rose or fell with your Lordship's interest and authority in England.

I here present your Lordship with the remarks that I made in a part of these my travels; wherein, notwithstanding the variety of the subject, I am very sensible that I offer

SERIES IV.

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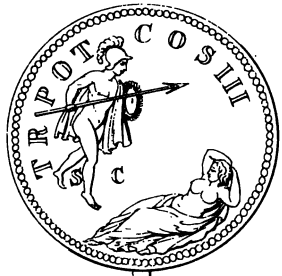
SERIES IV.


TRPOT COS III
S C

CIVITATIBVS ASIAE RESTITVTIS.

IMPERATOR IIII
S C

ONMAX·TRPOT·XXXIII·TI CAESARDIVI AVG·F·AVGVSTVS

IVNONISI S PITAE
S C

AVG VSTI
SPQR·OSTC

nothing new to your Lordship, and can have no other design in this address than to declare that I am,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most obliged, and
Most obedient, humble servant,
J. ADDISON.

PREFACE.

THERE is certainly no place in the world where a man may travel with greater pleasure and advantage than in Italy. One finds something more particular in the face of the country, and more astonishing in the works of nature, than can be met with in any other part of Europe. It is the great school of music and painting, and contains in it all the noblest productions of statuary and architecture, both ancient and modern. It abounds with cabinets of curiosities, and vast collections of all kinds of antiquities. No other country in the world has such a variety of governments, that are so different in their constitutions, and so refined in their politics. There is scarce any part of the nation that is not famous in history, nor so much as a mountain or river that has not been the scene of some extraordinary action.

As there are few men that have talents or opportunities for examining so copious a subject, one may observe, among those who have written on Italy, that different authors have succeeded best on different sorts of curiosities. Some have been more particular in their accounts of pictures, statues, and buildings; some have searched into libraries, cabinets of rarities, and collections of medals, as others have been wholly taken up with inscriptions, ruins, and antiquities. Among the authors of our own country, we are obliged to the Bishop of Salisbury, for his masterly and uncommon observations on the religion and governments of Italy: Lassels may be useful in giving us the names of such writers as have treated of the several states through which he passed: Mr. Ray is to be valued for his observations on the natural productions of the place. Monsieur Misson has wrote a more correct account of Italy in general than any before him, as he particularly excels in the plan of the country, which he has given us in true and lively colours.

There are still several of these topics that are far from being exhausted, as there are many new subjects that a traveller may find to employ himself upon. For my own part, as I have taken notice of several places and antiquities that nobody else has spoken of, so, I think, I have mentioned but few things in common with others, that are not either set in a new light, or accompanied with different reflections. I have taken care particularly to consider the several passages of the ancient poets, which have any relation to the places and curiosities that I met with; for before I entered on my voyage, I took care to refresh my memory among the classic authors, and to make such collections out of them as I might afterwards have occasion for. I must confess, it was not one of the least entertainments that I met with in travelling, to examine these several descriptions, as it were, upon the spot, and to compare the natural face of the country with the landscapes that the poets have given us of it. However, to avoid the confusion that might arise from a multitude of quotations, I have only cited such verses as have given us some image of the place, or that have something else besides the bare name of it to recommend them.

MONACO, GENOA,[1] &c.

On the twelfth of December, 1699, I set out from Marseilles to Genoa in a Tartane, and arrived late at a small French port called Cassis, where the next morning we were not a little surprised to see the mountains about the town covered with green olive-trees, or laid out in beautiful gardens, which gave us a great variety of pleasing prospects, even in the depth of winter. The most uncultivated of them

[1] These travels are entertaining; especially to the classical reader. But the expression in this agreeable narrative is frequently careless: or possibly, the author, in the time of his travels, had not acquired the habit of that exact style, for which he was afterwards so famous. However, the general cast of the composition is elegant, and is even marked, occasionally, with that vein of humour which characterizes the best works of Mr. Addison; as the reader will observe, more especially, in the chapter *on* the little republic of St. Marino, and that of Meldingen in Switz*erland.*

produce abundance of sweet plants, as wild thyme, lavender, rosemary, balm, and myrtle. We were here shown at a distance the Deserts, which have been rendered so famous by the penance of Mary Magdalene, who, after her arrival with Lazarus and Joseph of Arimathea at Marseilles, is said to have wept away the rest of her life among these solitary rocks and mountains. It is so romantic a scene, that it has always probably given occasion to such chimerical relations; for it is perhaps of this place that Claudian speaks in the following description:

Est locus extremum pandit quà Gallia littus
Oceani prætentus aquis, quà fertur Ulysses
Sanguine libato populum movisse Silentûm,
Illic Umbrarum tenui stridore volantûm
Flebilis auditur questus; simulachra coloni
Pallida defunctasque vident migrare figuras, &c.
CL. IN. RUF. lib. i.

A place there lies on Gallia's utmost bounds,
Where rising seas insult the frontier grounds.
Ulysses here the blood of victims shed,
And raised the pale assembly of the dead:
Oft in the winds is heard a plaintive sound
Of melancholy ghosts that hover round;
The labouring ploughman oft with horror spies
Thin airy shapes, that o'er the furrows rise,
(A dreadful scene!) and skim before his eyes.

I know there is nothing more undetermined among the learned than the voyage of Ulysses; some confining it to the Mediterranean, others extending it to the great ocean, and others ascribing it to a world of the poet's own making: though his conversations with the dead are generally supposed to have been in the Narbon Gaul.

Incultos adiit Læstrigonas Antiphatenque, &c.
Atque hæc ceu nostras intersunt cognita terras,
Fabula sive novum dedit his erroribus orbem. TIB. l. iv. El. 1.

Uncertain whether, by the winds conveyed,
On real seas to real shores he strayed;
Or, by the fable driven from coast to coast,
In new imaginary worlds was lost.

The next day we again set sail, and made the best of our way, till we were forced, by contrary winds, into St. Remo, a very pretty town in the Genoese dominions. The front to the sea is not large, but there are a great many houses behind it, built up the side of the mountain to avoid the winds

and vapours that come from sea. We here saw several persons, that in the midst of December had nothing over their shoulders but their shirts, without complaining of the cold. It is certainly very lucky for the poorer sort to be born in a place that is free from the greatest inconvenience to which those of our northern nations are subject; and indeed without this natural benefit of their climates, the extreme misery and poverty that are in most of the Italian governments would be insupportable. There are at St. Remo many plantations of palm-trees, though they do not grow in other parts of Italy. We sailed from hence directly for Genoa, and had a fair wind that carried us into the middle of the Gulf, which is very remarkable for tempests and scarcity of fish. It is probable one may be the cause of the other, whether it be that the fishermen cannot employ their art with so much success in so troubled a sea, or that the fish do not care for inhabiting such stormy waters.

Atrum
Defendens pisces hyemat mare— HOR. Sat. 2, lib. ii.

While black with storms the ruffled ocean rolls,
And from the fisher's art defends her finny shoals.

We were forced to lie in it two days, and our captain thought his ship in so great danger, that he fell upon his knees and confessed himself to a capuchin, who was on board with us. But at last, taking the advantage of a side-wind, we were driven back in a few hours' time as far as Monaco. Lucan has given us a description of the harbour that we found so very welcome to us, after the great danger we had escaped.

Quàque sub Herculeo sacratus nomine portus
Urget rupe cavâ pelagus: non Corus in illum
Jus habet aut Zephyrus: Solus sua littora turbat
Circius, et tutâ prohibet statione Monæci. Lib. i.

The winding rocks a spacious harbour frame,
That from the great Alcides takes its name:
Fenced to the west and to the north it lies;
But when the winds in southern quarters rise,
Ships, from their anchors torn, become their sport,
And sudden tempests rage within the port.

On the promontory where the town of Monaco now stands was formerly the temple of Hercules Monœcus, which still *gives the* name to this small principality.

Aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monæci
Descendens. VIRG. ÆN. vi.

There are but three towns in the dominions of the prince of Monaco. The chief of them is situate on a rock which runs out into the sea, and is well fortified by nature. It was formerly under the protection of the Spaniard, but not many years since drove out the Spanish garrison, and received a French one, which consists at present of five hundred men, paid and officered by the French king. The officer who showed me the palace told me, with a great deal of gravity, that his master and the king of France, amidst all the confusions of Europe, had ever been good friends and allies. The palace has handsome apartments, that are many of them hung with pictures of the reigning beauties in the court of France. But the best of the furniture was at Rome, where the prince of Monaco resided at that time ambassador. We here took a little boat to creep along the sea-shore as far as Genoa; but at Savona, finding the sea too rough, we were forced to make the best of our way by land, over very rugged mountains and precipices: for this road is much more difficult than that over Mount Cennis.

The Genoese are esteemed extremely cunning, industrious, and inured to hardship above the rest of the Italians; which was likewise the character of the old Ligurians. And indeed it is no wonder, while the barrenness of their country continues, that the manners of the inhabitants do not change: since there is nothing makes men sharper, and sets their hands and wits more at work, than want. The Italian proverb says of the Genoese, that they have a sea without fish, land without trees, and men without faith. The character the Latin poets have given of them is not much different.

Assuetumque malo Ligurem. VIRG. GEORG. ii.

The hard Ligurians, a laborious kind.

Pernix Ligur. SIL. IT. El. 8.

Fallaces Ligures. AUS. Eid. 12.

Apenninicolæ bellator filius Auni
Haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata sinebant. ÆN. xi.

Yet like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At least whilst fortune favoured his deceit.)

Vane Ligur, frustraque animis elate superbis,
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes. Id.

Vain fool and coward, cries the lofty maid,
Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid.
On others practise thy Ligurian arts;
Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts,
Are lost on me; nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious sire. DRYDEN.

There are a great many beautiful palaces standing along the sea-shore on both sides of Genoa, which make the town appear much longer than it is, to those that sail by it. The city itself makes the noblest show of any in the world. The houses are most of them painted on the outside; so that they look extremely gay and lively, besides that they are esteemed the highest in Europe, and stand very thick together. The New Street is a double range of palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent fancy, and fit for the greatest princes to inhabit. I cannot however be reconciled to their manner of painting several of the Genoese houses. Figures, perspectives, or pieces of history, are certainly very ornamental, as they are drawn on many of the walls, that would otherwise look too naked and uniform without them: but instead of these, one often sees the front of a palace covered with painted pillars of different orders. If these were so many true columns of marble, set in their proper architecture, they would certainly very much adorn the places where they stand, but as they are now, they only show us that there is something wanting, and that the palace which without these counterfeit pillars would be beautiful in its kind, might have been more perfect by the addition of such as are real. The front of the Villa Imperiale, at a mile distance from Genoa, without anything of this paint upon it, consists of a Doric and Corinthian row of pillars, and is much the handsomest of any I saw there. The Duke of Doria's palace has the best outside of any in Genoa, as that of Durazzo is the best furnished within. There is one room in the first that is hung with tapestry, in which are wrought the figures of the great persons that the family has produced; as perhaps there is no house in Europe that can show a longer line of heroes, that have still acted for the good of their country. Andrew Doria has a statue erected to him at the entrance of the Doge's palace with the glorious title of Deliverer of the Commonwealth; and one of his family, another, that calls him its Preserver. In the Doge's palace are the rooms where the great and little council, with the

two colleges, hold their assemblies; but as the state of Genoa is very poor, though several of its members are extremely rich, so one may observe infinitely more splendour and magnificence in particular persons' houses, than in those that belong to the public. But we find in most of the states of Europe, that the people show the greatest marks of poverty, where the governors live in the greatest magnificence. The churches are very fine, particularly that of the Annunciation, which looks wonderfully beautiful in the inside, all but one corner of it being covered with statues, gilding, and paint. A man would expect, in so very ancient a town of Italy, to find some considerable antiquities; but all they have to show of this nature is an old rostrum of a Roman ship that stands over the door of their arsenal. It is not above a foot long, and perhaps would never have been thought the beak of a ship, had it not been found in so probable a place as the haven. It is all of iron, fashioned at the end like a boar's head; as I have seen it represented on medals, and on the columna rostrata in Rome. I saw at Genoa Signior Micconi's famous collection of shells, which, as Father Buonani the Jesuit has since told me, is one of the best in Italy. I know nothing more remarkable, in the government of Genoa, than the bank of St. George, made up of such branches of the revenues as have been set apart, and appropriated to the discharging of several sums, that have been borrowed from private persons, during the exigencies of the commonwealth. Whatever inconveniences the state has laboured under, they have never entertained a thought of violating the public credit, or of alienating any part of these revenues to other uses, than to what they have been thus assigned. The administration of this bank is for life, and partly in the hands of the chief citizens, which gives them a great authority in the state, and a powerful influence over the common people. This bank is generally thought the greatest load on the Genoese, and the managers of it have been represented as a second kind of senate, that break the uniformity of government, and destroy, in some measure, the fundamental constitution of the state. It is however very certain, that the people reap no small advantages from it, as it distributes the power among more particular members of the republic, and gives the commons a figure: so that it is no small check upon the aristocracy, and may be one reason why the

Genoese senate carries it with greater moderation towards their subjects than the Venetian.

It would have been well for the republic of Genoa, if she had followed the example of her sister of Venice, in not permitting her nobles to make any purchase of lands or houses in the dominions of a foreign prince. For at present the greatest among the Genoese, are in part subjects to the monarchy of Spain, by reason of their estates that lie in the kingdom of Naples. The Spaniards tax them very high upon occasion, and are so sensible of the advantage this gives them over the republic, that they will not suffer a Neapolitan to buy the lands of a Genoese, who must find a purchaser among his own countrymen, if he has a mind to sell. For this reason, as well as on account of the great sums of money which the Spaniard owes the Genoese, they are under a necessity, at present, of being in the interest of the French, and would probably continue so, though all the other states of Italy entered into a league against them. Genoa is not yet secure from a bombardment, though it is not so exposed as formerly; for, since the insult of the French, they have built a mole, with some little ports, and have provided themselves with long guns and mortars. It is easy for those that are strong at sea to bring them to what terms they please; for having but very little arable land, they are forced to fetch all their corn from Naples, Sicily, and other foreign countries; except what comes to them from Lombardy, which probably goes another way, whilst it furnishes two great armies with provisions. Their fleet, that formerly gained so many victories over the Saracens, Pisans, Venetians, Turks, and Spaniards, that made them masters of Crete, Sardinia, Majorca, Minorca, Negrepont, Lesbos, Malta,—that settled them in Scio, Smyrna, Achaia, Theodosia, and several towns on the eastern confines of Europe, is now reduced to six galleys. When they had made an addition of but four new ones, the king of France sent his orders to suppress them, telling the republic at the same time, that he knew very well how many they had occasion for. This little fleet serves only to fetch them wine and corn, and to give their ladies an airing in the summer season. The republic of Genoa has a crown and sceptre for its Doge, by reason of their conquest of Corsica, where there was formerly a Saracen king. This indeed gives their ambassadors a more

honourable reception at some courts, but, at the same time, may teach their people to have a mean notion of their own form of government, and is a tacit acknowledgment that monarchy is the more honourable. The old Romans, on the contrary, made use of a very barbarous kind of politics to inspire their people with a contempt of kings, whom they treated with infamy, and dragged at the wheels of their triumphal chariots.

PAVIA, MILAN, &c.

From Genoa we took chaise for Milan, and by the way stopped at Pavia, that was once the metropolis of a kingdom, but is at present a poor town. We here saw the convent of Austin monks, who about three years ago pretended to have found out the body of the saint, that gives the name to their order. King Luitprand, whose ashes are in the same church, brought hither the corpse, and was very industrious to conceal it, lest it might be abused by the barbarous nations, which at that time ravaged Italy. One would therefore rather wonder that it has not been found out much earlier, than that it is discovered at last. The fathers, however, do not yet find their account in the discovery they have made; for there are canons regular, who have half the same church in their hands, that will by no means allow it to be the body of the saint, nor is it yet recognised by the pope. The monks say for themselves, that the very name was written on the urn where the ashes lay, and that in an old record of the convent, they are said to have been interred between the very wall and the altar where they were taken up. They have already too, as the monks told us, begun to justify themselves by miracles. At the corner of one of the cloisters of this convent are buried the Duke of Suffolk and the Duke of Lorrain, who were both killed in the famous battle of Pavia. Their monument was erected to them by one Charles Parker, an ecclesiastic, as I learned from the inscription, which I cannot omit transcribing, since I have not seen it printed.

Capto a Milite Cæsareo Francisco I. Gallorum Rege in agro Papiensi Anno 1525. 23. Feb. inter alios proceres, qui ex suis in prælio occisi sunt, occubuerunt duo illustrissimi principes, Franciscus Dux Lotharingiæ, et Richardus de la Poole Anglus Dux Suffolciæ a Rege Tyranno Hen. VIII. pulsus regno. Quorum corpora hoc in cœnobio et ambitu per annos 57, sine honore tumulata sunt. Tandem Carolus Parker à Morley, Richardi proximus consanguineus, Regno Angliæ a Reginâ Elizabethâ ob Catholi-

cam fidem ejectus, beneficentiâ tamen Philippi Regis Cath. Hispaniarum Monarchæ Invictissimi in Statu Mediolanensi sustentatus, hoc qualecunque monumentum, pro rerum suarum tenuitate, charissimo propinquo et illustrissimis principibus posuit 5. Sept. 1582. et post suum exilium 23. majora et honorificentiora commendans Lotharingicis. Viator precare Quietem.

This pretended Duke of Suffolk was Sir Richard de la Poole, brother to the Earl of Suffolk, who was put to death by Henry the Eighth. In his banishment he took upon him the title of Duke of Suffolk, which had been sunk in the family ever since the attainder of the great Duke of Suffolk under the reign of Henry the Sixth. He fought very bravely in the battle of Pavia, and was magnificently interred by the Duke of Bourbon, who, though an enemy, assisted at his funeral in mourning.

Parker himself is buried in the same place with the following inscription:

D. O. M.

Carolo Parchero à Morley Anglo ex illustrissimâ clarissimâ stirpe. Qui Episcopus Des. ob fidem Catholicam actus in Exilium An. xxxi. peregrinatus ab Invictiss. Phil. Rege Hispan. honestissimis pietatis et constantiæ præmiis ornatus moritur Anno a partu Virginis, M. D. C. xi. Men. Septembris.

In Pavia is an university of seven colleges, one of them called the college of Borromée, very large, and neatly built. There is likewise a statue in brass of Marcus Antoninus on horseback, which the people of the place call Charles the Fifth, and some learned men Constantine the Great.

Pavia is the Ticinum of the ancients, which took its name from the river Ticinus which runs by it, and is now called the Tesin. This river falls into the Po, and is excessively rapid. The bishop of Salisbury says, that he ran down with the stream thirty miles in an hour, by the help of but one rower. I do not know therefore why Silius Italicus has represented it as so very gentle and still a river, in the beautiful description he has given us of it.

Cæruleas Ticinus aquas et stagna vadoso
Perspicuus servat, turbari nescia, fundo,
Ac nitidum viridi lentè trahit amne liquorem;
Vix credas labi, ripis tam mitis opacis
Argutos inter (volucrum certamina) cantus
Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham. Lib. iv.

Smooth and untroubled the Ticinus flows,
And through the crystal stream the shining bottom shows:

Scarce can the sight discover if it moves;
So wondrous slow amidst the shady groves,
And tuneful birds that warble on its sides,
Within its gloomy banks the limpid liquor glides.

A poet of another nation would not have dwelt so long upon the clearness and transparency of the stream, but in Italy one seldom sees a river that is extremely bright and limpid, most of them falling down from the mountains *that make*[1] their waters very troubled and muddy, whereas the Tesin is only an outlet of that vast lake which the Italians now call the Lago Maggiore.

I saw between Pavia and Milan the convent of Carthusians, which is very spacious and beautiful. Their church is extremely fine, and curiously adorned, but of a Gothic structure.

I could not stay long in Milan without going to see the great church that I had heard so much of, but was never more deceived in my expectation than at my first entering: for the front, which was all I had seen of the outside, is not half finished, and the inside is so smutted with dust and the smoke of lamps, that neither the marble, nor the silver, nor brass-works, show themselves to an advantage. This vast Gothic pile of building is all of marble, except the roof, which would have been of the same matter with the rest, had not its weight rendered it improper for that part of the building. But for the reason I have just now mentioned, the outside of the church looks much whiter and fresher than the inside; for where the marble is so often washed with rains, it preserves itself more beautiful and unsullied, than in those parts that are not at all exposed to the weather. That side of the church, indeed, which faces the Tramontane wind, is much more unsightly than the rest, by reason of the dust and smoke that are driven against it. This profusion of marble, though astonishing to strangers, is not very wonderful in a country that has so many veins of it within its bowels. But though the stones are cheap, the working of them is very expensive. It is generally said there are eleven thousand statues about the church, but they reckon into the account every particular figure in the history pieces, and several little

[1] *Mountains that make.*] A *mountain* does not *make* a river *troubled* and *muddy*, but the *fall* of its waters from a mountain. He might have said, "Most of them falling down from the mountains, and, *of course*, *having* their waters very troubled and muddy."

images which make up the equipage of those that are larger. There are, indeed, a great multitude of such as are bigger than the life: I reckoned above two hundred and fifty on the outside of the church, though I only told three sides of it; and these are not half so thick set as they intend them. The statues are all of marble, and generally well cut; but the most valuable one they have is a St. Bartholomew, new-flayed, with his skin hanging over his shoulders: it is esteemed worth its weight in gold: they have inscribed this verse on the pedestal, to show the value they have for the workman.

Non me Praxiteles sed Marcus finxit Agrati.
Lest at the sculptor doubtfully you guess,
'Tis Marc Agrati, not Praxiteles.

There is just before the entrance of the choir, a little subterraneous chapel, dedicated to St. Charles Borromée, where I saw his body, in episcopal robes, lying upon the altar in a shrine of rock-crystal. His chapel is adorned with abundance of silver work. He was but two and twenty years old when he was chosen archbishop of Milan, and forty-six at his death; but made so good use of so short a time, by his works of charity and munificence, that his countrymen bless his memory, which is still fresh among them. He was canonized about a hundred years ago: and, indeed, if this honour were due to any man, I think such public-spirited virtues may lay a juster claim to it, than a sour retreat from mankind, a fiery zeal against Heterodoxies, a set of chimerical visions, or of whimsical penances, which are generally the qualifications of Roman saints. Miracles, indeed, are required of all who aspire to this dignity, because they say an hypocrite may imitate a saint in all other particulars; and these they attribute in a great number to him I am speaking of. His merit, and the importunity of his countrymen, procured his canonization before the ordinary time; for it is the policy of the Roman Church not to allow this honour, ordinarily, till fifty years after the death of the person who is candidate for it; in which time it may be supposed that all his contemporaries will be worn out, who could contradict a pretended miracle, or remember any infirmity of the saint. One would wonder that Roman Catholics, who are for this kind of worship, do not generally address themselves to the holy apostles, who have a more unquestionable right to the

title of saints than those of a modern date; but these are at present quite out of fashion in Italy, where there is scarce a great town which does not pay its devotions, in a more particular manner, to some one of their own making. This renders it very suspicious, that the interests of particular families, religious orders, convents, or churches, have too great a sway in their canonizations. When I was at Milan I saw a book newly published, that was dedicated to the present head of the Borromean family, and entitled "A discourse on the Humility of Jesus Christ, and of St. Charles Borromée."

The great church of Milan has two noble pulpits of brass, each of them running round a large pillar like a gallery, and supported by huge figures of the same metal. The history of our Saviour, or rather of the blessed virgin, (for it begins with her birth, and ends with her coronation in heaven, that of our Saviour coming in by way of episode,) is finely cut in marble by Andrew Biffy. This church is very rich in relics, which run up as high as Daniel, Jonas, and Abraham. Among the rest they show a fragment of our countryman Becket, as, indeed, there are very few treasuries of relics in Italy that have not a tooth or a bone of this saint. It would be endless to count up the riches of silver, gold, and precious stones that are amassed together in this and several other churches of Milan. I was told, that in Milan there are sixty convents of women, eighty of men, and two hundred churches. At the Celestines is a picture in fresco of the marriage of Cana, very much esteemed; but the painter, whether designedly or not, has put six fingers to the hand of one of the figures: they show the gates of a church that St. Ambrose shut against the emperor Theodosius, as thinking him unfit to assist at divine service, till he had done some extraordinary penance for his barbarous massacring the inhabitants of Thessalonica. That emperor was, however, so far from being displeased with the behaviour of the saint, that at his death he committed to him the education of his children. Several have picked splinters of wood out of the gates for relics. There is a little chapel lately re-edified, where the same saint baptized St. Austin. An inscription upon the wall of it says, that it was in this chapel and on this occasion that he first sung his *Te Deum*, and that his great convert answered him verse by verse. In one of the

churches I saw a pulpit and confessional, very finely inlaid with *lapis-lazuli*, and several kinds of marble, by a father of the convent. It is very lucky for a religious, who has so much time on his hands, to be able to amuse himself with works of this nature; and one often finds particular members of convents, who have excellent mechanical geniuses, and divert themselves, at leisure hours, with painting, sculpture, architecture, gardening, and several kinds of handicrafts. Since I have mentioned confessionals, I shall set down here some inscriptions that I have seen over them in Roman Catholic countries, which are all texts of Scripture, and regard either the penitent or the father. *Abi, Ostende Te ad Sacerdotem—Ne taceat pupilla oculi tui—Ibo ad patrem meum et dicam, Pater peccavi—Soluta erunt in Cœlis—Redi Anima mea in Requiem tuam—Vade, et ne deinceps pecca—Qui vos audit, me audit—Venite ad me omnes qui fatigati estis et onerati—Corripiet me justus in misericordiâ—Vide si via iniquitatis in me est, et deduc me in viâ æternâ—Ut audiret gemitus compeditorum.* I say the Ambrosian library, where, to show the Italian genius, they have spent more money on pictures than on books. Among the heads of several learned men I met with no Englishman, except Bishop Fisher, whom Henry the Eighth put to death for not owning his supremacy. Books are, indeed, the least part of the furniture that one ordinarily goes to see in an Italian library, which they generally set off with pictures, statues, and other ornaments, where they can afford them, after the example of the old Greeks and Romans.

> —Plena omnia gypso
> Chrysippi invenias: nam perfectissimus horum
> Si quis Aristotelem similem vel Pittacon emit,
> Et jubet archetypos pluteum servare Cleanthas. JUV. Sat. 2.
>
> Chrysippus' statue decks thy library.
> Who makes his study finest is most read;
> The dolt, that with an Aristotle's head
> Carved to the life, has once adorned his shelf,
> Straight sets up for a Stagyrite himself. TATE.

In an apartment behind the library are several rarities often described by travellers as Brugeal's elements, a head of Titian by his own hand, a manuscript in Latin of Josephus, which the bishop of Salisbury says was written about the age of Theodosius, and another of Leonardus Vincius, which King James the First could not procure, though he proffered for it

three thousand Spanish pistoles. It consists of designings in mechanism and engineering: I was shown in it a sketch of bombs and mortars, as they are now used. Canon Settala's cabinet is always shown to a stranger among the curiosities of Milan, which I shall not be particular upon, the printed account of it being common enough. Among its natural curiosities I took particular notice of a piece of crystal, that enclosed a couple of drops, which looked like water when they were shaken, though, perhaps, they are nothing but bubbles of air. It is such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendome in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and was gathered up by an angel, who put it in a little crystal vial, and made a present of it to Mary Magdalene. The famous Pere Mabillon is now engaged in a vindication of this tear, which a learned ecclesiastic, in the neighbourhood of Vendome, would have suppressed, as a false and ridiculous relic, in a book that he has dedicated to his diocesan, the bishop of Blois. It is in the possession of a Benedictin convent, which raises a considerable revenue out of the devotion that is paid to it, and has now retained the most learned father of their order to write in its defence.

It was such a curiosity as this I have mentioned, that Claudian has celebrated in about half a score epigrams.

Solibus indomitum glacies Alpina rigorem
Sumebat, nimio jam preciosa gelu.
Nec potuit toto mentiri corpore gemmam,
Sed medio mansit proditor orbe latex:
Auctus honor; liquidi crescunt miracula saxi,
Et conservatæ plus meruistis aquæ.

Deep in the snowy Alps a lump of ice
By frosts was hardened to a mighty price:
Proof to the sun, it now securely lies,
And the warm dog-star's hottest rage defies:
Yet still unripened in the dewy mines,
Within the ball a trembling water shines,
That through the crystal darts its spurious rays,
And the proud stone's original betrays;
But common drops, when thus with crystal mixt,
Are valued more than if in rubies fixt.

As I walked through one of the streets of Milan, I was surprised to read the following inscription, concerning a barber that had conspired with the commissary of health and others to poison his fellow-citizens. There is a void space where his house stood, and in the midst of it a pillar, super-

scribed *Colonne Infame.* The story is told in handsome Latin, which I shall set down, as having never seen it transcribed.

Hic, ubi hæc Area patens est,
Surgebat olim Tonstrina
Jo' Jacobi Moræ:
Qui factâ cum Gulielmo Platea publ. Sanit. Commissario
Et cum aliis Conspiratione,
Dum pestis atrox sæviret,
Lethiferis unguentis huc et illuc aspersis
Plures ad diram mortem compulit.
Hos igitur ambos, hostes patriæ judicatos,
Excelso in Plaustro
Candenti prius vellicatos forcipe
Et dexterâ mulctatos manu
Rotâ infringi
Rotæque intextos post horas sex jugulari,
Comburi deinde,
Ac, ne quid tam Scelestorum hominum reliqui sit,
Publicatis bonis
Cineres in flumen projici
Senatus jussit:
Cujus rei memoria æterna ut sit,
Hanc domum, Sceleris officinam,
Solo æquari,
Ac nunquam in posterum refici,
Et erigi Columnam,
Quæ vocatur Infamis,
Idem ordo mandavit.
Procul hinc procul ergo
Boni Cives,
Ne Vos Infelix Infame solum
Commaculet!
M. D. C. xxx. Kal. Augusti.

Præside Pub. Sanitatis M. Antonio Montio Senatore R. Justitiæ Cap. Jo. Baptistâ Vicecomit.

The citadel of Milan is thought a strong fort in Italy, and has held out formerly after the conquest of the rest of the duchy. The governor of it is independent on the governor of Milan; as the Persians used to make the rulers of provinces and fortresses of different conditions and interests, to prevent conspiracies.

At two miles' distance from Milan there stands a building, that would have been a master-piece in its kind, had the architect designed it for an artificial echo. We discharged a pistol, and had the sound returned upon us above fifty-six times, though the air was very foggy. The first repetitions follow one another very thick, but are heard more distinctly

in proportion as they decay. There are two parallel walls which beat the sound back on each other, till the undulation is quite worn out, like the several reverberations of the same image from two opposite looking-glasses. Father Kircher has taken notice of this particular echo, as Father Bartolin has done since in his ingenious discourse on sounds. The state of Milan is like a vast garden, surrounded by a noble mound-work of rocks and mountains: indeed, if a man considers the face of Italy in general, one would think that nature had laid it out into such a variety of states and governments as one finds in it. For as the Alps at one end, and the long range of Apennines, that passes through the body of it, branch out on all sides into several different divisions: they serve as so many natural boundaries and fortifications to the little territories that lie among them. Accordingly we find the whole country cut into a multitude of particular kingdoms and commonwealths in the oldest accounts we have of it; till the power of the Romans, like a torrent that overflows its banks, bore down all before it, and spread itself into the remotest corners of the nation. But as this exorbitant power became unable to support itself, we find the government of Italy again broken into such a variety of sub-divisions, as naturally suits with its situation.

In the court of Milan, as in several others in Italy, there are many who fall in with the dress and carriage of the French. One may, however, observe a kind of awkwardness in the Italians, which easily discovers the airs they give themselves not to be natural. It is indeed very strange there should be such a diversity of manners, where there is so small a difference in the air and climate. The French are always open, familiar, and talkative: the Italians, on the contrary, are stiff, ceremonious, and reserved. In France every one aims at a gaiety and sprightliness of behaviour, and thinks it an accomplishment to be brisk and lively: the Italians, notwithstanding their natural fieriness of temper, affect always to appear sober and sedate; insomuch that one sometimes meets young men walking the streets with spectacles on their noses, that they may be thought to have impaired their sight by much study, and seem more grave and judicious than their neighbours. This difference of manners proceeds chiefly from difference of education: in France it is usual to bring their children into company, and

to cherish in them, from their infancy, a kind of forwardness and assurance: besides that the French apply themselves more universally to their exercises than any other nation in the world, so that one seldom sees a young gentleman in France that does not fence, dance, and ride, in some tolerable perfection. These agitations of the body do not only give them a free and easy carriage, but have a kind of mechanical operation on the mind, by keeping the animal spirits always awake and in motion. But what contributes most to this light, airy humour of the French, is the free conversation that is allowed them with their women, which does not only communicate to them a certain vivacity of temper, but makes them endeavour after such a behaviour as is most taking with the sex.

The Italians, on the contrary, who are excluded from making their court this way, are for recommending themselves to those they converse with by their gravity and wisdom. In Spain, therefore, where there are fewer liberties of this nature allowed, there is something still more serious and composed in the manner of the inhabitants. But as mirth is more apt to make proselytes than melancholy, it is observed that the Italians have many of them for these late years given very far into the modes and freedoms of the French; which prevail more or less in the courts of Italy, as they lie at a smaller or greater distance from France. It may be here worth while to consider how it comes to pass, that the common people of Italy have in general so very great an aversion to the French, which every traveller cannot but be sensible of, that has passed through the country. The most obvious reason is certainly the great difference that there is in the humours and manners of the two nations, which always works more in the meaner sort, who are not able to vanquish the prejudices of education, than with the nobility. Besides that, the French humour, in regard of the liberties they take in female conversations, and their great ambition to excel in all companies, is in a more particular manner very shocking to the Italians, who are naturally jealous, and value themselves upon their great wisdom. At the same time the common people of Italy, who run more into news and politics than those of other countries, have all of them something to exasperate them against the king of France. The Savoyards, notwithstanding the present inclin-

ations of their court, cannot forbear resenting the infinite mischiefs he did them in the last war. The Milanese and Neapolitans remember the many insults he has offered to the house of Austria, and particularly to their deceased king, for whom they still retain a natural kind of honour and affection. The Genoese cannot forget his treatment of their Doge, and his bombarding their city. The Venetians will tell you of his leagues with the Turks; and the Romans, of his threats to Pope Innocent the Eleventh, whose memory they adore. It is true, that interest of state and change of circumstances may have sweetened these reflections to the politer sort, but impressions are not so easily worn out of the minds of the vulgar. That, however, which I take to be the principal motive among most of the Italians, for their favouring the Germans above the French, is this, that they are entirely persuaded it is for the interest of Italy to have Milan and Naples rather in the hands of the first than of the other. One may generally observe, that the body of a people has juster views for the public good, and pursues them with greater uprightness, than the nobility and gentry, who have so many private expectations and particular interests, which hang like a false bias upon their judgments, and may possibly dispose them to sacrifice the good of their country to the advancement of their own fortunes; whereas, the gross of the people can have no other prospect in changes and revolutions, than of public blessings that are to diffuse themselves through the whole state in general.

To return to Milan: I shall here set down the description Ausonius has given of it, among the rest of his great cities.

Et Mediolani mira omnia, copia rerum:
Innumeræ cultæque domus, facunda virorum,
Ingenia, et mores læti. Tum duplice muro
Amplificata loci species, populique voluptas
Circus, et inclusi moles cuneata theatri:
Templa, Palatinæque arces, opulensque Moneta,
Et regio Herculei celebris ab honore lavacri,
Cunctaque marmoreis ornata peristyla signis,
Omnia quæ magnis operum velut æmula formis
Excellunt; nec juncta premit vicinia Romæ.

Milan with plenty and with wealth o'erflows,
And numerous streets and cleanly dwellings shows;
The people, blessed with nature's happy force,
Are eloquent and cheerful in discourse;

A Circus and a theatre invites
The unruly mob to races and to fights.
Moneta consecrated buildings grace,
And the whole town redoubled walls embrace;
Here spacious baths and palaces are seen,
And intermingled temples rise between;
Here circling colonnades the ground enclose,
And here the marble statues breathe in rows:
Profusely graced the happy town appears,
Nor Rome itself her beauteous neighbour fears.

BRESCIA, VERONA, PADUA.

From Milan we travelled through a very pleasant country to Brescia, and by the way crossed the river Adda, that falls into the Lago di Como, which Virgil calls the lake Larius, and running out at the other end loses itself at last in the Po, which is the great receptacle of all the rivers of this country. The town and province of Brescia have freer access to the senate of Venice, and a quicker redress of injuries, than any other part of their dominions. They have always a mild and prudent governor, and live much more happily than their fellow-subjects: for as they were once a part of the Milanese, and are now on their frontiers, the Venetians dare not exasperate them, by the loads they lay on other provinces, for fear of a revolt; and are forced to treat them with much more indulgence than the Spaniards do their neighbours, that they may have no temptation to it. Brescia is famous for its iron-works. A small day's journey more brought us to Verona. We saw the lake Benacus in our way, which the Italians now call Lago di Garda: it was so rough with tempests when we passed by it, that it brought into my mind Virgil's noble description of it.

Adde lacus tantos, te Lari maxime, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino.

Here vexed by winter storms Benacus raves,
Confused with working sands and rolling waves;
Rough and tumultuous like a sea it lies,
So loud the tempest roars, so high the billows rise.

This lake perfectly resembles a sea, when it is worked up by storms. It is thirty-five miles in length, and twelve in breadth. At the lower end of it we crossed the Mincio.

—Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, et tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas.
VIRG. GEORG. iii. v. 14

Where the slow Mincius through the valley strays;
Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink,
And reeds defend the winding water's brink. DRYDEN.

The river Adige runs through Verona; so much is the situation of the town changed from what it was in Silius Italicus his time.

—Verona Athesi circumflua. Lib. viii.

Verona by the circling Adige bound.

This is the only great river in Lombardy that does not fall into the Po; which it must have done, had it run but a little further before its entering the Adriatic. The rivers are all of them mentioned by Claudian.

—Ventosque erectior amnes
Magnâ voce ciet. Frondentibus humida ripis
Colla levant, pulcher Ticinus, et Addua visu
Cærulus, et velox Athesis, tardusque meatu
Mincius, inque novem consurgens ora Timavus.
SEXTO CONS. HON.

Venetia's rivers, summoned all around,
Hear the loud call, and answer to the sound:
Her dropping locks the silver Tessin rears,
The blue transparent Adda next appears,
The rapid Adige then erects her head,
And Mincio rising slowly from his bed,
And last Timavus, that with eager force
From nine wide mouths comes gushing to his course.

His Larius is doubtless an imitation of Virgil's Benacus.

—Umbrosâ vestit qua littus olivâ
Larius, et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu. DE BEL. GET.

The Larius here, with groves of olives crowned,
An ocean of fresh water spreads around.

I saw at Verona the famous amphitheatre, that with a few modern reparations has all the seats entire. There is something very noble in it, though the high wall and corridors that went round it are almost entirely ruined, and the area is quite filled up to the lower seat, which was formerly deep enough to let the spectators see in safety the combats of the wild beasts and gladiators. Since I have Claudian before me, I cannot forbear setting down the beautiful description he has made of a wild beast newly brought from the woods, and making its first appearance in a full amphitheatre.

Ut fera quæ nuper montes amisit avitos,
Altorumque exul nemorum, damnatur arenæ
Muneribus, commota ruit; vir murmure contra
Hortatur, nixusque genu venabula tendit;

Illa pavet strepitus, cuneosque erecta theatri
Despicit, et tanti miratur sibila vulgi.
IN. RUF. lib. ii.

So rushes on his foe the grisly bear,
That, banished from the hills and bushy brakes,
His old hereditary haunts forsakes.
Condemned the cruel rabble to delight,
His angry keeper goads him to the fight.
Bent on his knee, the savage glares around,
Scared with the mighty crowd's promiscuous sound;
Then rearing on his hinder paws retires,
And the vast hissing multitude admires.

There are some other antiquities in Verona, of which the principal is the ruin of a triumphal arch erected to Flaminius, where one sees old Doric pillars without any pedestal or basis, as Vitruvius has described them. I have not yet seen any gardens in Italy worth taking notice of. The Italians fall as short of the French in this particular, as they excel them in their palaces. It must, however, be said, to the honour of the Italians, that the French took from them the first plans of their gardens, as well as of their water-works; so that their surpassing of them at present is to be attributed rather to the greatness of their riches than the excellence of their taste. I saw the terrace-garden of Verona, that travellers generally mention. Among the churches of Verona, that of St. George is the handsomest: its chief ornament is the martyrdom of the saint, drawn by Paul Veronese; as there are many other pictures about the town by the same hand. A stranger is always shown the tomb of Pope Lucius, who lies buried in the dome. I saw in the same church a monument erected by the public to one of their bishops: the inscription says, that there was between him and his Maker *summa necessitudo, summa similitudo*. The Italian epitaphs are often more extravagant than those of other countries, as the nation is more given to compliment and hyperbole. From Verona to Padua we travelled through a very pleasant country: it is planted thick with rows of white mulberry-trees, that furnish food for great quantities of silk-worms with their leaves, as the swine and poultry consume the fruit. The trees themselves serve, at the same time, as so many stays for their vines, which hang all along like garlands from tree to tree. Between the several ranges lie fields of corn, which, in these warm countries, ripens much better among the mulberry shades than if it were ex-

posed to the open sun. This was one reason why the inhabitants of this country, when I passed through it, were extremely apprehensive of seeing Lombardy the seat of war, which must have made miserable havoc among their plantations; for it is not here as in the corn-fields of Flanders, where the whole product of the place rises from year to year. We arrived so late at Vicenza, that we had not time to take a full sight of the place. The next day brought us to Padua. St. Anthony, who lived above five hundred years ago, is the great saint to whom they here pay their devotions. He lies buried in the church that is dedicated to him at present, though it was formerly consecrated to the blessed Virgin. It is extremely magnificent, and very richly adorned. There are narrow clefts in the monument that stands over him, where good Catholics rub their beads, and smell his bones, which they say have in them a natural perfume, though very like apoplectic balsam; and what would make one suspect that they rub the marble with it, it is observed that the scent is stronger in the morning than at night. There are abundance of inscriptions and pictures hung up by his votaries in several parts of the church: for it is the way of those that are in any signal danger to implore his aid, and if they come off safe they call their deliverance a miracle, and perhaps hang up the picture or description of it in the church. This custom spoils the beauty of several Roman Catholic churches, and often covers the walls with wretched daubings, impertinent inscriptions, hands, legs, and arms of wax, with a thousand idle offerings of the same nature.

They sell at Padua the Life of St. Anthony, which is read with great devotion; the most remarkable part of it is his discourse to an assembly of fish. As the audience and sermon are both very extraordinary, I will set down the whole passage at length.

"Non curando gli heretici il suo parlare, egli si come era alla riva del mare, dove sbocca il fiume Marecchia, chiamò da parte di Dio li pesci, che venissero à sentir la sua santa parola. Et ecco che di subito sopra l' acque nuotando gran moltitudine di varii, et diversi pesci, e del mare, e del fiume, si unirono tutti, secondo le specie loro, e con bell ordine, quasi che di ragion capaci stati fossero, attenti, e cheti con gratioso spettacolo s'accommodaro per sentir la parola di

Dio. Ciò veduto il santo entro al cuor suo di dolcezza stillandosi, et per altretanta maraviglia inarcando le ciglia, della obedientia di queste irragionevoli creature così cominciò loro à parlare. Se bene in tutte le cose create (cari, et amati pesci) si scuopre la potenza, et providenza infinita di Dio, come nel cielo, nel sole, nella luna, nelle stelle, in questo mondo inferiore, nel huomo, e nelle altre creature perfette, nondimeno in voi particolarmente lampeggia e risplende la bontà della maestà divina; perche se bene siete chiamati rettili, mezzi frà pietre, e bruti, confinati nelli profondi abissi delle ondeggiante acque: agitati sempre da flutti: mossi sempre da procelle; sordi al' udire, mutoli al parlare, et horridi al vedere; con tutto ciò in voi maravigliosamente si scorge la Divina grandezza; e da voi si cavano li maggiori misterii della bontà di Dio, ne mai si parla di voi nella scrittura sacra, che non vi sia ascosto qualche profondo sacramento; credete voi, che sia senza grandissimo misterio, che il primo dono fatto dall' onnipotente Iddio all' huomo fosse di voi pesci? Credete, voi che non sia misterio in questo, che di tutte le creature, e di tutti gl' animali si sien fatti sacrificii, eccetto, che di voi pesci? Credete, che non vi sia qualche secreto in questo, che Christo nostro salvatore dall' agnelo pasquale in poi, si compiacque tanto del cibo di voi pesci? Credete, che sia à caso questo, che dovendo il redentor del mondo, pagar, come huomo, il censo à Cesare la volesse trovare nella bocca di un pesce? Tutti, tutti sono misteri è sacramenti: perciò siete particolarmente obligati a lodare il vostro Creatore: amati pesci di Dio havete ricevuto l' essere, la vita, il moto, e 'l senso; per stanza vi hà dato il liquido elemento dell' acqua, secondo che alla vostra naturale inclinatione conviene: ivi hà fatti amplissimi alberghi, stanze, caverne, grotte, e secreti luogi à voi più che sale regie, e regal palazzi, cari, e grati; et per propria sede havete l' acqua, elemento diafano, transparente, e sempre lucido quasi cristallo, e verro: et dalle più basse, e profonde vostre stanze scorgete ciò che sopra acqua ò si fa, ò nuota; havete gli occhi quasi di lince, ò di Argo, et da causa non errante guidati, seguite ciò che vi giova, et aggrada; et fuggite ciò che vi nuoce, havete natural desio di conservarvi secondo le spetie vostre, fase, oprate et caminate ove natura vi detta senza contrastro alcuno; nè algor d' inverno, nè calor di state vi offende, ò nuoce; siasi per sereno, ò turbato il cielo, che alli

vostri humidi alberghi nè frutto, nè danno apporta; siasi pure abbondevole de suoi tesori, ò scarsa de suoi frutti la terra, che a voi nulla giova; piova, tuoni, saetti, lampaggi, è subissi il mondo, che a voi ciò poco importa; verdeggi primavera, scaldi la state, fruttifichi l' autunno, et assideri li inverno, questo non vi rileva punto: nè trappassar del' hore nè correr de giorni, nè volar de mesi, nè fuggir d'anni, ne mutar de tempi, ne cangiar de stagioni vi dan pensiero alcuno, ma sempre sicura, et tranquilla vita lietamente vivere: O quanto, O quanto grande la Maestà di Dio in voi si scuopre, O quanto mirabile la potenza sua; O quanto stupenda, et maravigliosa sua providenza; poi che frà tutte le creature dell' universo voi solo non sentisti il diluvio universale dell' acque; nè provasti i danni, che egli face al monde; e tutto questo ch' io ho detto dovrebbe muovervi à lodar Dio, à ringratiare sua divina maestà di tanti e cosi singolari beneficii, che vi ha fatti, di tante gratie, che vi ha conferite, di tanti favori, di che vi ha fatti degna; per tanto, se non potete snodar la lingua à ringratiar il vostro benefattore, et non sapete con parole esprimer le sue lodi, fatele segno di riverenza almeno; chinatevi al suo nome; mostrate nel modo che potete sembiante di gratitudine; rendetevi benevoli alla bontà sua, in quel miglior modo che potete; O sapete, non siate sconoscenti de' suoi beneficii, et non siate ingrati de' suoi favori. A questo dire, O maraviglia grande, come si quelli pesci havessero havuto humano intelletto, e discorso, congesti di profonda humiltà, con riverenti sembianti di religione, chinarono la testa, blandiro co 'l corpo, quasi approvando ciò che detto havea il benedetto padre S. Antonio."

"When the heretics would not regard his preaching, he betook himself to the sea-shore, where the river Marecchia disembogues itself into the Adriatic. He here called the fish together in the name of God, that they might hear his holy word. The fish came swimming towards him in such vast shoals, both from the sea and from the river, that the surface of the water was quite covered with their multitudes. They quickly ranged themselves according to their several species, into a very beautiful congregation, and, like so many rational creatures, presented themselves before him to hear the word of God. St. Antonio was so struck with the mira-

culous obedience and submission of these poor animals, that he found a secret sweetness distilling upon his soul, and at last addressed himself to them in the following words:

"Although the infinite power and providence of God (my dearly beloved fish) discovers itself in all the works of his creation, as in the heavens, in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars, in this lower world, in man, and in other perfect creatures, nevertheless the goodness of the Divine Majesty shines out in you more eminently, and appears after a more particular manner, than in any other created beings. For notwithstanding you are comprehended under the name of reptiles, partaking of a middle nature between stones and beasts, and imprisoned in the deep abyss of waters; notwithstanding you are tost among billows, thrown up and down by tempests, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech, and terrible to behold: notwithstanding, I say, these natural disadvantages, the Divine Greatness shows itself in you after a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the mighty mysteries of an infinite goodness. The Holy Scripture has always made use of you, as the types and shadows of some profound sacrament.

"Do you think that, without a mystery, the first present that God Almighty made to man was of you, O ye fishes? Do you think that without a mystery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed for sacrifices, you only were excepted, O ye fishes? Do you think there was nothing meant by our Saviour Christ, that next to the paschal lamb he took so much pleasure in the food of you, O ye fishes? Do you think it was by mere chance, that when the Redeemer of the world was to pay tribute to Cæsar, he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a fish? These are all of them so many mysteries and sacraments, that oblige you in a more particular manner to the praises of your Creator.

"It is from God, my beloved fish, that you have received being, life, motion, and sense. It is he that has given you, in compliance with your natural inclinations, the whole world of waters for your habitation. It is he that has furnished it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grottoes, and such magnificent retirements as are not to be met with in the seats of kings, or in the palaces of princes: you have the water for your dwelling, a clear transparent element, brighter than crystal; you can see from its deepest bottom every

thing that passes on its surface; you have the eyes of a lynx, or of an Argus; you are guided by a secret and unerring principle, delighting in everything that may be beneficial to you, and avoiding everything that may be hurtful; you are carried on by a hidden instinct to preserve yourselves, and to propagate your species; you obey, in all your actions, works, and motions, the dictates and suggestions of nature, without the least repugnancy or contradiction.

"The colds of winter and the heats of summer are equally incapable of molesting you. A serene or a clouded sky are indifferent to you. Let the earth abound in fruits, or be cursed with scarcity, it has no influence on your welfare. You live secure in rains and thunders, lightnings and earthquakes; you have no concern in the blossoms of spring, or in the glowings of summer, in the fruits of autumn, or in the frosts of winter. You are not solicitous about hours or days, months or years; the variableness of the weather, or the change of seasons.

"In what dreadful majesty, in what wonderful power, in what amazing providence, did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of creatures that perished in the universal deluge! You only were insensible of the mischief that had laid waste the whole world!

"All this, as I have already told you, ought to inspire you with gratitude and praise towards the Divine Majesty, that has done so great things for you, granted you such particular graces and privileges, and heaped upon you so many distinguishing favours. And since for all this you cannot employ your tongues in the praises of your Benefactor, and are not provided with words to express your gratitude; make at least some sign of reverence; bow yourselves at his name; give some show of gratitude, according to the best of your capacities; express your thanks in the most becoming manner that you are able, and be not unmindful of all the benefits he has bestowed upon you.

"He had no sooner done speaking, but behold a miracle! The fish, as though they had been endued with reason, bowed down their heads with all the marks of a profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies up and down with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been spoken by the blessed father St. Antonio."

The legend adds, that after many heretics, who were p'

sent at the miracle, had been converted by it, the saint gave his benediction to the fish and dismissed them.

Several other the like stories of St. Anthony are represented about his monument, in a very fine basso relievo.

I could not forbear setting down the titles given to St. Anthony in one of the tables that hangs up to him, as a token of gratitude from a poor peasant, who fancied the saint had saved him from breaking his neck.

Sacratissimi pusionis Bethlehemitici
Lilio candidiori delicio,
Seraphidum soli fulgidissimo,
Celsissimo sacræ sapientiæ tholo,
Prodigiorum patratori potentissimo,
Mortis, erroris, calamitatis, lepræ, dæmonis,
Dispensatori, correctori, liberatori, curatori, fugatori,
Sancto, sapienti, pio, potenti, tremendo,
Ægrotorum et naufragantium salvatori
Præsentissimo, tutissimo.
Membrorum restitutori, vinculorum confractori,
Rerum perditarum inventori stupendo,
Periculorum omnium profligatori
Magno, mirabili,
Ter Sancto,
Antonio Paduano,
Pientissimo post Deum ejusque Virgineam matrem
Protectori et sospitatori suo, &c.

The custom of hanging up limbs in wax, as well as pictures, is certainly derived from the old heathens, who used, upon their recovery, to make an offering in wood, metal, or clay, of the part that had been afflicted with a distemper, to the deity that delivered them. I have seen, I believe, every limb of a human body figured in iron or clay, which were formerly made on this occasion, among the several collections of antiquities that have been shown me in Italy. The church of St. Justina, designed by Palladio, is the most handsome, luminous, disencumbered building in the inside that I have ever seen, and is esteemed by many artists one of the finest works in Italy. The long nef consists of a row of five cupolas, the cross one has on each side a single cupola deeper and broader than the others. The martyrdom of St. Justina hangs over the altar, and is a piece of Paul Veronese. In the great town-hall of Padua stands a stone superscribed *Lapis Vituperii*. Any debtor that will swear himself not worth five pound, and is set by the bailiffs thrice with his bare buttocks on this stone in a full hall, clears himself of

any further prosecution from his creditors; but this is a punishment that nobody has submitted to, these four and twenty years. The university of Padua is of late much more regular than it was formerly, though it is not yet safe walking the streets after sunset. There is at Padua a manufacture of cloth, which has brought very great revenues into the republic. At present the English have not only gained upon the Venetians in the Levant, which used chiefly to be supplied from this manufacture, but have great quantities of their cloth in Venice itself; few of the nobility wearing any other sort, notwithstanding the magistrate of the pomps is obliged by his office to see that nobody wears the cloth of a foreign country. Our merchants, indeed, are forced to make use of some artifice to get these prohibited goods into port. What they here show for the ashes of Livy and Antenor is disregarded by the best of their own antiquaries.

The pretended tomb of Antenor put me in mind of the latter part of Virgil's description, which gives us the original of Padua.

> Antenor potuit mediis elapsus Achivis
> Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus
> Regna Liburnorum, et fontem superare Timavi:
> Unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis
> It mare præruptum, et pelago premit arva sonanti;
> Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit
> Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
> Troïa: nunc placidâ compostus pace quiescit. ÆN. i.
>
> Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
> Could pass secure, and pierce the Illyrian coasts,
> Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,
> And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
> At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
> And gave his Trojans a secure retreat:
> There fixed their arms, and there renewed their names;
> And there in quiet lies,—

From Padua I went down to the river Brent in the ordinary ferry, which brought me in a day's time to Venice.

VENICE.

Having often heard Venice represented as one of the most defencible cities in the world, I took care to inform myself of the particulars in which its strength consists. And these I find are chiefly owing to its advantageous situation; for it

has neither rocks nor fortifications near it, and yet is, perhaps, the most impregnable town in Europe. It stands at least four miles from any part of the *terra firma*, nor are the shallows that lie about it ever frozen hard enough to bring over an army from the land-side; the constant flux or reflux of the sea, or the natural mildness of the climate, hindering the ice from gathering to any thickness; which is an advantage the Hollanders want, when they have laid all their country under water. On the side that is exposed to the Adriatic, the entrance is so difficult to hit, that they have marked it out with several stakes driven into the ground, which they would not fail to cut upon the first approach of an enemy's fleet. For this reason they have not fortified the little islands that lie at the entrance to the best advantage, which might otherwise very easily command all the passes that lead to the city from the Adriatic. Nor could an ordinary fleet, with bomb-vessels, hope to succeed against a place that has always in its arsenal a considerable number of galleys and men-of-war ready to put to sea on a very short warning. If we could therefore suppose them blocked up on all sides, by a power too strong for them, both by sea and land, they would be able to defend themselves against every thing but famine; and this would not be a little mitigated by the great quantities of fish that their seas abound with, and that may be taken up in the midst of their very streets, which is such a natural magazine as few other places can boast of.

Our voyage-writers will needs have this city in great danger of being left, within an age or two, on the *terra firma;* and represent it in such a manner, as if the sea was insensibly shrinking from it, and retiring into its channel. I asked several, and among the rest Father Coronelli, the state's geographer, of the truth of this particular, and they all assured me that the sea rises as high as ever, though the great heaps of dirt it brings along with it are apt to choke up the shallows, but that they are in no danger of losing the benefit of their situation, so long as they are at the charge of removing these banks of mud and sand. One may see abundance of them above the surface of the water, scattered up and down like so many little islands, when the tide is low; and they are these that make the entrance for ships difficult to such as are not used to them, for the deep canals run be-

tween them, which the Venetians are at a great expense to keep free and open.

This city stands very convenient for commerce. It has several navigable rivers that run up into the body of Italy, by which they might supply a great many countries with fish and other commodities; not to mention their opportunities for the Levant, and each side of the Adriatic. But, notwithstanding these conveniences, their trade is far from being in a flourishing condition, for many reasons. The duties are great that are laid on merchandises. Their nobles think it below their quality to engage in traffic. The merchants who are grown rich, and able to manage great dealings, buy their nobility, and generally give over trade. Their manufactures of cloth, glass, and silk, formerly the best in Europe, are now excelled by those of other countries. They are tenacious of old laws and customs, to their great prejudice, whereas a trading nation must be still for new changes[1] and expedients, as different junctures and emergencies arise. The state is at present very sensible of this decay in their trade, and as a noble Venetian, who is still a merchant, told me, they will speedily find out some method to redress it; possibly by making a free port, for they look with an evil eye upon Leghorn, which draws to it most of the vessels bound for Italy. They have hitherto been so negligent in this particular, that many think the great duke's gold has had no small influence in their councils.

Venice has several particulars which are not to be found in other cities, and is therefore very entertaining to a traveller. It looks, at a distance, like a great town half floated by a deluge. There are canals everywhere crossing it, so that one may go to most houses either by land or water. This is a very great convenience to the inhabitants; for a gondola with two oars at Venice, is as magnificent as a coach and six horses with a large equipage in another country; besides that it makes all carriages[2] extremely cheap. The streets are generally paved with brick or free-stone, and always kept very neat, for there is no carriage, not so much

[1] *New changes.*] Every *change* is *new*. The proper word is *measures*.

[2] *All carriages.*] *Carriages*, in the plural, means, the *instruments* of carriage; as *coaches*, &c. The act of carrying, or transportation, is always expressed in the singular number. He should have said, "Makes *carriage*," or "*carriage of all sorts* extremely cheap."

as a chair, that passes through them. There is an innumerable multitude of very handsome bridges, all of a single arch, and without any fence on either side, which would be a great inconvenience to a city less sober than Venice. One would, indeed, wonder that drinking is so little in vogue among the Venetians, who are in a moist air and a moderate climate, and have no such diversions as bowling, hunting, walking, riding, and the like exercises, to employ them without-doors. But as the nobles are not to converse too much with strangers, they are in no danger of learning it; and they are generally too distrustful of one another for the freedoms that are used in such kind of conversations. There are many noble palaces in Venice. Their furniture is not commonly very rich, if we except the pictures, which are here in greater plenty than in any other place in Europe, from the hands of the best masters of the Lombard school; as Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoret. The last of these is in greater esteem at Venice than in other parts of Italy. The rooms are generally hung with gilt leather, which they cover on extraordinary occasions with tapestry, and hangings of greater value. The flooring is a kind of red plaister made of brick ground to powder, and afterwards worked into mortar. It is rubbed with oil, and makes a smooth, shining, and beautiful surface. These particularities are chiefly owing to the moisture of the air, which would have an ill effect on other kinds of furniture, as it shows itself too visibly in many of their finest pictures. Though the Venetians are extremely jealous of any great fame or merit in a living member of their commonwealth, they never fail of giving a man his due praises, when they are in no danger of suffering from his ambition. For this reason, though there are a great many monuments erected to such as have been benefactors to the republic, they are generally put up after their deaths. Among the many eulogiums that are given to the Doge Pisauro, who had been ambassador in England, his epitaph says, *In Angliâ Jacobi Regis obitum mirâ calliditate celatum mirâ sagacitate rimatus priscam benevolentiam firmavit.* The particular palaces, churches, and pictures of Venice are enumerated in several little books that may be bought on the place, and have been faithfully transcribed by many voyage-writers. When I was at Venice, they were putting out very curious stamps of the several

edifices which are most famous for their beauty or magnificence. The arsenal of Venice is an island of about three miles round. It contains all the stores and provisions for war, that are not actually employed. There are docks for their galleys and men-of-war, most of them full, as well as work-houses for all land and naval preparations. That part of it where the arms are laid makes a great show, and was indeed very extraordinary about a hundred years ago, but at present a great part of its furniture is grown useless. There seem to be almost as many suits of armour as there are guns. The swords are old-fashioned and unwieldy in a very great number,[1] and the fire-arms fitted with locks of little convenience, in comparison of those that are now in use. The Venetians pretend they could set out, in case of great necessity, thirty men-of-war, a hundred galleys, and ten galeasses, though I cannot conceive how they could man a fleet of half the number. It was certainly a mighty error in this state to affect so many conquests on the *terra firma*, which[2] has only served to raise the jealousy of the Christian princes, and about three hundred years ago had like to have ended in the utter extirpation of the commonwealth; whereas, had they applied themselves with the same politics and industry to the increase of their strength by sea, they might perhaps have had all the islands of the Archipelago in their hands, and, by consequence, the greatest fleet and the most seamen of any other state in Europe. Besides that, this would have given no jealousy to the princes their neighbours, who would have enjoyed their own dominions in peace, and have been very well contented to have seen[3] so strong a bulwark against all the forces and invasions of the Ottoman empire.

This republic has been much more powerful than it is at present, as it is still likelier to sink than increase in its dominions. It is not impossible but the Spaniard may, some time or other, demand of them Creme, Brescia, and Bergame, which have been torn from the Milanese; and in case a war should arise upon it, and the Venetians lose a single battle,

[1] *In a very great number,*] i. e. *of those suits of armour.* But the expression is careless. Better thus: "the swords are, *very many of them*, old-fashioned and unwieldy."

[2] *Which,*] i. e. which *affecting so many conquests.*—The antecedent is a whole sentence. Negligently expressed.

[3] *To have seen.*] Certainly, *to see.*

they might be beaten off the continent in a single summer, for their fortifications are very inconsiderable. On the other side, the Venetians are in continual apprehensions from the Turk, who will certainly endeavour at the recovery[1] of the Morea, as soon as the Ottoman empire has recruited a little of its ancient strength. They are very sensible that they had better have pushed their conquests on the other side of the Adriatic into Albania, for then their territories would have lain together, and have been nearer the fountain-head to have received succours on occasion; but the Venetians are under articles with the emperor, to resign into his hands whatever they conquer of the Turkish dominions, that has been formerly dismembered from the empire. And having already very much dissatisfied him in the Frioul and Dalmatia, they dare not think of exasperating him further. The pope disputes with them their pretensions to the Polesin, as the Duke of Savoy lays an equal claim to the kingdom of Cyprus. 'Tis surprising to consider with what heats these two powers have contested their title to a kingdom that is in the hands of the Turk.

Among all these difficulties the republic will still maintain itself, if policy can prevail upon[2] force; for it is certain the Venetian senate is one of the wisest councils in the world, though at the same time, if we believe the reports of several that have been well versed in their constitution, a great part of their politics is founded on maxims which others do not think it consistent with their honour to put in practice. The preservation of the republic is that to which all other considerations submit. To encourage idleness and luxury in the nobility, to cherish ignorance and licentiousness in the clergy, to keep alive a continual faction in the common people, to connive at the viciousness and debauchery of convents, to breed dissensions among the nobles of the *terra firma*, to treat a brave man with scorn and infamy; in short, to stick at nothing for the public interest, are represented as the refined parts of the Venetian wisdom.

Among all the instances of their politics, there is none more admirable than the great secrecy that reigns in their

[1] *Endeavour at the recovery.*] We say *to aim at* the recovery; but we *endeavour to* recover.

[2] *Prevail upon,*] i. e. the sense of *gaining an influence*, simply; and not a superiority, for then he should have said *prevail over.*

public councils. The senate is generally as numerous as our House of Commons, if we only reckon the sitting members, and yet carries its resolutions so privately, that they are seldom known till they discover themselves in the execution. It is not many years since they had before them a great debate concerning the punishment of one of their admirals, which lasted a month together, and concluded in his condemnation; yet was there none of his friends, nor of those who had engaged warmly in his defence, that gave him the least intimation of what was passing against him, till he was actually seized, and in the hands of justice.

The noble Venetians think themselves equal at least to the electors of the empire, and but one degree below kings; for which reason they seldom travel into foreign countries, where they must undergo the mortification of being treated like private gentlemen: yet it is observed of them, that they discharge themselves with a great deal of dexterity in such embassies and treaties[1] as are laid on them by the republic; for their whole lives are employed in intrigues of state, and they naturally give themselves airs of kings and princes, of which the ministers of other nations are only the representatives. Monsieur Amelot reckons in his time two thousand five hundred nobles that had voices in the great council, but at present, I am told, there are not at most fifteen hundred, notwithstanding the addition of many new families since that time. It is very strange, that with this advantage they are not able to keep up their number, considering that the nobility spreads equally through all the brothers, and that so very few of them are destroyed by the wars of the republic. Whether this may be imputed to the luxury of the Venetians, or to the ordinary celibacy of the younger brothers, or to the last plague which swept away many of them, I know not. They generally thrust the females of their families into convents, the better to preserve their estates. This makes the Venetian nuns famous for the liberties they allow themselves. They have operas within their own walls, and often go out of their bounds to meet their admirers, or they are very much misrepresented. They have many of them their lovers, that converse with them daily at the grate, and

[1] *Embassies and treaties laid upon.*] An embassy, being an office, may be *laid* upon a man: a *treaty*, the *object* of such office, cannot.

are[1] very free to admit a visit from a stranger. There is, indeed, one of the Cornaras, that not long ago refused to see any under a prince.

The carnival of Venice is everywhere talked of. The great diversion of the place at that time, as well as on all other high occasions, is masking. The Venetians, who are naturally grave, love to give in to the follies and entertainments of such seasons, when disguised in a false personage. They are, indeed, under a necessity of finding out diversions that may agree with the nature of the place, and make some amends for the loss of several pleasures which may be met with on the continent. These disguises give occasion to abundance of love-adventures; for there is something more intriguing in the amours of Venice than in those of other countries, and I question not but the secret history of a carnival would make a collection of very diverting novels. Operas are another great entertainment of this season. The poetry of them is generally as exquisitely ill, as the music is good. The arguments are often taken from some celebrated action of the ancient Greeks or Romans, which sometimes looks ridiculous enough; for who can endure to hear one of the rough old Romans squeaking through the mouth of an eunuch, especially when they may choose a subject out of courts where eunuchs are really actors, or represent by them any of the soft Asiatic monarchs? The opera that was most in vogue during my stay at Venice, was built on the following subject. Cæsar and Scipio are rivals for Cato's daughter. Cæsar's first words bid his soldiers fly, for the enemies are upon them. "Si leva Cesare, e dice a Soldati. A la fugga. A' lo Scampo." The daughter gives the preference to Cæsar, which is made the occasion of Cato's death. Before he kills himself, you see him withdrawn into his library, where, among his books, I observed the titles of Plutarch and Tasso. After a short soliloquy he strikes himself with the dagger that he holds in his hand, but being interrupted by one of his friends, he stabs him for his pains, and by the violence of the blow unluckily breaks the dagger on one of his ribs, so that he is forced to despatch himself by tearing up his first wound. This last circumstance puts me in mind of a contrivance in the opera of St. Angelo, that was acted at the

[1] *And are.*] To avoid the ambiguity, it had been better to say, "and *they* are."

same time. The king of the play endeavours at a rape, but the poet being resolved to save his heroine's honour, has so ordered it, that the king always acts with a great case-knife stuck in his girdle, which the lady snatches from him in the struggle, and so defends herself.

The Italian poets, besides the celebrated smoothness of their tongue, have a particular advantage above the writers of other nations, in the difference of their poetical and prose language. There are, indeed, sets of phrases that in all countries are peculiar to the poets, but among the Italians there are not only sentences, but a multitude of particular words, that never enter into common discourse. They have such a different turn and polishing for poetical use, that they drop several of their letters, and appear in another form, when they come to be ranged in verse. For this reason the Italian opera seldom sinks into a poorness of language, but, amidst all the meanness and familiarity of the thoughts, has something beautiful and sonorous in the expression. Without this natural advantage of the tongue, their present poetry would appear wretchedly low and vulgar, notwithstanding the many strained allegories that are so much in use among the writers of this nation. The English and French, who always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures, or, by the pompousness of the whole phrase, to wear off any littleness that appears in the particular parts that compose it. This makes our blank verse, where there is no rhyme to support the expression, extremely difficult to such as are not masters in the tongue, especially when they write on low subjects; and 'tis probably for this reason that Milton has made use of such frequent transpositions, Latinisms, antiquated words and phrases, that he might the better deviate from vulgar and ordinary expressions.

The comedies that I saw at Venice, or indeed in any other part of Italy, are very indifferent, and more lewd than those of other countries. Their poets have no notion of genteel comedy, and fall into the most filthy double-meanings imaginable, when they have a mind to make their audience merry. There is no part generally so wretched as that of the fine gentleman, especially when he converses with his mistress; for then the whole dialogue is an insipid mixture of pedantry and romance. But 'tis no wonder that the poets of so

jealous and reserved a nation fail in such conversations on the stage, as they have no patterns of in nature. There are four standing characters which enter into every piece that comes on the stage, the Doctor, Harlequin, Pantaloon, and Coviello. The Doctor's character comprehends the whole extent of a pedant, that, with a deep voice, and a magisterial air, breaks in upon conversation, and drives down all before him: everything he says is backed with quotations out of Galen, Hippocrates, Plato, Virgil, or any author that rises uppermost, and all answers from his companion are looked upon as impertinencies or interruptions. Harlequin's part is made up of blunders and absurdities; he is to mistake one name for another, to forget his errands, to stumble over queens, and to run his head against every post that stands in his way. This is all attended with something so comical in the voice and gestures, that a man, who is sensible of the folly of the part, can hardly forbear being pleased with it. Pantaloon is generally an old cully, and Coviello a sharper.

I have seen a translation of the Cid, acted at Bolonia, which would never have taken, had they not found a place in it for these buffoons. All four of them appear in masks that are made like the old Roman *personæ*, as I shall have occasion to observe in another place. The French and Italians have probably derived this custom of showing some of their characters in masks, from the Greek and Roman theatre. The old Vatican Terence has at the head of every scene the figures of all the persons that are concerned in it, with the particular disguises in which they acted; and I remember to have seen in the Villa Mattheio an antic statue masked, which was perhaps designed for Gnatho in the eunuch, for it agrees exactly with the figure he makes in the Vatican manuscript. One would wonder, indeed, how so polite a people as the Romans and Athenians[1] should not look on these borrowed faces as unnatural. They might do very well for a Cyclops, or a satyr, that can have no resemblance in human features; but for a flatterer, a miser, or the like characters, which abound in our own species, nothing is more ridiculous than to represent their looks by a painted vizard. In persons of this nature the turns and motions of the face are often as agreeable as any part of the action.

[1] *Romans and Athenians.*] They had, without doubt, their reasons for *this practice*, for they were sensible of its inconvenience.

Could we suppose that a mask represented never so naturally the general humour of a character, it can never suit with the variety of passions that are incident to every single person in the whole course of a play. The grimace may be proper on some occasions, but is too steady to agree with all. The rabble, indeed, are generally pleased at the first entry of a disguise, but the jest grows cold even with them too when it comes on the stage in a second scene.

Since I am on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a custom at Venice, which they tell me is particular to the common people of this country, of singing stanzas out of Tasso. They are set to a pretty solemn tune, and when one begins in any part of the poet, it is odds but he will be answered by somebody else that overhears him; so that sometimes you have ten or a dozen in the neighbourhood of one another, taking verse after verse, and running on with the poem as far as their memories will carry them.

On Holy Thursday, among the several shows that are yearly exhibited, I saw one that is odd enough, and particular to the Venetians. There is a set of artisans, who by the help of several poles, which they lay across each others' shoulders, build themselves up into a kind of pyramid; so that you see a pile of men in the air of four or five rows rising one above another. The weight is so equally distributed, that every man is very well able to bear his part of it, the stories, if I may so call them, growing less and less as they advance higher and higher. A little boy represents the point of the pyramid, who, after a short space, leaps off, with a great deal of dexterity, into the arms of one that catches him at the bottom. In the same manner the whole building falls to pieces. I have been the more particular on this, because it explains the following verses of Claudian, which show that the Venetians are not the inventors of this trick.

> Vel qui more avium sese jaculantur in auras,
> Corporaque ædificant, celeri crescentia nexu,
> Quorum compositam puer augmentatus in arcem
> Emicat, et vinctus plantæ, vel cruribus hærens,
> Pendula librato figit vestigia saltu.
>
> CLAUD. DE PROS. et OLYB. CONS.

> Men, piled on men, with active leaps arise,
> And build the breathing fabric to the skies;
> A sprightly youth above the topmost row
> Points the tall pyramid, and crowns the show.

Though we meet with the Veneti in the old poets, the city of Venice is too modern to find a place among them. Sannazarius's epigram is too well known to be inserted. The same poet has celebrated this city in two other places of his poems.

Quis Venetæ miracula proferat urbis,
Una instar magni quæ simul Orbis habet?
Salve Italûm Regina, altæ pulcherrima Romæ
Æmula, quæ terris, quæ dominaris aquis!
Tu tibi vel Reges cives facis; O Decus, O Lux
Ausoniæ, per quam libera turba sumus,
Per quam Barbaries nobis non imperat, et Sol
Exoriens nostro clarius orbe nitet! Lib. iii. El. 1.

Venetia stands with endless beauties crowned,
And as a world within herself is found.
Hail, queen of Italy! for years to come
The mighty rival of immortal Rome!
Nations and seas are in thy states enrolled,
And kings among thy citizens are told.
Ausonia's brightest ornament! by thee
She sits a sovereign, unenslaved and free;
By thee the rude barbarian chased away,
The rising sun cheers with a purer ray
Our western world, and doubly gilds the day.

Nec tu semper eris, quæ septem amplecteris arces,
Ne tu, quæ mediis æmula surgis aquis. Lib. ii. El. 1.

Thou too shalt fall by time or barbarous foes,
Whose circling walls the seven famed hills enclose;
And thou, whose rival towers invade the skies,
And, from amidst the waves, with equal glory rise.

FERRARA, RAVENNA, RIMINI.

At Venice I took a bark for Ferrara, and in my way thither saw several mouths of the Po, by which it empties itself into the Adriatic:

Quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis; Virg. Georg. iv.

which is true, if understood only of the rivers of Italy.

Lucan's description of the Po would have been very beautiful, had he known when to have given over.

Quoque magis nullum tellus se solvit in amnem
Eridanus, fractasque evolvit in æquora sylvas,
Hesperiamque exhaurit aquis: hunc fabula primum
Populeâ fluvium ripas umbrâsse coronâ:
Cumque diem pronum transverso limite ducens
Succendit Phaëton flagrantibus æthera loris;

Gurgitibus raptis, penitus tellure perustâ,
Hunc habuisse pares Phœbeis ignibus undas. Lib. ii.

The Po, that rushing with uncommon force,
O'ersets whole woods in its tumultuous course,
And rising from Hesperia's watery veins,
The exhausted land of all its moisture drains.
The Po, as sings the fable, first conveyed
Its wondering current through a poplar shade:
For when young Phaëton mistook his way,
Lost and confounded in the blaze of day,
This river, with surviving streams supplied,
When all the rest of the whole earth were dried,
And nature's self lay ready to expire,
Quenched the dire flame that set the world on fire.

The poet's reflections follow.

Non minor hic Nilo, si non per plana jacentis
Ægypti Libycas Nilus stagnaret arenas.
Non minor hic Istro, nisi quod dum permeat orbem
Ister, casuros in quælibet æquora fontes
Accipit, et Scythicas exit non solus in undas.

Nor would the Nile more watery stores contain,
But that he stagnates on his Libyan plain:
Nor would the Danube run with greater force,
But that he gathers in his tedious course
Ten thousand streams, and, swelling as he flows,
In Scythian seas the glut of rivers throws.

That is, says Scaliger, the Eridanus would be bigger than the Nile and Danube, if the Nile and Danube were not bigger than the Eridanus. What makes the poet's remark the more improper, the very reason why the Danube is greater than the Po, as he assigns it, is that which really makes the Po as great as it is; for before it falls into the Gulf, it receives into its channel the most considerable rivers of Piedmont, Milan, and the rest of Lombardy.

From Venice to Ancona the tide comes in very sensibly at its stated periods, but rises more or less in proportion as it advances nearer the head of the gulf. Lucan has run out of his way to describe the *phænomenon*, which is indeed very extraordinary to those who lie out of the neighbourhood of the great ocean, and, according to his usual custom, lets his poem stand still that he may give way to his own reflections.

Quaque jacet littus dubium, quod terra fretumque
Vendicat alternis vicibus, cum funditur ingens
Oceanus, vel cum refugis se fluctibus aufert.
Ventus ab extremo pelagus sic axe volutet

Destituatque ferens: an sidere mota secundo
Tethyos unda vagæ lunaribus æstuat horis:
Flammiger an Titan, ut alentes hauriat undas,
Erigat oceanum fluctusque ad sidera tollat,
Quærite quos agitat mundi labor: at mihi semper
Tu quæcunque moves tam crebros causa meatus,
Ut superi voluere, late. Lib. i.

Washed with successive seas, the doubtful strand
By turns is ocean, and by turns is land:
Whether the winds in distant regions blow,
Moving the world of waters to and fro;
Or waning moons their settled periods keep
To swell the billows, and ferment the deep;
Or the tired sun, his vigour to supply,
Raises the floating mountains to the sky,
And slakes his thirst within the mighty tide,
Do you who study nature's works decide:
Whilst I the dark, mysterious cause admire,
Nor, into what the gods conceal, presumptuously inquire.

At Ferrara I met with nothing extraordinary. The town is very large, but extremely thin of people. It has a citadel, and something like a fortification running round it, but so large that it requires more soldiers to defend it than the pope has in his whole dominions. The streets are as beautiful as any I have seen, in their length, breadth, and regularity. The Benedictines have the finest convent of the place. They showed us in the church Ariosto's monument: his epitaph says, he was *Nobilitate generis atque animi clarus, in rebus publicis administrandis, in regendis populis, in gravissimis et summis Pontificis legationibus prudentiâ consilio, eloquentiâ præstantissimus.*

I came down a branch of the Po, as far as Alberto, within ten miles of Ravenna. All this space lies miserably uncultivated till you come near Ravenna, where the soil is made extremely fruitful, and shows what much of the rest might be, were there hands enough to manage it to the best advantage. It is now on both sides the road very marshy, and generally overgrown with rushes, which made me fancy it was once floated by the sea, that lies within four miles of it. Nor could I in the least doubt it when I saw Ravenna, that is now almost at the same distance from the Adriatic, though it was formerly the most famous of all the Roman ports.

One may guess at its ancient situation from Martial's

Meliúsque Ranæ garriant Ravennates; Lib. iii.

Ravenna's frogs in better music croak;

and the description that Silius Italicus has given us of it:

Quaque gravi remo limosis segniter undis
Lenta paludosæ perscindunt stagna Ravennæ. Lib. viii.
Encumbered in the mud, their oars divide
With heavy strokes the thick unwieldy tide.

Accordingly the old geographers represent it as situated among marshes and shallows. The place which is shown for the haven, is on a level with the town, and has probably been stopped up by the great heaps of dirt that the sea has thrown into it; for all the soil on that side of Ravenna has been left there insensibly by the sea's discharging itself upon it for so many ages. The ground must have been formerly much lower, for otherwise the town would have lain under water. The remains of the Pharos, that stand about three miles from the sea, and two from the town, have their foundations covered with earth for some yards, as they told me, which[1] notwithstanding are upon a level with the fields that lie about them, though it is probable they[2] took the advantage of a rising ground to set it upon. It was a square tower of about twelve yards in breadth, as appears by that part of it which yet remains entire, so that its height must have been very considerable to have preserved a proportion. It is made in the form of the Venetian Campanello, and is probably the high tower mentioned by Pliny, lib. xxxvi. cap. 12.

On the side of the town, where the sea is supposed to have lain formerly, there is now a little church called the Rotonda. At the entrance of it are two stones, the one with an inscription in Gothic characters, that has nothing in it remarkable; the other is a square piece of marble, that by the incription appears ancient, and by the ornaments about it shows itself to have been a little Pagan monument of two persons who were shipwrecked, perhaps in the place where now their monument stands. The first line and a half, that tells their names and families in prose, is not legible; the rest runs thus:

Raniæ domus hos produxit alumnos,
Libertatis opus contulit una dies.
Naufraga mors pariter rapuit quos junxerat antè,
Et duplices luctus mors periniqua dedit.

[1] *Which,*] i. e. what now *appear* to be their foundations.
[2] *They.*] Who? This whole sentence is wretchedly expressed.

Both with the same indulgent master blessed,
On the same day their liberty possessed:
A shipwreck slew whom it had joined before,
And left their common friends their funerals to deplore.

There is a turn in the third verse that we lose, by not knowing the circumstances of their story. It was the *naufraga mors* which destroyed them, as it had formerly united them; what this union was is expressed in the preceding verse, by their both having been made freemen on the same day. If, therefore, we suppose they had been formerly shipwrecked with their master, and that he made them free at the same time, the epigram is unriddled. Nor is this interpretation perhaps so forced as it may seem at first sight, since it was the custom of the masters, a little before their death, to give their slaves their freedom, if they had deserved it at their hands; and it is natural enough to suppose one, involved in a common shipwreck, would give such of his slaves their liberty, as should have the good luck to save themselves. The chancel of this church is vaulted with a single stone of four foot in thickness, and a hundred and fourteen in circumference. There stood on the outside of this little cupola a great tomb of porphyry, and the statues of the twelve apostles; but in the war that Louis the Twelfth made on Italy, the tomb was broken in pieces by a cannon-ball. It was perhaps the same blow that made the flaw in the cupola, though the inhabitants say it was cracked by thunder, that destroyed a son of one of their Gothic princes, who had taken shelter under it, as having been foretold what kind of death he was to die. I asked an abbot that was in the church, what was the name of this Gothic prince, who, after a little recollection, answered me, "That he could not tell precisely, but that he thought it was one Julius Cæsar." There is a convent of Theatins, where they show a little window in the church, through which the Holy Ghost is said to have entered in the shape of a dove, and to have settled on one of the candidates for the bishopric. The dove is represented in the window, and in several places of the church, and is in great reputation all over Italy. I should not, indeed, think it impossible for a pigeon to fly in accidentally through the roof, where they still keep the hole open, and, by its fluttering over such a particular place, to give so superstitious an assembly an occasion of favouring a com-

petitor, especially if he had many friends among the electors that would make a politic use of such an accident: but they pretend the miracle has happened more than once. Among the pictures of several famous men of their order, there is one with this inscription: *P. D. Thomas Gouldvellus Ep. As. Trid. concilio contra Hæreticos, et in Anglia contra Elisabet. Fidei Confessor conspicuus.* The statue of Alexander the Seventh stands in the large square of the town; it is cast in brass, and has the posture that is always given the figure of a pope; an arm extended, and blessing the people. In another square on a high pillar is set the statue of the blessed virgin, arrayed like a queen, with a sceptre in her hand, and a crown upon her head; for having delivered the town from a raging pestilence. The custom of crowning the holy virgin is so much in vogue among the Italians, that one often sees in their churches a little tinsel crown, or perhaps a circle of stars glued to the canvass over the head of the figure, which sometimes spoils a good picture. In the convent of Benedictines I saw three huge chests of marble, with no inscription on them that I could find, though they are said to contain the ashes of Valentinian, Honorius, and his sister Placidia. From Ravenna I came to Rimini, having passed the Rubicon by the way. This river is not so very contemptible as it is generally represented, and was much increased by the melting of the snows when Cæsar passed it, according to Lucan.

Fonte cadit modico parvisque impellitur undis
Puniceus Rubicon, cum fervida canduit æstas:
Perque imas serpit valles, et Gallica certus
Limes ab Ausoniis disterminat arva colonis:
Tunc vires præbebat hyems, atque auxerat undas
Tertia jam gravido pluvialis Cynthia cornu,
Et madidis Euri resolutæ flatibus Alpes.

While summer lasts, the streams of Rubicon
From their spent source in a small current run,
Hid in the winding vales they gently glide,
And Italy from neighbouring Gaul divide;
But now, with winter storms increased, they rose,
By watery moons produced, and Alpine snows,
That melting on the hoary mountains lay,
And in warm eastern winds dissolved away.

This river is now called Pisatello.

Rimini has nothing modern to boast of. Its antiquities

are as follow: a marble bridge of five arches, built by Augustus and Tiberius, for the inscription is still legible, though not rightly transcribed by Gruter. A triumphal arch raised by Augustus, which makes a noble gate to the town, though part of it is ruined. The ruins of an amphitheatre. The Suggestum, on which it is said that Julius Cæsar harangued his army after having passed the Rubicon. I must confess I can by no means look on this last as authentic: it is built of hewn stone, like the pedestal of a pillar, but something higher than ordinary, and is but just broad enough for one man to stand upon it. On the contrary, the ancient Suggestums, as I have often observed on medals, as well as on Constantine's arch, were made of wood like a little kind of stage, for the heads of the nails are sometimes represented, that are supposed to have fastened the boards together. We often see on them the emperor, and two or three general officers, sometimes sitting and sometimes standing, as they made speeches, or distributed a congiary to the soldiers or people. They were probably always in readiness, and carried among the baggage of the army, whereas this at Rimini must have been built on the place, and required some time before it could be finished.

If the observation I have here made is just, it may serve as a confirmation to the learned Fabretti's conjecture on Trajan's pillar; who supposes, I think, with a great deal of reason, that the camps, entrenchments, and other works of the same nature, which are cut out as if they had been made of brick or hewn stone, were in reality only of earth, turf, or the like materials; for there are on the pillar some of these Suggestums which are figured like those on medals, with only this difference, that they seem built of brick or freestone. At twelve miles' distance from Rimini stands the little republic of St. Marino, which I could not forbear visiting, though it lies out of the common tour of travellers, and has excessively bad ways to it. I shall here give a particular account of it, because I know of nobody else that has done it. One may at least have the pleasure of seeing in it something more singular than can be found in great governments, and form from it an idea of Venice in its first beginnings, when it had only a few heaps of earth for its dominions, or of Rome itself, when it had as yet covered but one of its seven hills.

THE REPUBLIC OF ST. MARINO.

The town and republic of St. Marino stands on the top of a very high and craggy mountain. It is generally hid among the clouds, and lay under snow when I saw it, though it was clear and warm weather in all the country about it. There is not a spring or fountain, that I could hear of, in the whole dominions, but they are always well provided with huge cisterns and reservoirs of rain and snow-water. The wine that grows on the sides of their mountain is extraordinary good,[1] and I think much better than any I met with on the cold side of the Apennines. This puts me in mind of their cellars, which have most of them a natural advantage that renders them extremely cool in the hottest seasons, for they have generally in the sides of them deep holes that run into the hollows of the hill, from whence there constantly issues a breathing kind of vapour, so very chilling in the summer-time, that a man can scarce suffer his hand in the wind of it.

This mountain, and a few neighbouring hillocks that lie scattered about the bottom of it, is the whole circuit of these dominions. They have, what they call, three castles, three convents, and five churches, and can reckon about five thousand souls in their community. The inhabitants, as well as the historians who mention this little republic, give the following account of its original. St. Marino was its founder, a Dalmatian by birth, and by trade a mason. He was employed above thirteen hundred years ago in the reparation of Rimini, and after he had finished his work, retired to this solitary mountain, as finding it very proper for the life of a hermit, which he led in the greatest rigours and austerities of religion. He had not been long here before he wrought a reputed miracle, which, joined with his extraordinary sanctity, gained him so great an esteem, that the princess of the country made him a present of the mountain, to dispose of at his own discretion. His reputation quickly peopled it, and gave rise to the republic which calls itself after his name. So that the commonwealth of Marino may boast at least of a nobler original than that of Rome, the one having been at first an asylum for robbers and murderers, and the

[1] *Extraordinary good,*] for extraordinarily good.—This way of using an adjective adverbially, is allowed in the narrative or familiar style; and seems to have taken its rise from the ease and despatch of pronunciation.

other a resort of persons eminent for their piety and devotion. The best of their churches is dedicated to the saint, and holds his ashes. His statue stands over the high altar, with the figure of a mountain in its hands, crowned with three castles, which is likewise the arms of the commonwealth. They attribute to his protection the long duration of their state, and look on him as the greatest saint next the blessed virgin. I saw in their statute-book a law against such as speak disrespectfully of him, who are to be punished in the same manner as those who are convicted of blasphemy.

This petty republic has now lasted thirteen hundred years, while all the other states of Italy have several times changed their masters and forms of government. Their whole history is comprised in two purchases, which they made of a neighbouring prince, and in a war in which they assisted the pope against a lord of Rimini. In the year 1100 they bought a castle in the neighbourhood, as they did another in the year 1170. The papers of the conditions are preserved in their archives, where 'tis very remarkable that the name of the agent for the commonwealth, of the seller, of the notary, and the witnesses, are the same in both the instruments, though drawn up at seventy years' distance from each other. Nor can it be any mistake in the date, because the popes' and emperors' names, with the year of their respective reigns, are both punctually set down. About 290 years after this they assisted Pope Pius the Second against one of the Malatestas, who was then lord of Rimini; and when they had helped to conquer him, received from the pope, as a reward for their assistance, four little castles. This they represent as the flourishing time of the commonwealth, when their dominions reached half-way up a neighbouring hill; but at present they are reduced to their old extent. They would probably sell their liberty as dear as they could to any that attacked them; for there is but one road by which to climb up to them, and they have a very severe law against any of their own body that enters the town by another path, lest any new one should be worn on the sides of their mountain. All that are capable of bearing arms are exercised, and ready at a moment's call.

The sovereign power of the republic was lodged originally in what they call the Arengo, a great council, in which every house had its representative. But because they found too

much confusion in such a multitude of statesmen, they devolved their whole authority into the hands of the council of sixty. The Arengo, however, is still called together in cases of extraordinary importance; and if, after due summons, any member absents himself, he is to be fined to the value of about a penny English, which the statute says he shall pay, *sine aliquâ diminutione aut gratiâ*. In the ordinary course of government, the council of sixty (which, notwithstanding the name, consists but of forty persons) has in its hands the administration of affairs, and is made up half out of the noble families, and half out of the plebeian. They decide all by balloting, are not admitted till five and twenty years old, and choose the officers of the commonwealth.

Thus far they agree with the great council of Venice, but their power is much more extended; for no sentence can stand that is not confirmed by two-thirds of this council. Besides that, no son can be admitted into it during the life of his father, nor two be in it of the same family, nor any enter but by election. The chief officers of the commonwealth are the two capitaneos, who have such a power as the old Roman consuls had, but are chosen every six months. I talked with some that had been capitaneos six or seven times, though the office is never to be continued to the same persons twice successively. The third officer is the commissary, who judges in all civil and criminal matters. But because the many alliances, friendships, and intermarriages, as well as the personal feuds and animosities that happen among so small a people, might obstruct the course of justice, if one of their own number had the distribution of it, they have always a foreigner for this employ, whom they choose for three years, and maintain out of the public stock. He must be a doctor of law, and a man of known integrity. He is joined in commission with the capitaneos, and acts something like the recorder of London under the Lord Mayor. The commonwealth of Genoa was forced to make use of a foreign judge for many years, whilst their republic was torn into the divisions of Guelphs and Gibelines. The fourth man in the state is the physician, who must likewise be a stranger, and is maintained by a public salary. He is obliged to keep a horse, to visit the sick, and to inspect all drugs that are imported. He must be at least thirty-five years old, a doctor of the faculty, and eminent for his religion and honesty;

that his rashness or ignorance may not unpeople the commonwealth. And that they may not suffer long under any bad choice, he is elected only for three years. The present physician is a very understanding man, and well read in our countrymen, Harvey, Willis, Sydenham, &c. He has been continued for some time among them, and they say the commonwealth thrives under his hands. Another person who makes no ordinary figure in the republic, is the schoolmaster. I scarce met with any in the place that had not some tincture of learning. I had the perusal of a Latin book in folio, entitled, *Statuta Illustrissimæ reipublicæ Sancti Marini*, printed at Rimini by order of the commonwealth. The chapter on the public ministers says, that when an ambassador is despatched from the republic to any foreign state, he shall be allowed, out of the treasury, to the value of a shilling a day. The people are esteemed very honest and rigorous in the execution of justice, and seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows than others of the Italians do in the pleasantest valleys of the world. Nothing, indeed, can be a greater instance of the natural love that mankind has for liberty, and of their aversion to an arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people, and the Campania of Rome, which lies in the same country, almost destitute of inhabitants.[1]

PESARO, FANO, SENIGALLIA, ANCONA, LORETTO, &c., TO ROME.

From Rimini to Loretto the towns of note are Pesaro, Fano, Senigallia, and Ancona. Fano received its name from the Fane or temple of Fortune that stood in it. One may still see the triumphal arch erected there to Augustus: it is indeed very much defaced by time; but the plan of it, as it stood entire with all its inscriptions, is neatly cut upon the wall of a neighbouring building. In each of these towns is a beautiful marble fountain, where the water runs continually through several little spouts, which looks very refreshing in these hot countries, and gives a great coolness to the air about them. That of Pesaro is handsomely designed. Ancona is much the most considerable of these towns. It

[1] The author has paid this little republic the compliment to tell its story in very good English.

stands on a promontory, and looks more beautiful at a distance than when you are in it. The port was made by Trajan, for which he has a triumphal arch erected to him by the sea-side. The marble of this arch[1] looks very white and fresh, as being exposed to the winds and salt sea vapours, that by continually fretting it preserves itself from that mouldy colour, which others of the same materials have contracted. Though the Italians and voyage-writers call these of Rimini, Fano, and Ancona triumphal arches, there was probably some distinction made among the Romans between such honorary arches erected to emperors, and those that were raised to them on the account of victory, which are properly triumphal arches. This at Ancona was an instance of gratitude to Trajan for the port he had made there, as the two others I have mentioned were probably for some reason of the same nature. One may, however, observe the wisdom of the ancient Romans, who to encourage their emperors in their inclination of doing good to their country, gave the same honours to the great actions of peace, which turned to the advantage of the public, as to those of war. This is very remarkable in the medals that are stamped on the same occasions. I remember to have seen one of Galba's with a triumphal arch on the reverse, that was made by the senate's order for his having remitted a tax. R. XXXX. REMISSA. S. C. The medal which was made for Trajan in remembrance of his beneficence to Ancona is very common. The reverse has on it a port with a chain running across it, and betwixt them both a boat with this inscription,

S. P. Q. R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI. S. C.

I know Fabretti would fain ascribe this medal to another occasion, but Bellorio, in his additions to Angeloni, has sufficiently refuted all he says on that subject.

At Loretto I inquired for the English Jesuits' lodgings, and on the staircase that leads to them I saw several pictures of such as had been executed in England, as the two

[1] *The marble of this arch.*] This whole sentence, as it stands, is very faulty. To make the expression exact, we should either read, "The marble of this arch looks very white and fresh, as being exposed to the winds and salt vapours; *so* that, by *continual* fretting, it preserves itself," &c.; or rather, thus: "The marble of this arch looks very white and fresh, as being exposed to the winds and salt vapours, that, by continually fretting it, preserve it from that mouldy colour, *so generally contracted by the same materials, in other buildings.*"

Garnets, Oldcorn, and others, to the number of thirty. Whatever were their crimes, the inscription says they suffered for their religion, and some of them are represented lying under such tortures as are not in use among us. The martyrs of 1679 are set by themselves, with a knife stuck in the bosom of each figure, to signify that they were quartered.

The riches in the holy house and treasury are surprisingly great, and as much surpassed my expectation, as other sights have generally fallen short of it. Silver can scarce find an admission, and gold itself looks but poorly among such an incredible number of precious stones. There will be, in a few ages more, the jewels of the greatest value in Europe, if the devotion of its princes continues in its present fervour. The last offering was made by the queen dowager of Poland, and cost her 18,000 crowns. Some have wondered that the Turk never attacks this treasury, since it lies so near the seashore, and is so weakly guarded. But besides that he has attempted it formerly with no success, it is certain the Venetians keep too watchful an eye over his motions at present, and would never suffer him to enter the Adriatic. It would, indeed, be an easy thing for a Christian prince to surprise it, who has ships still passing to and fro without suspicion, especially if he had a party in the town, disguised like pilgrims, to secure a gate for him; for there have been sometimes to the number of 100,000 in a day's time, as it is generally reported. But 'tis probable the veneration for the holy house, and the horror of an action that would be resented by all the Catholic princes of Europe, will be as great a security to the place as the strongest fortification. It is indeed an amazing thing to see such a prodigious quantity of riches lie dead and untouched in the midst of so much poverty and misery as reign on all sides of them. There is no question, however, but the pope would make use of these treasures in case of any great calamity that should endanger the Holy See; as an unfortunate war with the Turk, or a powerful league among the Protestants. For I cannot but look on those vast heaps of wealth, that are amassed together in so many religious places of Italy, as the hidden reserves and magazines of the Church, that she would open on any pressing occasion for her last defence and preservation. If these riches were all turned into current coin, and employed in commerce, they would make Italy the most flourishing

country in Europe. The case of the holy house is nobly designed and executed by the great masters of Italy, that flourished about an hundred years ago. The statues of the Sibyls are very finely wrought, each of them in a different air and posture, as are likewise those of the prophets underneath them. The roof of the treasury is painted with the same kind of device. There stands at the upper end of it a large crucifix, very much esteemed; the figure of our Saviour represents him in his last agonies of death, and, amidst all the ghastliness of the visage, has something in it very amiable. The gates of the church are said to be of Corinthian brass, with many Scripture stories rising on them in *basso relievo*. The pope's statue, and the fountain by it, would make a noble show in a place less beautified with so many other productions of art. The spicery, the cellar and its furniture, the great revenues of the convent, with the story of the Holy House, are too well known to be here insisted upon.

Whoever were the first inventors of this imposture, they seem to have taken the hint of it from the veneration that the old Romans paid to the cottage of Romulus, which stood on Mount Capitol, and was repaired from time to time as it fell to decay. Virgil has given a pretty image of this little thatched palace, that represents it standing in Manlius's time, 327 years after the death of Romulus.

> In summo custos Tarpeiæ Manlius arcis
> Stabat pro templo, et capitolia celsa tenebat;
> Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo. ÆN. lib. viii
> High on a rock heroic Manlius stood
> To guard the temple, and the temple's god:
> Then Rome was poor, and there you might behold
> The palace thatched with straw. DRYDEN.

From Loretto, in my way to Rome, I passed through Recanati, Macerata, Tolentino, and Foligni. In the last there is a convent of nuns called la Contessa, that has in the church an incomparable Madonna of Raphael. At Spoletto, the next town on the road, are some antiquities. The most remarkable is an aqueduct of a Gothic structure, that conveys the water from Mount St. Francis to Spoletto, which is not to be equalled for its height by any other in Europe. They reckon from the foundation of the lowest arch to the top of it 230 yards. In my way hence to Terni I saw the river Clitumnus, celebrated by so many of the poets for a particu-

lar quality in its waters of making cattle white that drink of it. The inhabitants of that country have still the same opinion of it, as I found upon inquiry, and have a great many oxen of a whitish colour to confirm them in it. It is probable this breed was first settled in the country, and continuing still the same species, has made the inhabitants impute it to a wrong cause; though they may as well fancy their hogs turn black for some reason of the same nature, because there are none in Italy of any other breed. The river Clitumnus, and Mevania that stood on the banks of it, are famous for the herds of victims with which they furnished all Italy.

Qua formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco
Integit, et niveos abluit unda boves. PROP. lib. ii.

Hinc albi Clitumne greges, et maxima taurus
Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro
Romanos ad templa Deûm duxere triumphos. VIRG. GEORG. ii.

There flows Clitumnus through the flowery plain;
Whose waves, for triumphs after prosperous war,
The victim ox and snowy sheep prepare.

—Patulis Clitumnus in arvis
Candentes gelido profundit flumine tauros. SIL. ITAL. lib. ii.

Tauriferis ubi se Mevania campis
Explicat— LUC. lib. i.

Atque ubi latis
Projecta in campis nebulas exhalat inertes,
Et sedet ingentem pascens Mevania taurum,
Dona Jovi— *Idem*, lib. vi.

Nec si vacuet Mevania valles,
Aut præstent niveos Clitumna novalia tauros,
Sufficiam— STAT. SYL. lib. i.

Pinguior Hispullâ traheretur taurus et ipsâ
Mole piger, non finitimâ nutritus in herbâ,
Læta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis
Iret, et a grandi cervix ferienda ministro. JUV. Sat. 12.

A bull high fed should fall the sacrifice,
One of Hispulla's huge prodigious size:
Not one of those our neighbouring pastures feed,
But of Clitumnus' whitest sacred breed:
The lively tincture of whose gushing blood
Should clearly prove the richness of his food;
A neck so strong, so large, as would command
The speeding blow of some uncommon hand. MR. CONGREVE.

I shall afterwards have occasion to quote Claudian.

Terni is the next town in course, formerly called Inter-

amna, for the same reason that a part of Asia was named Mesopotamia. We enter at the gate of the three monuments, so called, because there stood near it a monument erected to Tacitus the historian, with two others to the emperors Tacitus and Florianus, all of them natives of the place. These were a few years ago demolished by thunder, and the fragments of them are in the hands of some gentlemen of the town. Near the dome I was shown a square marble, inserted in the wall, with the following inscription.

Saluti perpetuæ Augustæ
Libertatique Publicæ Populi Romani
Genio municipi Anno post
Interamnam Conditam.
D. CC. IV.

Ad Cnejum Domitium Ahenobarbum. ——— Coss. providentiæ Ti. Cæsaris Augusti nati ad Æternitatem Romam nominis sublato hoste perniciosissimo P. R. Faustus Titius Liberalis VI. vir iterum. P. S. F. C. that is, pecunia sua fieri curavit.

This stone was probably set up on occasion of the fall of Sejanus. After the name of Ahenobarbus there is a little furrow in the marble, but so smooth and well polished, that I should not have taken notice of it had not I seen *Coss.* at the end of it, by which it is plain there was once the name of another consul, which has been industriously razed out. Lucius Aruncius Camillus Scribonianus was consul under the reign of[1] Tiberius, and was afterwards put to death for a conspiracy that he had formed against the emperor Claudius; at which time it was ordered that his name and consulate should be effaced out of all public registers and inscriptions. It is not therefore improbable, that it was this long name which filled up the gap I am now mentioning. There are near this monument the ruins of an ancient theatre, with some of the caves entire. I saw among the ruins an old heathen altar, with this particularity in it, that it is hollowed like a dish at one end; but it was not this end on which the sacrifice was laid, as one may guess from the make of the festoon that runs round the altar, and is inverted when the hollow stands uppermost. In the same yard, among the rubbish of the theatre, lie two pillars, the one of granite, and the other of a very beautiful marble. I went out of my way to see the famous cascade about three miles from Terni. It is

[1] Vide Fast. Consul. Sicul.

formed by the fall of the river Velino, which Virgil mentions in the seventh Æneid.—*Rosea rura Velini.*

The channel of this river lies very high, and is shaded on all sides by a green forest, made up of several kinds of trees that preserve their verdure all the year. The neighbouring mountains are covered with them, and, by reason of their height, are more exposed to the dews and drizzling rains than any of the adjacent parts, which gives occasion to Virgil's *rosea rura* (dewy countries). The river runs extremely rapid before its fall, and rushes down a precipice of a hundred yards high. It throws itself into the hollow of a rock, which has probably been worn by such a constant fall of water. It is impossible to see the bottom on which it breaks, for the thickness of the mist that rises from it, which looks at a distance like clouds of smoke ascending from some vast furnace, and distils in perpetual rains on all the places that lie near it. I think there is something more astonishing in this cascade than in all the water-works of Versailles, and could not but wonder, when I first saw it, that I had never met with it in any of the old poets, especially in Claudian, who makes his Emperor Honorius go out of his way to see the river Nar, which runs just below it, and yet does not mention what would have been so great an embellishment to his poem. But at present I do not in the least question, notwithstanding the opinion of some learned men to the contrary, that this is the gulf through which Virgil's Alecto shoots herself into hell: for the very place, the great reputation of it, the fall of waters, the woods that encompass it, with the smoke and noise that arise from it, are all pointed at in the description. Perhaps he would not mention the name of the river, because he has done it in the verses that precede. We may add to this, that the cascade is not far off that part of Italy, which has been called *Italiæ Meditullium.*

Est locus Italiæ medio, sub montibus altis,
Nobilis, et famâ multis memoratus in oris,
Amsancti valles, densis hunc frondibus atrum
Urget utrinque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus
Dat sonitum saxis et torto vortice torrens:
Hic specus horrendum, et sævi spiracula Ditis
Monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
Pestiferas aperit fauces, queis condita Erinnys
Invisum numen terras cœlumque levabat ÆN. vii.

In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a vale, Amsanctus is the name,
Below the lofty mounts: on either side
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide:
Full in the centre of the sacred wood
An arm ariseth of the Stygian flood;
Which, falling from on high, with bellowing sound
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
To this infernal gate the fury flies,
Here hides her hated head, and frees the labouring skies.
DRYDEN.

It was indeed the most proper place in the world for a fury to make her *exit*, after she had filled a nation with distractions and alarms; and I believe every reader's imagination is pleased, when he sees the angry goddess thus sinking, as it were, in a tempest, and plunging herself into hell, amidst such a scene of horror and confusion.

The river Velino, after having found its way out from among the rocks where it falls, runs into the Nera. The channel of this last river is white with rocks, and the surface of it, for a long space, covered with froth and bubbles; for it runs all along upon the fret, and is still breaking against the stones that oppose its passage: so that for these reasons, as well as for the mixture of sulphur in its waters, it is very well described by Virgil, in that verse which mentions these two rivers in their old Roman names.

Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omne
Contremuit nemus, et sylvæ intonuere profundæ,
Audiit et longè Triviæ lacus, audiit amnis
Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini. ÆN. vii.

The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war. DRYDEN.

He makes the sound of the fury's trumpet run up the Nera to the very sources of Velino, which agrees extremely well with the situation of these rivers. When Virgil has marked any particular quality in a river, the other poets seldom fail of copying after him.

—Sulphureus Nar. AUSON.

—Narque albescentibus undis
In Tibrim properans— SIL. IT. lib. viii.

—Et Nar viriatus odoro
Sulfure— CLAUD. DE PR. ET OLYB. CONS.

—The hoary Nar,
Corrupted with the stench of sulphur, flows,
And into Tiber's streams the infected current throws.

From this river our next town on the road receives the name of Narni. I saw hereabouts nothing remarkable except Augustus's bridge, that stands half a mile from the town, and is one of the stateliest ruins in Italy. It has no cement, and looks as firm as one entire stone. There is an arch of it unbroken, the broadest that I have ever seen, though by reason of its great height it does not appear so. The middle one was still much broader. They join together two mountains, and belonged, without doubt, to the bridge that Martial mentions, though Mr. Ray takes them to be the remains of an aqueduct.

Sed jam parce mihi, nec abutere Narnia quinto,
Perpetuo liceat sic tibi ponte frui! Lib. vii.

Preserve my better part, and spare my friend;
So, Narni, may thy bridge for ever stand.

From Narni I went to Otricoli, a very mean little village, that stands where the castle of Ocriculum did formerly. I turned about half a mile out of the road to see the ruins of old Ocriculum, that lie near the banks of the Tiber. There are still scattered pillars and pedestals, huge pieces of marble half buried in the earth, fragments of towers, subterraneous vaults, bathing places, and the like marks of its ancient magnificence.

In my way to Rome, seeing a high hill standing by itself in the Campania, I did not question but it had a classic name, and upon inquiry found it to be Mount Saracte. The Italians at present call it, because its name begins with an S., St. Oreste.

The fatigue of our crossing the Apennines, and of our whole journey from Loretto to Rome, was very agreeably relieved by the variety of scenes we passed through. For not to mention the rude prospect of rocks rising one above another, of the gutters deep-worn in the sides of them by torrents of rain and snow-water, or the long channels of sand winding about their bottoms, that are sometimes filled with so many rivers: we saw, in six days' travelling, the several seasons of the year in their beauty and perfection. We were sometimes

shivering on the top of a bleak mountain, and a little while after basking in a warm valley, covered with violets and almond-trees in blossom, the bees already swarming over them, though but in the month of February. Sometimes our road led us through groves of olives, or by gardens of oranges, or into several hollow apartments among the rocks and mountains, that look like so many natural green-houses; as being always shaded with a great variety of trees and shrubs that never lose their verdure.

I shall say nothing of the Via Flaminia, which has been spoken of by most of the voyage-writers that have passed it, but shall set down Claudian's account of the journey that Honorius made from Ravenna to Rome, which lies most of it in the same road that I have been describing.

—Antiquæ muros egressa Ravennæ
Signa movet, jamque ora Padi portusque relinquit
Flumineos, certis ubi legibus advena Nereus
Æstuat, et pronas puppes nunc amne secundo
Nunc redeunte vehit, nudataque littora fluctu
Deserit, oceani lunaribus æmula damnis;
Lætior hinc fano recipit Fortuna vetusto,
Despiciturque vagus præruptâ valle Metaurus,
[1] Quà mons arte patens vivo se perforat arcu,
Admisitque viam sectæ per viscera rupis,
Exuperans delubra Jovis, saxoque minantes
Apenninigenis cultas pastoribus aras:
Quin et Clitumni sacras victoribus undas,
Cindida quæ latiis præbent armenta triumphis
Visere cura fuit. Nec te miracula fontis[2]
Prætereunt: tacito passu quem si quis adiret,
Lentus erat: si voce gradum majore citâsset,
Commistis fervebat aquis cumque omnibus una
Sit natura vadis, similes ut corporis umbras
Ostendant: hæc sola novam jactantia sortem
Humanos properant imitari flumina mores,
Celsa dehinc patulum prospectans Narnia campum
Regali calcatur equo, rarique coloris
Non procul amnis adest, urbi qui nominis auctor
Ilice sub densâ sylvis arctatus opacis
Inter utrumque jugum tortis anfractibus albet.
Inde salutato libatis Tibride nymphis,
Excipiunt arcus, operosaque semita, vastis
Molibus, et quicquid tantæ præmittitur urbi.

De 6. Cons. Hon.

[1] A highway made by Vespasian, like the Grotto Obscuro near Naples.
[2] This fountain not known.

They leave Ravenna and the mouths of Po,
That all the borders of the town o'erflow;
And spreading round in one continued lake,
A spacious, hospitable harbour make.
Hither the seas at stated times resort,
And shove the loaden vessels into port:
Then with a gentle ebb retire again,
And render back their cargo to the main.
So the pale moon the restless ocean guides,
Driven to and fro by such submissive tides.
Fair Fortune next, with looks serene and kind,
Receives 'em in her ancient fane enshrined;
Then the high hills they cross, and from below
In distant murmurs hear Metaurus flow;
Till to Clitumno's sacred streams they come,
That send white victims to almighty Rome;
When her triumphant sons in war succeed,
And slaughtered hecatombs around 'em bleed.
At Narni's lofty seats arrived from far
They view the windings of the hoary Nar;
Through rocks and woods impetuously he glides,
While froth and foam the fretting surface hides.
And now the royal guest, all dangers passed,
Old Tiber and his nymphs salutes at last;
The long, laborious pavement here he treads,
That to proud Rome the admiring nations leads:
While stately vaults and towering piles appear,
And show the world's metropolis is near.

Silius Italicus, who has taken more pains on the geography of Italy than any other of the Latin poets, has given a catalogue of most of the rivers that I saw in Umbria, or in the borders of it. He has avoided a fault (if it be really such) which Macrobius has objected to Virgil, of passing from one place to another, without regarding their regular and natural situation, in which Homer's catalogues are observed to be much more methodical and exact than Virgil's.

Cavis venientes montibus Umbri,
Hos Æsis Sapisque lavant, rapidasque sonanti
Vortice contorquens undas per saxa Metaurus,
Et lavat ingentem perfundens flumine sacro
Clitumnus taurum, Narque albescentibus undis
In Tibrim properans, Tineæque inglorius humor,
Et Clanis, et Rubico, et Senonum de nomine Senon.
Sed pater ingenti medios illabitur amne
Albula, et immotâ perstringit mœnia ripâ,
His urbes arva, et latis Mevania pratis,
Hispellum, et duro monti per saxa recumbens
Narnia, &c.— SIL. IT. lib. viii.

Since I am got among the poets, I shall end this chapter with two or three passages out of them, that I have omitted inserting in their proper places.

Sit cisterna mihi quam vinea malo Ravennæ,
Cùm possim multo vendere pluris aquam. MAR. lib. v.

Lodged at Ravenna, (water sells so dear,)
A cistern to a vineyard I prefer.

Callidus imposuit nuper mihi caupo Ravennæ;
Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum. *Id.*

By a Ravenna vintner once betrayed,
So much for wine and water mixed I paid;
But when I thought the purchased liquor mine,
The rascal fobbed me off with only wine.

Stat fucare colus nec Sidone vilior Ancon,
Murice nec Tyrio. SIL. IT. lib. viii.

The wool when shaded with Ancona's dye,
May with the proudest Tyrian purple vie.

Fountain water is still very scarce at Ravenna, and was probably much more so when the sea was within its neighbourhood.

FROM ROME TO NAPLES.

Upon my arrival at Rome, I took a view of St. Peter's and the Rotunda, leaving the rest till my return from Naples, when I should have time and leisure enough to consider what I saw. St. Peter's seldom answers expectation at first entering it, but enlarges itself on all sides insensibly, and mends upon the eye every moment. The proportions are so very well observed, that nothing appears to an advantage, or distinguishes itself above the rest. It seems neither extremely high, nor long, nor broad, because it is all of them in a just equality. As on the contrary, in our Gothic cathedrals, the narrowness of the arch makes it rise in height, or run out in length; the lowness often opens it in breadth, or the defectiveness of some other particular makes any single part appear in great perfection. Though every thing in this church is admirable, the most astonishing part of it is the cupola. Upon my going to the top of it, I was surprised to find that the dome, which we see in the church, is not the same that one looks upon without-doors, the last of them being a kind of case to the other, and the stairs lying betwixt

them both, by which one ascends into the ball. Had there been only the outward dome, it would not have shown itself to an advantage to those that are in the church; or had there only been the inward one, it would scarce have been seen by those that are without; had they both been one solid dome of so great a thickness, the pillars would have been too weak to have supported it. After having surveyed this dome, I went to see the Rotunda, which is generally said to have been the model of it. This church is at present so much changed from the ancient Pantheon, as Pliny has described it, that some have been inclined to think it is not the same temple; but the Cavalier Fontana has abundantly satisfied the world in this particular, and shown how the ancient figure, and ornaments of the Pantheon, have been changed into what they are at present. This author, who is now esteemed the best of the Roman architects, has lately written a treatise on Vespasian's Amphitheatre, which is not yet printed.

After having seen these two master-pieces of modern and ancient architecture, I have often considered with myself whether the ordinary figure of the heathen or that of the Christian temples be the most beautiful and the most capable of magnificence, and cannot forbear thinking the cross figure more proper for such spacious buildings than the rotund. I must confess the eye is better filled at first entering the rotund, and takes in the whole beauty and magnificence of the temple at one view. But such as are built in the form of a cross, give us a greater variety of noble prospects. Nor is it easy to conceive a more glorious show in architecture than what a man meets with in St. Peter's when he stands under the dome. If he looks upward he is astonished at the spacious hollow of the cupola, and has a vault on every side of him, that makes one of the beautifullest vistas that the eye can possibly pass through. I know that such as are professed admirers of the ancients, will find abundance of chimerical beauties the architects themselves never thought of, as one of the most famous of the moderns in that art tells us, the hole in the roof of the Rotunda is so admirably contrived, that it makes those who are in the temple look like angels, by diffusing the light equally on all sides of them.

In all the old high-ways that lead from Rome, one sees

several little ruins on each side of them, that were formerly so many sepulchres; for the ancient Romans generally buried their dead near the great roads.

Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis atque Latinâ. Juv. Sat. 1.

None but some few of a very extraordinary quality having been interred within the walls of the city.

Our Christian epitaphs, that are to be seen only in churches, or church-yards, begin often with a *Siste Viator, Viator precare salutem, &c.*, probably in imitation of the old Roman inscriptions, that generally addressed themselves to the travellers; as it was impossible for them to enter the city, or to go out of it, without passing through one of these melancholy roads, which for a great length was nothing else but a street of funeral monuments.

In my way from Rome to Naples, I found nothing so remarkable as the beauty of the country, and the extreme poverty of its inhabitants. It is indeed an amazing thing to see the present desolation of Italy, when one considers what incredible multitudes of people it abounded with during the reigns of the Roman emperors: and notwithstanding the removal of the imperial seat, the irruptions of barbarous nations, the civil wars of this country, with the hardships of its several governments, one can scarce imagine how so plentiful a soil should become so miserably unpeopled in comparison of what it once was. We may reckon, by a very moderate computation, more inhabitants in the Campania of old Rome, than are now in all Italy. And if we could number up those prodigious swarms that had settled themselves in every part of this delightful country, I question not but that they would amount to more than can be found, at present, in any six parts of Europe of the same extent. This desolation appears nowhere greater than in the pope's territories, and yet there are several reasons would make a man expect to see these dominions the best regulated and most flourishing of any other in Europe. Their prince is generally a man of learning and virtue, mature in years and experience, who has seldom any vanity or pleasure to gratify at his people's expense, and is neither encumbered with wife, children, or mistresses; not to mention the supposed sanctity of his character, which obliges him in a more particular manner to consult the good and happiness of mankind. The direction

of church and state are lodged entirely in his own hands, so that his government is naturally free from those principles of faction and division which are mixed in the very composition of most others. His subjects are always ready to fall in with his designs, and are more at his disposal than any others of the most absolute government, as they have a greater veneration for his person, and not only court his favour, but his blessing. His country is extremely fruitful, and has good havens, both for the Adriatic and Mediterranean, which is an advantage peculiar to himself and the Neapolitans above the rest of the Italians. There is still a benefit the pope enjoys above all other sovereigns, in drawing great sums out of Spain, Germany, and other countries that belong to foreign princes, which one would fancy might be no small ease to his own subjects. We may here add, that there is no place in Europe so much frequented by strangers, whether they are such as come out of curiosity, or such who are obliged to attend the court of Rome on several occasions, as are many of the cardinals and prelates, that bring considerable sums into the pope's dominions. But notwithstanding all these promising circumstances, and the long peace that has reigned so many years in Italy, there is not a more miserable people in Europe than the pope's subjects. His state is thin of inhabitants, and a great part of his soil uncultivated. His subjects are wretchedly poor and idle, and have neither sufficient manufactures nor traffic to employ them. These ill effects may arise, in a great measure, out of the arbitrariness of the government, but I think they are chiefly to be ascribed to the very genius of the Roman Catholic religion, which here shows itself in its perfection. It is not strange to find a country half unpeopled, where so great a proportion of the inhabitants of both sexes is tied under such vows of chastity, and where at the same time an inquisition forbids all recruits out of any other religion. Nor is it less easy to account for the great poverty and want that are to be met with in a country which invites into it such swarms of vagabonds, under the title of pilgrims, and shuts up in cloisters such an incredible multitude of young and lusty beggars, who, instead of increasing the common stock by their labour and industry, lie as a dead weight on their fellow-subjects, and consume the charity that ought to support the sickly, old, and decrepid. The many hospitals that are everywhere

erected, serve rather to encourage idleness in the people, than to set them at work; not to mention the great riches which lie useless in churches and religious houses, with the multitude of festivals that must never be violated by trade or business. To speak truly, they are here so wholly taken up with men's souls, that they neglect the good of their bodies; and when, to these natural evils in the government and religion, there arises among them an avaricious pope, who is for making a family, it is no wonder if the people sink under such a complication of distempers. Yet it is to this humour of Nepotism that Rome owes its present splendour and magnificence: for it would have been impossible to have furnished out[1] so many glorious palaces with such a profusion of pictures, statues, and the like ornaments, had not the riches of the people at several times fallen into the hands of many different families, and of particular persons: as we may observe, though the bulk of the people was more rich and happy in the times of the commonwealth, the city of Rome received all its beauties and embellishments under the emperors. It is probable the Campania of Rome, as well as other parts of the pope's territories, would be cultivated much better than it is, were there not such an exorbitant tax on corn, which makes them plough up only such spots of ground as turn to the most advantage: whereas were the money to be raised on lands, with an exception to some of the more barren parts, that might be tax-free for a certain term of years, every one would turn his ground to the best account, and in a little time perhaps bring more money into the pope's treasury.

The greatest pleasure I took in my journey from Rome to Naples was in seeing the fields, towns, and rivers, that have been described by so many classic authors, and have been the scenes of so many great actions; for this whole road is extremely barren of curiosities. It is worth while to have an eye on Horace's voyage to Brundisi, when one passes this way; for by comparing his several stages, and the road he took, with those that are observed at present, we may have some idea of the changes that have been made in the face of this country since his time. If we may guess at the common travelling of persons of quality, among the ancient Romans, from this poet's description of his voyage,

[1] It should have been "*to furnish out.*"

we may conclude they seldom went above fourteen miles a day over the Appian Way, which was more used by the noble Romans than any other in Italy, as it led to Naples, Baiæ, and the most delightful parts of the nation. It is, indeed, very disagreeable to be carried in haste over this pavement.

Minùs est gravis Appia tardis. HOR.

Lucan has described the very road from Anxur to Rome, that Horace took from Rome to Anxur. It is not, indeed, the ordinary way at present, nor is it marked out by the same places in both poets.

Jamque et præcipites superaverat Anxuris arces,
Et quà Pontinas[1] via dividit uda paludes,
Quà sublime nemus, Scythicæ quà regna Dianæ:
Quàque iter est Latiis ad summam fascibus Albam.
Excelsâ de rupe procul jam conspicit urbem. Lib. iii.

He now had conquered Anxur's steep ascent,
And to Pontina's watery marshes went;
A long canal the muddy fen divides,
And with a clear, unsullied current glides;
Diana's woody realms he next invades,
And crossing through the consecrated shades,
Ascends high Alba, whence with new delight
He sees the city rising to his sight.

In my way to Naples I crossed the two most considerable rivers of the Campania Felice, that were formerly called the Liris and Vulturnus, and are at present the Garigliano and Vulturno. The first of these rivers has been deservedly celebrated by the Latin poets for the gentleness of its course, as the other for its rapidity and noise.

—Rura quæ Liris quietâ
Mordet aquâ, taciturnus amnis. HOR. lib. i. Od. 30.

Liris————qui fonte quieto
Dissimulat cursum, et nullo mutabilis imbre
Perstringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite ripas. SIL. IT. lib. iv.

Miscentem flumina Lirim
Sulfureum, tacitisque vadis ad littora lapsum
Accolit Arpinas— *Id.* lib. viii.

Where the smooth streams of Liris stray,
And steal insensibly away.
The warlike Arpine borders on the sides
Of the slow Liris, that in silence glides,
And in its tainted stream the working sulphur hides.
Vulturnusque rapax— CL. DE PR. ET OL. CON.

[1] A canal, the marks of it still seen.

Vulturnusque celer— Luc. lib. ii. 28.

—Fluctuque sonorum
Vulturnum— Sil. It. lib. viii.

The rough Vulturnus, furious in its course,
With rapid streams divides the fruitful grounds,
And from afar in hollow murmurs sounds.

The ruins of Anxur and old Capua mark out the pleasant situation in which those towns formerly stood. The first of them was planted on the mountain, where we now see Terracina, and by reason of the breezes that came off the sea, and the height of its situation, was one of the summer retirements of the ancient Romans.

O nemus, O fontes! solidumque madentis arenæ
Littus, et æquoreis splendidus Anxur aquis! Mar. lib. x.

Ye warbling fountains, and ye shady trees,
Where Anxur feels the cool refreshing breeze
Blown off the sea, and all the dewy strand
Lies covered with a smooth unsinking sand!

Anxuris æquorei placidos frontine recessus
Et propius Baïas littoreamque domum,
Et quod inhumanæ Cancro fervente Cicadæ
Non novere, nemus, flumineosque lacus
Dum colui, &c.

On the cool shore, near Baja's gentle seats,
I lay retired in Anxur's soft retreats,
Where silver lakes, with verdant shadows crowned,
Disperse a grateful chilness all around;
The grasshopper avoids the untainted air,
Nor in the midst of summer ventures there.

Impositum saxis latè candentibus Anxur. Hor. Sat. 5. lib. i.

Monte procelloso Murranum miserat Anxur. Sil. It. lib. iv.

—Scopulosi verticis Anxur. *Idem*, lib. iv.

Capuæ Luxum vide apud— *Idem*, lib. xi.

Murranus came from Anxur's showery height,
With ragged rocks, and stony quarries white;
Seated on hills—

I don't know whether it be worth while to take notice that the figures, which are cut in the rock near Terracina, increase still in a decimal proportion as they come nearer the bottom. If one of our voyage-writers, who passed this way more than once, had observed the situation of these figures, he would not have troubled himself with the dissertation that he has made upon them. Silius Italicus has given

us the names of several towns and rivers in the Campania Felice.

Jam verò quos dives opum, quos dives avorum,
Et toto dabat ad bellum Campania tractu;
Ductorum adventum vicinis sedibus Osci
Servabant; Sinuessa tepens, fluctuque sonorum
Vulturnum, quasque evertere silentia, Amyclæ,
Fundique et regnata Lamo Cajeta, domusque
Antiphatæ compressa freto, stagnisque palustre
Linternum, et quondam fatorum conscia Cuma,
Illic Nuceriæ, et Gaurus navalibus apta,
Prole Dicharchæâ multo cum milite Graja
Illic Parthenope, et Pæno non pervia Nola.
Alliphe, et Clanio contemtæ semper Acerræ.
Sarrastes etiam populos totasque videres
Sarni mitis opes: illic quos sulphure pingues
Phlegræi legere sinus, Misenus et ardens
Ore gigantæo sedes Ithacesia, Bajæ,
Non Prochite, non ardentem sortita Tiphæa
Inarime, non antiqui saxosa Telonis
Insula, nec parvis aberat Calatia muris,
Surrentum, et pauper sulci Cerealis Avella,
In primis Capua, heu rebus servare secundis
Inconsulta modum, et pravo peritura tumore. SIL. IT. lib. viii.

NAPLES.

My first days at Naples were taken up with the sight of processions, which are always very magnificent in the holy week. It would be tedious to give an account of the several representations of our Saviour's death and resurrection, of the figures of himself, the blessed virgin, and the apostles, which are carried up and down on this occasion, with the cruel penances that several inflict on themselves, and the multitude of ceremonies that attend these solemnities. I saw, at the same time, a very splendid procession for the accession of the Duke of Anjou to the crown of Spain, in which the viceroy bore his part at the left hand of Cardinal Cantelmi. To grace the parade, they exposed, at the same time, the blood of St. Januarius, which liquefied at the approach of the saint's head, though, as they say, it was hard congealed before. I had twice an opportunity of seeing the operation of this pretended miracle, and must confess I think it so far from being a real miracle, that I look upon it as one of the most bungling tricks that I ever saw: yet it is this that makes as great a noise as any in the Roman Church,

and that Monsieur Paschal has hinted at among the rest in his marks of the true religion. The modern Neapolitans seem to have copied it out from one, which was shown in a town of the kingdom of Naples, as long ago as in Horace's time.

—Dehinc Gnatia lymphis
Iratis extructa dedit risusque jocosque,
Dum flammâ sine thura liquescere limine sacro
Persuadere cupit: credat Judæus apella,
Non ego— SAT. 5, lib. 1.

At Gnatia next arrived, we laughed to see
The superstitious crowd's simplicity,
That in the sacred temple needs would try
Without a fire the unheated gums to fry;
Believe who will the solemn sham, not I.

One may see at least that the heathen priesthood had the same kind of secret among them, of which the Roman Catholics are now masters.

I must confess, though I had lived above a year in a Roman Catholic country, I was surprised to see many ceremonies and superstitions in Naples, that are not so much as thought of in France. But as it is certain there has been a kind of secret reformation made, though not publicly owned, in the Roman Catholic Church, since the spreading of the Protestant religion, so we find the several nations are recovered out of their ignorance, in proportion as they converse more or less with those of the Reformed Churches. For this reason the French are much more enlightened than the Spaniards or Italians, on occasion of their frequent controversies with the Huguenots; and we find many of the Roman Catholic gentlemen of our own country, who will not stick to laugh at the superstitions they sometimes meet with in other nations.

I shall not be particular in describing the grandeur of the city of Naples, the beauty of its pavement, the regularity of its buildings, the magnificence of its churches and convents, the multitude of its inhabitants, or the delightfulness of its situation, which so many others have done with a great deal of leisure and exactness. If a war should break out, the town has reason to apprehend the exacting of a large contribution, or a bombardment. It has but seven galleys, a mole, and two little castles, which are capable of hindering an enemy's approaches. Besides, that the sea, which lies

near it, is not subject to storms, has no sensible flux and reflux, and is so deep that a vessel of burden may come up to the very mole. The houses are flat-roofed to walk upon, so that every bomb that fell on them would take effect.

Pictures, statues, and pieces of antiquity are not so common at Naples, as one might expect in so great and ancient a city of Italy; for the viceroys take care to send into Spain everything that is valuable of this nature. Two of their finest modern statues are those of Apollo and Minerva, placed on each side of Sannazarius's tomb. On the face of this monument, which is all of marble, and very neatly wrought, is represented, in bas-relief, Neptune among the Satyrs, to show that this poet was the inventor of piscatory eclogues. I remember Hugo Grotius describes himself in one of his poems, as the first that brought the muses to the sea-side, but he must be understood only of the poets of his own country. I here saw the temple that Sannazarius mentions in his invocation of the blessed virgin, at the beginning of his *De partu Virginis*, which was all raised at his own expense.

Niveis tibi si solennia templis
Serta damus; si mansuras tibi ponimus aras
Exciso in scopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Despiciens celso de culmine Mergilline
Attollit, nautisque procul venientibus offert.
Tu vatem ignarumque viæ insuetumque labori
Diva mone— Lib. i.

Thou bright celestial goddess, if to thee
An acceptable temple I erect,
With fairest flowers and freshest garlands decked,
On towering rocks, whence Margellinè spies
The ruffled deep in storms and tempests rise;
Guide thou the pious poet, nor refuse
Thine own propitious aid to his unpractised Muse.

There are several very delightful prospects about Naples, especially from some of the religious houses; for one seldom finds in Italy a spot of ground more agreeable than ordinary, that is not covered with a convent. The cupolas of this city, though there are many of them, do not appear to the best advantage when one surveys them at a distance, as being generally too high and narrow. The Marquis of Medina Cidonia, in his viceroyalty, made the shell of a house, which he had not time to finish, that commands a view of the whole

bay, and would have been a very noble building had he brought it to perfection.

It stands so on the side of a mountain, that it would have had a garden to every story, by the help of a bridge which was to have been laid over each garden.

The Bay of Naples is the most delightful one that I ever saw. It lies in almost a round figure of about thirty miles in the diameter. Three parts of it are sheltered with a noble circuit of woods and mountains. The high promontory of Surrentum divides it from the Bay of Salernum. Between the utmost point of this promontory, and the Isle of Capera, the sea enters by a strait of about three miles wide. This island stands as a vast mole, which seems to have been planted there on purpose to break the violence of the waves that run into the bay. It lies long-ways, almost in a parallel line to Naples. The excessive height of its rocks secures a great part of the bay from winds and waves, which enter again between the other end of this island and the promontory of Miseno. The Bay of Naples is called the Crater by the old geographers, probably from this its resemblance to a round bowl half filled with liquor. Perhaps Virgil, who composed here a great part of his Æneids, took from hence the plan of that beautiful harbour, which he has made in his first book; for the Libyan port is but the Neapolitan bay in little.

> Est in secessu longo locus. Insula portum
> Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
> Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos:
> Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes geminique minantur
> In cœlum scopuli, quorum sub vertice latè
> Æquora tuta silent, tum Silvis scena coruscis
> Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ. ÆN. i.
>
> Within a long recess there lies a bay,
> An island shades it from the rolling sea,
> And forms a port secure for ships to ride.
> Broke by the jutting land on either side,
> In double streams the briny waters glide,
> Between two rows of rocks: a sylvan scene
> Appears above, and groves for ever green. DRYDEN.

Naples stands in the bosom of this bay, and has the pleasantest situation in the world, though, by reason of its western mountains, it wants an advantage Vitruvius would have to the front of his palace, of seeing the setting sun.

One would wonder how the Spaniards, who have but very

few forces in the kingdom of Naples, should be able to keep a people from revolting, that has been famous for its mutinies and seditions in former ages. But they have so well contrived it, that though the subjects are miserably harassed and oppressed, the greatest of their oppressors are those of their own body. I shall not mention anything of the clergy, who are sufficiently reproached in most itineraries for the universal poverty that one meets with in this noble and plentiful kingdom. A great part of the people is in a state of vassalage to the barons, who are the harshest tyrants in the world to those that are under them. The vassals, indeed, are allowed and invited to bring in their complaints and appeals to the viceroy, who, to foment divisions and gain the hearts of the populace, does not stick at imprisoning and chastising their masters very severely on occasion. The subjects of the crown are notwithstanding much more rich and happy than the vassals of the barons. Insomuch, that when the king has been upon the point of selling a town to one of his barons, the inhabitants have raised the sum upon themselves, and presented it to the king, that they might keep out of so insupportable a slavery. Another way the Spaniards have taken to grind the Neapolitans, and yet to take off the odium from themselves, has been by erecting several courts of justice, with a very small pension for such as sit at the head of them, so that they are tempted to take bribes, keep causes undecided, encourage law-suits, and do all they can to fleece the people, that they may have wherewithal to support their own dignity. It is incredible how great a multitude of retainers to the law there are at Naples. It is commonly said, that when Innocent the Eleventh had desired the Marquis of Carpio to furnish him with thirty thousand head of swine, the Marquis answered him, that for his swine he could not spare them, but if his Holiness had occasion for thirty thousand lawyers, he had them at his service. These gentlemen find a continual employ for the fiery temper of the Neapolitans, and hinder them from uniting in such common friendships and alliances as might endanger the safety of the government. There are very few persons of consideration who have not a cause depending; for when a Neapolitan cavalier has nothing else to do, he gravely shuts himself up in his closet, and falls a tumbling over his papers to see if he can start a law-suit, and plague any of his neighbours.

So much is the genius of this people changed since Statius's time.

> Nulla foro rabies, aut strictæ jurgia legis
> Morum jura viris solum et sine fascibus æquum. SIL. lib. iii.
>
> By love of right and native justice led,
> In the straight paths of equity they tread;
> Nor know the bar, nor fear the judge's frown,
> Unpractised in the wranglings of the gown.

There is another circumstance which makes the Neapolitans, in a very particular manner, the oppressors of each other. The gabels of Naples are very high on oil, wine, tobacco, and indeed on almost everything that can be eaten, drank, or worn. There would have been one on fruit, had not Massianello's rebellion abolished it, as it has probably put a stop to many others. What makes these imposts more intolerable to the poorer sort, they are laid on all butcher's meat, while at the same time the fowl and gibbier are tax-free. Besides, all meat being taxed equally by the pound, it happens that the duty lies heaviest on the coarser sorts, which are most likely to fall to the share of the common people, so that beef perhaps pays a third, and veal a tenth of its price to the government, a pound of either sort having the same tax fixed on it. These gabels are most of them at present in the hands of private men; for as the king of Spain has had occasion for money, he has borrowed it of the rich Neapolitans, on condition that they should receive the interest out of such or such gabels till he could repay them the principal.

This he has repeated so often, that at present there is scarce a single gabel unmortgaged; so that there is no place in Europe which pays greater taxes, and at the same time no prince who draws less advantage from them. In other countries the people have the satisfaction of seeing the money they give spent in the necessities, defence, or ornament of their state, or at least in the vanity or pleasures of their prince: but here most of it goes to the enriching of their fellow-subjects. If there was not so great a plenty of every thing in Naples the people could not bear it. The Spaniard, however, reaps this advantage from the present posture of affairs, that the murmurs of the people are turned upon their own countrymen, and what is more considerable, that almost all the persons of the greatest wealth and power in Naples,

are engaged by their own interests to pay these impositions cheerfully, and to support the government which has laid them on. For this reason, though the poorer sort are for the emperor, few of the persons of consequence can endure to think of a change in their present establishment; though there is no question but the king of Spain will reform most of these abuses, by breaking or retrenching the power of the barons, by cancelling several unnecessary employs, or by ransoming or taking the gabels into his own hands. I have been told too, there is a law of Charles the Fifth something like our statute of Mortmain, which has lain dormant ever since his time, and will probably have new life put into it under the reign of an active prince. The inhabitants of Naples have been always very notorious for leading a life of laziness and pleasure, which I take to arise partly out of the wonderful plenty of their country, that does not make labour so necessary to them, and partly out of the temper of their climate, that relaxes the fibres of their bodies, and disposes the people to such an idle, indolent humour. Whatever it proceeds from, we find they were formerly as famous for it as they are at present.

This was perhaps the reason that the ancients tell us one of the Sirens was buried in this city, which thence received the name of Parthenope.

Improba Siren
Desidia— Hor. Sat. 3, lib. ii.

Sloth, the deluding Siren of the mind.

Et in otia natam
Parthenopen— Ov. Met. lib. xv.

Otiosa Neapolis. Hor. Ep. 5.

Parthenope, for idle hours designed,
To luxury and ease unbends the mind.

Parthenope non dives opum, non spreta vigoris,
Nam molles urbi ritus atque hospita Musis
Otia, et exemtum curis gravioribus ævum:
Sirenum dedit una suum et memorabile nomen
Parthenope muris Acheloïas, æquore cujus
Regnavere diu cantus, cum dulce per undas
Exitium miseris caneret non prospera nautis. Sil. It. lib. xii.

Here wanton Naples crowns the happy shore,
Nor vainly rich, nor despicably poor,
The town in soft solemnities delights,
And gentle poets to her arms invites;

The people, free from cares, serene and gay,
Pass all their mild, untroubled hours away.
Parthenope the rising city named,
A Siren, for her songs and beauty famed,
That oft had drowned among the neighbouring seas
The listening wretch, and made destruction please.

Has ego te sedes (nam nec mihi barbara Thrace
Nec Libye natale solum) transferre laboro:
Quas te mollis hyems et frigida temperat æstas,
Quas imbelle fretum, torpentibus alluit undis:
Pax secura locis, et desidis otia vitæ,
Et nunquam turbata quies, somnique peracti:
Nulla foro rabies, &c. STAT. SIL. lib. iii.

There are the gentle seats that I propose;
For not cold Scythia's undissolving snows,
Nor the parched Libyan sands thy husband bore,
But mild Parthenope's delightful shore,
Where hushed in calms the bordering ocean laves
Her silent coast, and rolls in languid waves;
Refreshing winds the summer's heats assuage,
And kindly warmth disarms the winter's rage;
Removed from noise and the tumultuous war,
Soft sleep and downy ease inhabit there,
And dreams, unbroken with intruding care.

THE ANTIQUITIES AND NATURAL CURIOSITIES THAT LIE NEAR THE CITY OF NAPLES.

At about eight miles' distance from Naples lies a very noble scene of antiquities. What they call Virgil's tomb is the first that one meets with on the way thither. It is certain this poet was buried at Naples, but I think it is almost as certain that his tomb stood on the other side of the town which looks towards Vesuvio. By this tomb is the entry into the grotto of Pausilypo. The common people of Naples believe it to have been wrought by magic, and that Virgil was the magician; who is in greater repute among the Neapolitans for having made the grotto, than the Æneid.

If a man would form to himself a just idea of this place, he must fancy a vast rock undermined from one end to the other, and a highway running through it near as long and as broad as the Mall in St. James's Park. This subterraneous passage is much mended since Seneca gave so bad a character of it. The entry at both ends is higher than the middle parts of it, and sinks by degrees, to fling in more light upon the rest. Towards the middle are two large funnels, bored through the roof of the grotto, to let in light and fresh air.

There are nowhere about the mountain any vast heaps of stones, though it is certain the great quantities of them that are dug out of the rock could not easily conceal themselves, had they not probably been consumed in the moles and buildings of Napies. This confirmed me in a conjecture which I made at the first sight of this subterraneous passage, that it was not at first designed so much for a highway as for a quarry of stone, but that the inhabitants, finding a double advantage by it, hewed it into the form we now see. Perhaps the same design gave the original to the Sibyl's grotto, considering the prodigious multitude of palaces that stood in its neighbourhood.

I remember when I was at Chateaudun in France, I met with a very curious person, a member of one of the German Universities. He had stayed a day or two in the town longer than ordinary, to take the measures of several empty spaces that had been cut in the sides of a neighbouring mountain. Some of them were supported with pillars formed out of the rock, some were made in the fashion of galleries, and some not unlike amphitheatres. The gentleman had made to himself several ingenious hypotheses concerning the use of these subterraneous apartments, and from thence collected the vast magnificence and luxury of the ancient Chateaudunois. But upon communicating his thoughts upon this subject to one of the most learned of the place, he was not a little surprised to hear that these stupendous works of art were only so many quarries of free-stone, that had been wrought into different figures, according as the veins of it directed the workmen.

About five miles from the grotto of Pausilypo lie the remains of Puteoli and Bajæ, in a soft air and a delicious situation.

The country about them, by reason of its vast caverns and subterraneous fires, has been miserably torn in pieces by earthquakes, so that the whole face of it is quite changed from what it was formerly. The sea has overwhelmed a multitude of palaces, which may be seen at the bottom of the water in a calm day.

The Lucrine lake is but a puddle in comparison of what it once was, its springs having been sunk in an earthquake, or stopped up by mountains that have fallen upon them. The lake of Avernus, formerly so famous for its streams of

poison, is now plentifully stocked with fish and fowl. Mount Gaurus, from one of the fruitfullest parts in Italy, is become one of the most barren. Several fields, which were laid out in beautiful groves and gardens, are now naked plains, smoking with sulphur, or encumbered with hills that have been thrown up by eruptions of fire. The works of art lie in no less disorder than those of nature, for that which was once the most beautiful spot of Italy, covered with temples and palaces, adorned by the greatest of the Roman commonwealth, embellished by many of the Roman emperors, and celebrated by the best of their poets, has now nothing to show but the ruins of its ancient splendour, and a great magnificence in confusion.

The mole of Puteoli has been mistaken by several authors for Caligula's bridge. They have all been led into this error from the make of it, because it stands on arches. But to pass over the many arguments that may be brought against this opinion, I shall here take away the foundation of it, by setting down an inscription mentioned by Julius Capitolinus in the Life of Antoninus Pius, who was the repairer of this mole. *Imp. Cæsari. Divi. Hadriani. filio. Divi. Trajani. Parthici. Nepoti. Divi. Nervæ. pronepoti. T. Act. Hadriano. Antonino. Aug. Pio. &c. quod super cætera beneficia ad hujus etiam tutelam portûs*, Pilarum *viginti* molem *cum sumptu* fornicum *reliquo ex Ærario suo largitus est.*

It would have been very difficult to have made such a mole as this of Puteoli, in a place where they had not so natural a commodity as the earth of Puzzuola, which immediately hardens in the water, and after a little lying in it, looks rather like stone than mortar. It was this that gave the ancient Romans an opportunity of making so many encroachments on the sea, and of laying the foundations of their villas and palaces within the very borders of it, as Horace[1] has elegantly described it more than once.

About four years ago they dug up a great piece of marble near Puzzuola, with several figures and letters engraven round it, which have given occasion to some disputes among the antiquaries.[2] But they all agree that it is the pedestal of a statue erected to Tiberius by the fourteen cities of Asia which were flung down by an earthquake; the same that,

[1] Lib. ii. Od. 18; lib. iii. Od. 1; lib. iii. Od. 24; Epist. lib. i.

[2] Vid. Gronovium, Fabretti, Bulifon, &c.

according to the opinion of many learned men, happened at our Saviour's crucifixion. They have found in the letters, which are still legible, the names of the several cities, and discover in each figure something particular to the city, of which it represents the genius. There are two medals of Tiberius stamped on the same occasion, with this inscription to one of them, *Civitatibus Asiæ Restitutis.* The emperor is represented in both sitting, with a patera in one hand and a spear in the other.

It is probable this might have been the posture of the statue, which in all likelihood does not lie far from the place where they took up the pedestal; for they say there were other great pieces of marble near it, and several of them inscribed, but that nobody would be at the charges of bringing them to light. The pedestal itself lay neglected in an open field when I saw it. I shall not be particular on the ruins of the amphitheatre, the ancient reservoirs of water, the Sibyl's grotto, the *Centum cameræ*, the sepulchre of Agrippina, Nero's mother, with several other antiquities of less note, that lie in the neighbourhood of this bay, and have been often described by many others. I must confess, after having surveyed the antiquities about Naples and Rome, I cannot but think that our admiration of them does not so much arise out of their greatness as uncommonness.

There are indeed many extraordinary ruins, but I believe a traveller would not be so much astonished at them, did he find any works of the same kind in his own country. Amphitheatres, triumphal arches, baths, grottoes, catacombs, rotundas, highways paved for so great a length, bridges of such an amazing height, subterraneous buildings for the reception of rain and snow-water, are most of them at present out of fashion, and only to be met with among the antiquities of Italy. We are therefore immediately surprised when we see any considerable sums laid out in anything of this nature, though at the same time there is many a Gothic cathedral in England, that has cost more pains and money than several of these celebrated works. Among the ruins of the old heathen temples they showed me what they call the chamber of Venus, which stands a little behind her temple. It is wholly dark, and has several figures on the ceiling wrought in stucco, that seem to represent lust and strength by the emblems of naked Jupiters and Gladiators, Tritons and Cen-

taurs, &c., so that one would guess it has formerly been the scene of many lewd mysteries. On the other side of Naples are the catacombs. These must have been full of stench and loathsomeness, if the dead bodies that lay in them were left to rot in open niches, as an eminent author of our own country imagines. But upon examining them I find they were each of them stopped up: without doubt, as soon as the corpse was laid in it. For at the mouth of the niche one always finds the rock cut into little channels, to fasten the board or marble that was to close it up, and I think I did not see one which had not still some mortar sticking in it. In some I found pieces of tiles that exactly tallied with the channel, and in others a little wall of bricks, that sometimes stopped up above a quarter of the niche, the rest having been broken down. St. Proculus's sepulchre seems to have a kind of mosaic work on its covering, for I observed at one end of it several little pieces of marble ranged together after that manner. 'Tis probable they were adorned, more or less, according to the quality of the dead. One would, indeed, wonder to find such a multitude of niches unstopped, and I cannot imagine anybody should take the pains to do it, who was not in quest of some supposed treasure.

Bajæ was the winter retreat of the old Romans, that being the proper season to enjoy the Bajani Soles, and the Mollis Lucrinus; as, on the contrary, Tibur, Tusculum, Preneste, Alba, Cajeta, Mons Circeius, Anxur, and the like airy mountains and promontories, were their retirements during the heats of summer.

Dum nos blanda tenent jucundi stagna Lucrini
Et quæ pumiceis fontibus antra calent,
Tu colis Argivi regnum Faustine coloni[1]
Quo te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.
Horrida sed fervent Nemeæi pectora monstri:
Nec satis est Bajas igne calere suo.
Ergo sacri fontes, et littora sacra valete,
Nympharum pariter, Nereidumque domus
Herculeos colles gelidâ vos vincite brumâ,
Nunc Tiburtinis cedite frigoribus. MAR. lib. i. Ep. 116.

While near the Lucrine lake, consumed to death,
I draw the sultry air, and gasp for breath,
Where steams of sulphur raise a stifling heat,
And through the pores of the warm pumice sweat;

[1] Vide Hor. lib. ii. Od. 6.

You taste the cooling breeze, where nearer home
The twentieth pillar marks the mile from Rome:
And now the sun to the bright Lion turns,
And Baja with redoubled fury burns;
Then briny seas and tasteful springs farewell,
Where fountain-nymphs confused with Nereids dwell,
In winter you may all the world despise,
But now 'tis Tivoli that bears the prize.

The natural curiosities about Naples are as numerous and extraordinary as the artificial. I shall set them down, as I have done the other, without any regard to their situation. The grotto *del Cani* is famous for the poisonous steams which float within a foot of its surface. The sides of the grotto are marked green, as high as the malignity of the vapour reaches. The common experiments are as follow: A dog, that has his nose held in the vapour, loses all signs of life in a very little time; but if carried into the open air, or thrown into a neighbouring lake, he immediately recovers if he is not quite gone. A torch, snuff and all, goes out in a moment when dipped into the vapour. A pistol cannot take fire in it. I split a reed, and laid in the channel of it a train of gunpowder, so that one end of the reed was above the vapour, and the other at the bottom of it; and I found, though the steam was strong enough to hinder a pistol from taking fire in it and to quench a lighted torch, that it could not intercept the train of fire when it had once begun flashing, nor hinder it from running to the very end. This experiment I repeated twice or thrice, to see if I could quite dissipate the vapour, which I did in so great a measure, that one might easily let off a pistol in it. I observed how long a dog was in expiring the first time, and after his recovery, and found no sensible difference. A viper bore it nine minutes the first time we put it in, and ten the second. When we brought it out after the first trial, it took such a vast quantity of air into its lungs, that it swelled almost twice as big as before; and it was perhaps on this stock of air that it lived a minute longer the second time. Dr. Connor made a discourse in one of the academies at Rome upon the subject of this grotto, which he has since printed in England. He attributes the death of animals, and the extinction of lights, to a great rarefaction of the air, caused by the heat and eruption of the steams. But how is it possible for these steams, though in never so great quantity, to

resist the pressure of the whole atmosphere? And as for the heat, it is but very inconsiderable. However, to satisfy myself, I placed a thin vial, well stopped up with wax, within the smoke of the vapour, which would certainly have burst in an air rarefied enough to kill a dog or quench a torch, but nothing followed upon it. However, to take away all further doubt, I borrowed a weather-glass, and so fixed it in the grotto, that the stagnum was wholly covered with the vapour, but I could not perceive the quicksilver sunk, after half an hour's standing in it. This vapour is generally supposed to be sulphureous, though I can see no reason for such a supposition. He that dips his hand in it, finds no smell that it leaves upon it; and though I put a whole bundle of lighted brimstone matches to the smoke, they all went out in an instant, as if immersed in water. Whatever is the composition of the vapour, let it have but one quality of being very gluey or viscous, and I believe it will mechanically solve all the phenomena of the grotto. Its unctuousness will make it heavy, and unfit for mounting higher than it does, unless the heat of the earth, which is just strong enough to agitate and bear it up at a little distance from the surface, were much greater than it is to rarefy and scatter it. It will be too gross and thick to keep the lungs in play for any time, so that animals will die in it sooner or later, as their blood circulates slower or faster. Fire will live in it no longer than in water, because it wraps itself in the same manner about the flame, and by its continuity hinders any quantity of air or nitre from coming to its succour. The parts of it, however, are not so compact as those of liquors, nor therefore tenacious enough to intercept the fire that has once caught a train of gunpowder, for which reason they may be quite broken and dispersed by the repetition of this experiment. There is an unctuous clammy vapour that arises from the stum of grapes, when they lie mashed together in the vat, which puts out a light when dipped into it, and perhaps would take away the breath of weaker animals, were it put to the trial.

It would be endless to reckon up the different baths to be met with in a country that so much abounds in sulphur. There is scarce a disease which has not one adapted to it. A stranger is generally led into that they call Cicero's bath, and several voyage-writers pretend there is a cold vapour

rising from the bottom of it, which refreshes those who stoop into it. 'Tis true the heat is much more supportable to one that stoops, than to one that stands upright, because the steams of sulphur gather in the hollow of the arch about a man's head, and are, therefore, much thicker and warmer in that part than at the bottom. The three lakes of Agnano, Avernus, and the Lucrin, have now nothing in them particular. The Monte Novo was thrown out by an eruption of fire that happened in the place where now the mountain stands. The Sulfatara is very surprising to one who has not seen Mount Vesuvio. But there is nothing about Naples, nor indeed in any part of Italy, which deserves our admiration so much as this mountain. I must confess the idea I had of it did not answer the real image of the place when I came to see it; I shall therefore give the description of it as it then lay.

This mountain[1] stands at about six English miles' distance from Naples, though, by reason of its height, it seems much nearer to those that survey it from the town. In our way to it we passed by what was one of those rivers of burning matter, that ran from it in a late eruption. This looks at a distance like a new-ploughed land, but as you come near it you see nothing but a long heap of heavy disjointed clods lying one upon another. There are innumerable cavities and interstices among the several pieces, so that the surface is all broken and irregular. Sometimes a great fragment stands like a rock above the rest, sometimes the whole heap lies in a kind of channel, and in other places has nothing like banks to confine it, but rises four or five foot high in the open air, without spreading abroad on either side. This, I think, is a plain demonstration that these rivers were not, as they are usually represented, so many streams of running matter; for how could a liquid, that lay hardening by degrees, settle in such a furrowed uncompact surface? Were the river a confusion of never so many different bodies, if they had been all actually dissolved, they would at least have formed one continued crust, as we see the scorium of metals always gathers into a solid piece, let it be compounded of a thousand heterogeneous parts. I am apt to think therefore, that these huge,

[1] The following description of Mount Vesuvio is surprisingly clear and graphical. One could scarce have a better idea of it from surveying it on the spot.

unwieldly lumps that now lie one upon another, as if thrown together by accident, remained in the melted matter rigid and unliquefied, floating in it like cakes of ice in a river, and that, as the fire and ferment gradually abated, they adjusted themselves together as well as their irregular figures would permit, and by this means fell into such an interrupted, disorderly heap, as we now find it. What was the melted matter lies at the bottom out of sight. After having quitted the side of this long heap, which was once a stream of fire, we came to the roots of the mountain, and had a very troublesome march to gain the top of it. It is covered on all sides with a kind of burnt earth, very dry, and crumbled into powder, as if it had been artificially sifted. It is very hot under the feet, and mixed with several burnt stones and cakes of cinders, which have been thrown out at different times. A man sinks almost a foot in the earth, and generally loses half a step by sliding backwards. When we had climbed this mountain, we discovered the top of it to be a wide, naked plain, smoking with sulphur in several places, and probably undermined with fire, for we concluded it to be hollow by the sound it made under our feet. In the midst of this plain stands a high hill in the shape of a sugar-loaf, so very steep that there would be no mounting or descending it, were not it made up of such a loose crumbled earth as I have before described. The air of this place must be very much impregnated with saltpetre, as appears by the specks of it on the sides of the mountain, where one can scarce find a stone that has not the top white with it. After we had, with much ado, conquered this hill, we saw in the midst of it the present mouth of Vesuvio, which goes shelving down on all sides till above a hundred yards deep, as near as we could guess, and has about three or four hundred in the diameter, for it seems a perfect round. This vast hollow is generally filled with smoke, but, by the advantage of a wind that blew for us, we had a very clear and distinct sight of it. The sides appear all over stained with mixtures of white, green, red, and yellow, and have several rocks standing out of them that look like pure brimstone. The bottom was entirely covered, and though we looked very narrowly, we could see nothing like a hole in it; the smoke breaking through several imperceptible cracks in many places. The very middle was firm ground when we saw it, as we con-

cluded from the stones we flung upon it, and I question not but one might then have crossed the bottom, and have gone up on the other side of it, with very little danger, unless from some accidental breath of wind. In the late eruptions this great hollow was like a vast caldron filled with glowing and melted matter, which, as it boiled over in any part, ran down the sides of the mountain, and made five such rivers as that before mentioned. In proportion as the heat slackened, this burning matter must have subsided within the bowels of the mountain, and as it sunk very leisurely, had time to cake together, and form the bottom which covers the mouth of that dreadful vault that lies underneath it. The next eruption, or earthquake, will probably break in pieces this false bottom, and quite change the present face of things.

This whole mountain, shaped like a sugar-loaf, has been made at several times by the prodigious quantity of earth and cinders, which have been flung up out of the mouth that lies in the midst of them, so that it increases in bulk at every eruption, the ashes still falling down the sides of it, like the sand in an hour-glass. A gentleman of Naples told me, that in his memory it had gained twenty foot in thickness, and I question not but in length of time it will cover the whole plain, and make one mountain with that on which it now stands.

In those parts of the sea that are not far from the roots of this mountain, they find sometimes a very fragrant oil, which is sold dear, and makes a rich perfume. The surface of the sea is, for a little space, covered with its bubbles during the time that it rises, which they skim off into their boats, and afterwards set a separating in pots and jars. They say its sources never run but in a calm warm weather. The agitations of the water perhaps hinder them from discovering it at other times.

Among the natural curiosities of Naples, I cannot forbear mentioning their manner of furnishing the town with snow, which they here use instead of ice, because, as they say, it cools or congeals any liquor sooner. There is a great quantity of it consumed yearly, for they drink very few liquors, not so much as water, that have not lain in Fresco, and everybody, from the highest to the lowest, makes use of it; insomuch, that a scarcity of snow would raise a mutiny at Naples, as much as a dearth of corn or provisions in another

country. To prevent this, the king has sold the monopoly of it to certain persons, who are obliged to furnish the city with it all the year at so much the pound. They have a high mountain at about eighteen miles from the town, which has several pits dug into it. Here they employ many poor people at such a season of the year to roll in vast balls of snow, which they ram together, and cover from the sunshine. Out of these reservoirs of snow they cut several lumps, as they have occasion for them, and send them on asses to the sea-side, where they are carried off in boats, and distributed to several shops at a settled price, that from time to time supply the whole city of Naples. While the banditti continued their disorders in this kingdom, they often put the snow-merchants under contribution, and threatened them, if they appeared tardy in their payments, to destroy their magazines, which they say might easily have been effected by the infusion of some barrels of oil.

It would have been tedious to have put down the many descriptions that the Latin poets have made of several of the places mentioned in this chapter: I shall therefore conclude it with the general map which Silius Italicus has given us of this great Bay of Naples. Most of the places he mentions lie within the same prospect, and if I have passed over any of them, it is because I shall take them in my way by sea, from Naples to Rome.

Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monstrat Avernum:
Tum tristi nemore atque umbris nigrantibus horrens,
Et formidatus volucri, lethale vomebat
Suffuso virus cœlo, Stygiâque per urbes
Relligione sacer, sævum retinebat honorem.
Hinc vicina palus, fama est Acherontis ad undas
Pandere iter, cæcas stagnante voragine fauces
Laxat et horrendos aperit telluris hiatus,
Interdumque novo perturbat lumine manes.
Juxta caligante situ longumque per ævum
Infernis pressas nebulis, pallente sub umbrâ
Cymmerias jacuisse domos, noctemque profundam
Tartareæ narrant urbis: tum sulphure et igni
Semper anhelantes, coctoque bitumine campos
Ostentant: tellus atro exundante vapore
Suspirans, ustisque diu calefacta medullis
Æstuat et Stygios exhalat in aëra flatus:
Parturit, et tremulis metuendum exibilat antris,
Interdumque cavas luctatus rumpere sedes,
Aut exire foras, sonitu lugubre minaci

Mulciber immugit, laceratæque viscera terræ
Mandit, et exesos labefactat murmure montes.
Tradunt Herculeâ prostratos mole gigantes
Tellurem injectam quatere, et spiramine anhelo
Torreri late campos, quotiesque minatur
Rumpere compagem impositam, expallescere cœlum.
Apparet procul Inarime, quæ turbine nigro
Fumantem premit Iapetum, flammasque rebelli
Ore ejectantem, et siquando evadere detur
Bella Jovi rursus superisque iterare volentem.
Monstrantur Veseva juga, atque in vertice summo
Depasti flammis scopuli, fractusque ruinâ
Mons circùm, atque Ætnæ fatis certantia saxa.
Nec non Misenum servantem Idæa sepulcro
Nomina, et Herculeos videt ipso littore Baulos. Lib. xii.

Averno next he showed his wondering guest,
Averno now with milder virtues blessed;
Black with surrounding forests then it stood,
That hung above, and darkened all the flood;
Clouds of unwholesome vapours, raised on high,
The fluttering bird entangled in the sky,
Whilst all around the gloomy prospect spread
An awful horror, and religious dread.
Hence to the borders of the marsh they go,
That mingles with the baleful streams below,
And sometimes with a mighty yawn, 'tis said,
Opens a dismal passage to the dead,
Who pale with fear the rending earth survey,
And startle at the sudden flash of day.
The dark Cimmerian grotto then he paints,
Describing all its old inhabitants,
That in the deep infernal city dwelled,
And lay in everlasting night concealed.
Advancing still, the spacious fields he showed,
That with the smothered heat of brimstone glowed;
Through frequent cracks the steaming sulphur broke,
And covered all the blasted plain with smoke:
Imprisoned fires, in the close dungeons pent,
Roar to get loose, and struggle for a vent,
Eating their way, and undermining all,
Till with a mighty burst whole mountains fall.
Here, as 'tis said, the rebel giants lie,
And, when to move the incumbent load they try,
Ascending vapours on the day prevail,
The sun looks sickly, and the skies grow pale.
Next, to the distant isle his sight he turns,
That o'er the thunderstruck Tiphæus burns:
Enraged, his wide-extended jaws expire,
In angry whirlwinds, blasphemies, and fire,
Threatening, if loosened from his dire abodes,
Again to challenge Jove, and fight the gods

On Mount Vesuvio next he fixt his eyes,
And saw the smoking tops confusedly rise;
(A hideous ruin!) that with earthquakes rent
A second Ætna to the view present.
Miseno's cape and Bauli last he viewed,
That on the sea's extremest borders stood.

Silius Italicus here takes notice, that the poisonous vapours which arose from the lake Averno in Hannibal's time, were quite dispersed at the time when he wrote his poem; because Agrippa, who lived between Hannibal and Silius, had cut down the woods that enclosed the lake, and hindered these noxious steams from dissipating, which were immediately scattered as soon as the winds and fresh air were let in among them.

THE ISLE OF CAPREA.

Having staid longer at Naples than I at first designed, I could not dispense with myself from making a little voyage to the Isle of Caprea, as being very desirous to see a place which had been the retirement of Augustus for some time, and the residence of Tiberius for several years. The island lies four miles in length from east to west, and about one in breadth. The western part, for about two miles in length, is a continued rock, vastly high, and inaccessible on the seaside. It has, however, the greatest town in the island, that goes under the name of Ano-Caprea, and is in several places covered with a very fruitful soil. The eastern end of the isle rises up in precipices very near as high, though not quite so long, as the western. Between these eastern and western mountains lies a slip of lower ground, which runs across the island, and is one of the pleasantest spots I have seen. It is hid with vines, figs, oranges, almonds, olives, myrtles, and fields of corn, which look extremely fresh and beautiful, and make up the most delightful little landscape imaginable, when they are surveyed from the tops of the neighbouring mountains. Here stands the town of Caprea, the bishop's palace, and two or three convents. In the midst of this fruitful tract of land rises a hill, that was probably covered with buildings in Tiberius's time. There are still several ruins on the sides of it, and about the top are found two or three dark galleries, low built, and covered with mason's work, though at present they appear overgrown with grass. I en-

tered one of them that is a hundred paces in length. I observed, as some of the countrymen were digging into the sides of this mountain, that what I took for solid earth, was only heaps of brick, stone, and other rubbish, skinned over with a covering of vegetables. But the most considerable ruin is that which stands on the very extremity of the eastern promontory, where are still some apartments left, very high and arched at top: I have not, indeed, seen the remains of any ancient Roman buildings, that have not been roofed with either vaults or arches. The rooms I am mentioning stand deep in the earth, and have nothing like windows or chimneys, which makes me think they were formerly either bathing-places or reservoirs of water. An old hermit lives at present among the ruins of this palace, who lost his companion a few years ago by a fall from the precipice. He told me they had often found medals and pipes of lead, as they dug among the rubbish, and that not many years ago they discovered a paved road running under ground, from the top of the mountain to the sea-side, which was afterwards confirmed to me by a gentleman of the island. There is a very noble prospect from this place. On the one side lies a vast extent of seas, that runs abroad further than the eye can reach. Just opposite stands the green promontory of Surrentum, and on the other side the whole circuit of the Bay of Naples. This prospect, according to Tacitus, was more agreeable before the burning of Vesuvio; that mountain probably, which after the first eruption looked like a great pile of ashes, was in Tiberius's time shaded with woods and vineyards; for I think Martial's epigram may here serve as a comment to Tacitus.

Hic est pampineis viridis Vesuvius umbris,
  Presserat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus.
Hæc juga quàm Nisæ colles plùs Bacchus amavit:
  Hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.
Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi;
  Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
Cuncta jacent flammis et tristi morsa favillâ:
  Nec superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi. Lib. ii. Ep. 105.

Vesuvio, covered with the fruitful vine,
Here flourished once, and ran with floods of wine,
Here Bacchus oft to the cool shades retired,
And his own native Nisa less admired;
Oft to the mountain's airy tops advanced,
The frisking Satyrs on the summits danced;

Alcides here, here Venus graced the shore,
Nor loved her favourite Lacedæmon more:
Now piles of ashes, spreading all around,
In undistinguished heaps deform the ground,
The gods themselves the ruined seats bemoan,
And blame the mischiefs that themselves have done.

This view must still have been more pleasant, when the whole bay was encompassed with so long a range of buildings, that it appeared, to those who looked on it at a distance, but as one continued city. On both the shores of that fruitful bottom, which I have before mentioned, are still to be seen the marks of ancient edifices, particularly on that which looks towards the south there is a little kind of mole, which seems to have been the foundation of a palace: unless we may suppose that the Pharos of Caprea stood there, which Statius takes notice of in his poem that invites his wife to Naples, and is, I think, the most natural among the silvæ.

Nec desunt variæ circùm oblectamina vitæ,
Sive vaporiferas, blandissima littora, Bajas,
Enthea fatidicæ seu visere tecta Sibyllæ,
Dulce sit, Iliacoque jugum memorabile remo:
Seu tibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri,
Teleboumque domos, trepidis ubi dulcia nautis
Lumina noctivagæ tollit Pharus æmula lunæ,
Caraque non molli juga Surrentina Lyæo. Lib. iii.

The blissful seats with endless pleasures flow,
Whether to Baja's sunny shores you go,
And view the sulphur to the baths conveyed,
Or the dark grot of the prophetic maid,
Or steep Miseno from the Trojan named,
Or Gaurus for its flowing vintage famed,
Or Caprea, where the lanthorn fixed on high
Shines like a moon through the benighted sky,
While by its beams the wary sailor steers:
Or where Surrentum, clad in vines, appears.

They found in Ano-Caprea, some years ago, a statue and a rich pavement under ground, as they had occasion to turn up the earth that lay upon them. One still sees, on the bendings of these mountains, the marks of several ancient scales of stairs, by which they used to ascend them. The whole island is so unequal that there were but few diversions to be found in it without-doors; but what recommended it most to Tiberius was its wholesome air, which is warm in winter and cool in summer, and its inaccessible coasts, which

are generally so very steep, that a handful of men might defend them against a powerful army.

We need not doubt but Tiberius had his different residences, according as the seasons of the year and his different sets of pleasure required. Suetonius says, *duodecim villas totidem nominibus ornavit.* The whole island was probably cut into several easy ascents, planted with variety of palaces, and adorned with as great a multitude of groves and gardens as the situation of the place would suffer. The works under ground were, however, more extraordinary than those above it; for the rocks were all undermined with highways, grottoes, galleries, bagnios, and several subterraneous retirements, that suited with the brutal pleasures of the emperor. One would, indeed, very much wonder to see such small appearances of the many works of art, that were formerly to be met with in this island, were we not told that the Romans, after the death of Tiberius, sent hither an army of pioneers on purpose to demolish the buildings, and deface the beauties of the island.

In sailing round Caprea we were entertained with many rude prospects of rocks and precipices, that rise in several places half a mile high in perpendicular. At the bottom of them are caves and grottoes, formed by the continual breaking of the waves upon them. I entered one which the inhabitants call *grotto oscuro*, and after the light of the sun was a little worn off my eyes, could see all the parts of it distinctly, by a glimmering reflection that played upon them from the surface of the water. The mouth is low and narrow, but, after having entered pretty far in, the grotto opens itself on both sides in an oval figure of a hundred yards from one extremity to the other, as we were told, for it would not have been safe measuring of it. The roof is vaulted, and distils fresh water from every part of it, which fell upon us as fast as the first droppings of a shower. The inhabitants and Neapolitans who have heard of Tiberius's grottoes, will have this to be one of them, but there are several reasons that show it to be natural. For besides the little use we can conceive of such a dark cavern of salt waters, there are nowhere any marks of the chisel; the sides are of a soft mouldering stone, and one sees many of the like hollow spaces worn in the bottoms of the rocks, as

they are more or less able to resist the impressions of the water that beats against them.

Not far from this grotto lie the *Sirenum Scopuli*, which Virgil and Ovid mention in Æneas's voyage; they are two or three sharp rocks that stand about a stone's throw from the south side of the island, and are generally beaten by waves and tempests, which are much more violent on the south than on the north of Caprea.

> Jamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat
> Difficiles quondam, multorumque ossibus albos,
> Tum rauca assiduo longè sale saxa sonabant. ÆN.
>
> Glides by the Syren's cliffs, a shelfy coast,
> Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
> And white with bones: the impetuous ocean roars,
> And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores. DRYDEN.

I have before said that they often find medals in this island. Many of those they call the Spintriæ, which Aretin has copied, have been dug up here. I know none of the antiquaries that have written on this subject, and find nothing satisfactory of it where I thought it most likely to be met with, in Patin's edition of Suetonius, illustrated by medals. Those I have conversed with about it, are of opinion they were made to ridicule the brutality of Tiberius, though I cannot but believe they were stamped by his order. They are unquestionably antique, and no bigger than medals of the third magnitude. They bear on one side some lewd invention of that hellish society which Suetonius calls *monstrosi concubitûs repertores*, and on the other the number of the medal. I have seen of them as high as to twenty. I cannot think they were made as a jest on the emperor, because raillery on coins is of a modern date. I know but two in the upper empire, besides the *Spintriæ*, that lie under any suspicion of it. The first is one of Marcus Aurelius, where, in compliment to the emperor and empress, they have stamped on the reverse the figure of Venus caressing Mars, and endeavouring to detain him from the wars.

> Quoniam belli fera mœnera Mavors
> Armipotens regit, in gremium qui sæpe tuum se
> Rejicit, æterno devinctus volnere amoris. Luc. lib. i.

The Venus has Faustina's face, her lover is a naked figure with a helmet on his head, and a shield on his arm.

Tu scabie frueris mali quod in aggere rodit,
Qui tegitur, parmâ et galeâ— JUV. Sat. 5.

This unluckily brings to mind Faustina's fondness for the Gladiator, and is therefore interpreted by many as a hidden piece of satire. But besides that such a thought was inconsistent with the gravity of a senate, how can one imagine that the fathers would have dared affront the wife of Aurelius, and the mother of Commodus, or that they could think of giving offence to an empress whom they afterwards deified, and to an emperor that was the darling of the army and people?

The other medal is a golden one of Gallienus preserved in the French king's cabinet; it is inscribed *Gallienæ Augustæ, pax ubique*, and was stamped at a time when the emperor's father was in bondage, and the empire torn in pieces by several pretenders to it. Yet, if one considers the strange stupidity of this emperor, with the senseless security which appears in several of his sayings that are still left on record, one may very well believe this coin was of his own invention. We may be sure if raillery had once entered the old Roman coins, we should have been overstocked with medals of this nature; if we consider there were often rival emperors proclaimed at the same time, who endeavoured at the lessening of each other's character, and that most of them were succeeded by such as were enemies to their predecessor. These medals of Tiberius's were never current money, but rather of the nature of medallions, which seem to have been made on purpose to perpetuate the discoveries of that infamous society. Suetonius tells us, that their monstrous inventions were registered several ways, and preserved in the emperor's private apartments. *Cubicula plurifariam disposita tabellis ac sigillis lascivissimarum picturarum et figurarum adornavit, librisque elephantidis instruxit: ne cui in operâ edendâ exemplar impetratæ schemæ deesset.* The elephantis here mentioned, is probably the same Martial takes notice of for her book of postures.

In Sabellum.

Facundos mihi de libidinosis
Legisti nimium Sabelle versus,
Quales nec Didymi sciunt puellæ,
Nec molles Elephantidos libelli.
Sunt illic Veneris novæ figuræ:
Quales, &c.— Lib. xii. Ep. 43.

Ovid mentions the same kind of pictures that found a place even in Augustus's cabinet.

Scilicet in domibus vestris, ut prisca virorum
Artifici fulgent corpora picta manu;
Sic quæ concubitus varios Venerisque figuras
Exprimat, est aliquo parva tabella loco. De Trist. lib. ii.

There are several of the sigilla, or seals, Suetonius speaks of, to be met with in collections of ancient *intaglios*.

But, I think, what puts it beyond all doubt that these coins were rather made by the emperor's order, than as a satire on him, is because they are now found in the very place that was the scene of these his unnatural lusts.

—Quem rupes Caprearum tetra latebit
Incesto possessa seni?— Cl. de 4to, Cons. Hon.

Who has not heard of Caprea's guilty shore?
Polluted by the rank old emperor?

FROM NAPLES TO ROME, BY SEA.

I took a felucca at Naples to carry me to Rome, that I might not be forced to run over the same sights a second time, and might have an opportunity of seeing many things in a road which our voyage-writers have not so particularly described.[1] As in my journey from Rome to Naples I had Horace for my guide, so I had the pleasure of seeing my voyage, from Naples to Rome, described by Virgil. It is, indeed, much easier to trace out the way Æneas took, than that of Horace, because Virgil has marked it out by capes, islands, and other parts of nature, which are not so subject to change or decay as are towns, cities, and the works of art. Mount Pausilypo makes a beautiful prospect to those who pass by it: at a small distance from it lies the little island of Nisida, adorned with a great variety of plantations, rising one above another in so beautiful an order, that the whole island looks like a large terrace-garden. It has two little ports, and is not at present troubled with any of those noxious steams that Lucan mentions.

—Tali spiramine Nesis
Emittit Stygium nebulosis aëra saxis. Lib. vi.

[1] Did Mr. Addison forget, that our countryman, Mr. Sandys, had described this route, *very particularly*?

Nesis' high rocks such Stygian air produce,
And the blue breathing pestilence diffuse.

From Nisida we rowed to Cape Miseno. The extremity of this cape has a long cleft in it, which was enlarged and cut into shape by Agrippa, who made this the great port for the Roman fleet that served in the Mediterranean; as that of Ravenna held the ships designed for the Adriatic and Archipelago. The highest end of this promontory rises in the fashion of a sepulchre or monument to those that survey it from the land, which perhaps might occasion Virgil's burying Misenus under it. I have seen a grave Italian author, who has written a very large book on the *Campania Felice*, that from Virgil's description of this mountain, concludes it was called Aërius before Misenus had given it a new name.

At pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulchrum
Imponit, suaque arma viro remumque tubamque
Monte sub Aerio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen. ÆN. lib. vi.

There are still to be seen a few ruins of old Misenum, but the most considerable antiquity of the place is a set of galleries that are hewn into the rock, and are much more spacious than the Piscina Mirabilis. Some will have them to have been a reservoir of water, but others, more probably, suppose them to have been Nero's baths. I lay the first night on the Isle of Procita, which is pretty well cultivated, and contains about four thousand inhabitants, who are all vassals to the Marquis De Vasto.

The next morning I went to see the Isle of Ischia, that stands further out into the sea. The ancient poets call it *Inarime*, and lay Typhæus under it, by reason of its eruptions of fire. There has been no eruption for near these three hundred years. The last was very terrible, and destroyed a whole city. At present there are scarce any marks left of a subterraneous fire, for the earth is cold, and overrun with grass and shrubs, where the rocks will suffer it. There are, indeed, several little cracks in it, through which there issues a constant smoke, but 'tis probable this arises from the warm springs that feed the many baths with which this island is plentifully stocked. I observed, about one of the breathing passages, a spot of myrtles that flourish

within the steam of these vapours, and have a continual moisture hanging upon them. On the south of Ischia lies a round lake of about three-quarters of a mile diameter, separate from the sea by a narrow tract of land. It was formerly a Roman port. On the north end of the island stands the town and castle, on an exceeding high rock, divided from the body of the island, and inaccessible to an enemy on all sides. This island is larger, but much more rocky and barren than Procita. Virgil makes them both shake at the fall of part of the Mole of Bajæ, that stood at a few miles' distance from them.

Qualis in Euböico Bajarum littore quondam
Saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus ante
Constructam jaciunt pelago: Sic illa ruinam
Prona trahit, penitusque vadis illisa recumbit;
Miscent se maria et nigræ attolluntur arenæ:
Tum sonitu Prochita alta tremit, durumque cubile
Inarime, Jovis Imperiis imposta Typhæo. ÆN. ix.

Not with less ruin than the Bajan Mole
(Raised on the seas the surges to control)
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall
Off the vast pile; the scattered ocean flies;
Black sands, discoloured froth, and mingled mud arise.
The frighted billows roll, and seek the shores:
Trembles high Prochyta, and Ischia roars:
Typhæus roars beneath, by Jove's command,
Astonished at the flaw that shakes the land,
Soon shifts his weary side, and, scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back. DRYD.

I do not see why Virgil in this noble comparison has given the epithet of *alta* to Procita, for it is not only no high island in itself, but is much lower than Ischia, and all the points of land that lie within its neighbourhood. I should think *alta* was joined adverbially with *tremit*, did Virgil make use of so equivocal a syntax. I cannot forbear inserting in this place the lame imitation Silius Italicus has made of the foregoing passage.

Haud aliter structo Tyrrhena ad littora saxo,
Pugnatura fretis subter cæcisque procellis
Pila immane sonans, impingitur ardua ponto;
Immugit Nereus, divisaque cærula pulsu
Illisum accipiunt irata sub æquore montem. Lib. iv.

So a vast fragment of the Bajan Mole,
That, fixed amid the Tyrrhene waters, braves
The beating tempests and insulting waves,

Thrown from its basis with a dreadful sound,
Dashes the broken billows all around,
And with resistless force the surface cleaves,
That in its angry waves the falling rock receives.

The next morning going to Cumæ through a very pleasant path, by the Mare Mortuum, and the Elysian Fields, we saw in our way a great many ruins of sepulchres, and other ancient edifices. Cumæ is at present utterly destitute of inhabitants, so much is it changed since Lucan's time, if the poem to Piso be his.

Acidaliâ quæ condidit Alite muros
Euboicam referens fœcunda Neapolis urbem.
Where the famed walls of fruitful Naples lie,
That may for multitudes with Cumæ vie.

They show here the remains of Apollo's Temple, which all the writers of the antiquities of this place suppose to have been the same Virgil describes in his sixth Æneid, as built by Dædalus, and that the very story which Virgil there mentions, was actually engraven on the front of it.

Redditus his primùm terris tibi Phœbe sacravit
Remigium Alarum, posuitque immania templa.
In foribus lethum Androgeo, tum pendere pœnas
Cecropidæ jussi, miserum! Septena quotannis
Corpora natorum: stat ductis sortibus urna.
Contra elata mari respondet Gnossia tellus, &c. ÆN. vi.

To the Cumean coast at length he came,
And, here alighting, built his costly frame
Inscribed to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The steerage of his wings that cut the sky;
Then o'er the lofty gate his art embossed
Androgeo's death, and offerings to his ghost,
Seven youths from Athens yearly sent to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete;
And next to those the dreadful urn was placed,
In which the destined names by lots were cast. DRYDEN.

Among other subterraneous works, there is the beginning of a passage, which is stopped up within less than a hundred yards of the entrance, by the earth that is fallen into it. They suppose it to have been the other mouth of the Sibyl's grotto. It lies, indeed, in the same line with the entrance near the Avernus, is faced alike with the *opus reticulatum*, and has still the marks of chambers that have been cut into the sides of it. Among the many fables and conjectures which have been made on this grotto, I think it is highly

probable, that it was once inhabited by such as, perhaps, thought it a better shelter against the sun than any other kind of building, or at least that it was made with smaller trouble and expense. As for the Mosaic and other works that may be found in it, they may very well have been added in later ages, according as they thought fit to put the place to different uses. The story of the Cimmerians is indeed clogged with improbabilities, as Strabo relates it, but it is very likely there was in it some foundation of truth. Homer's description of the Cimmerians, whom he places in these parts, answers very well to the inhabitants of such a long, dark cavern.

The gloomy race, in subterraneous cells,
Among surrounding shades and darkness dwells;
Hid in the unwholesome covert of the night,
They shun the approaches of the cheerful light:
The sun ne'er visits their obscure retreats,
Nor when he runs his course, nor when he sets.
Unhappy mortals!— ODYSS. lib. x.

Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Ænëia nutrix,
Æternam moriens famam Cajeta dedisti:
Et nunc servat honos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen
Hesperiâ in magnâ, si qua est ea gloria, signat. ÆN. vii.

And thou, O matron, of immortal fame,
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:
Cajeta still the place is called from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains;
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains. DRYDEN.

I saw at Cajeta the rock of marble said to be cleft by an earthquake at our Saviour's death. There is written over the chapel door, that leads into the crack, the words of the evangelist, *Ecce terræ-motus factus est magnus*. I believe every one who sees this vast rent in so high a rock, and observes how exactly the convex parts of one side tally with the concave of the other, must be satisfied that it was the effect of an earthquake, though I question not but it either happened long before the time of the Latin writers, or in the darker ages since, for otherwise I cannot but think they would have taken notice of its original. The port, town, castle, and antiquities of this place have been often described.

We touched next at Monte Circeio, which Homer calls Insula Æëa, whether it be that it was formerly an island, or that the Greek sailors of his time thought it so. It is certain they might easily have been deceived by its appearance, as

being a very high mountain joined to the main-land by a narrow tract of earth, that is many miles in length, and almost of a level with the surface of the water. The end of this promontory is very rocky, and mightily exposed to the winds and waves, which, perhaps, gave the first rise to the howlings of wolves and the roarings of lions, that used to be heard thence. This I had a very lively idea of, being forced to lie under it a whole night. Virgil's description of Æneas passing by this coast, can never be enough admired. It is worth while to observe how, to heighten the horror of the description, he has prepared the reader's mind, by the solemnity of Cajeta's funeral, and the dead stillness of the night.

At pius exequiis Æneas rite solutis
Aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta quiêrunt
Æquora, tendit iter velis, portumque relinquit.
Adspirant auræ in noctem, nec candida cursus
Luna negat: splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.
Proxima Circeæ raduntur littora terræ:
Dives inaccessos ubi solis filia lucos
Assiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum,
Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas:
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum
Vincla recusantum, et serâ sub nocte rudentum:
Setigerique sues, atque in præsepibus ursi
Sævire, ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum:
Quos hominum ex facie Dea sæva potentibus herbis
Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga ferarum.
Quæ nè monstra pii paterentur talia Troes
Delati in portus, neu littora dira subirent
Neptunus ventis implevit vela secundis:
Atque fugam dedit, et præter vada fervida vexit. ÆN. lib. vii.

Now, when the prince her funeral rites had paid,
He ploughed the Tyrrhene seas with sails displayed.
From land a gentle breeze arose by night,
Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright,
And the sea trembled with her silver light.
Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run,
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the sun,)
A dangerous coast: the goddess wastes her days
In joyous songs, the rocks resound her lays:
In spinning, or the loom, she spends her night,
And cedar brands supply her father's light.
From hence were heard (re-bellowing to the main)
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailor's ears.
These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.

Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's power,
(That watched the moon, and planetary hour,)
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had altered, and in brutal shapes confined.
Which monsters, lest the Trojan's pious host
Should bear, or touch upon the enchanted coast,
Propitious Neptune steered their course by night
With rising gales, that sped their happy flight. DRYDEN.

Virgil calls this promontory Æëæ Insula Circes in the third Æneid, but 'tis the hero, and not the poet, that speaks. It may, however, be looked upon as an intimation, that he himself thought it an island in Æneas's time. As for the thick woods, which not only Virgil, but Homer mentions, in the beautiful description that Plutarch and Longinus have taken notice of, they are most of them grubbed up since the promontory has been cultivated and inhabited, though there are still many spots of it which show the natural inclination of the soil leans[1] that way.

The next place we touched upon was Nettuno, where we found nothing remarkable besides the extreme poverty and laziness of the inhabitants. At two miles' distance from it lie the ruins of Antium, that are spread over a great circuit of land. There are still left the foundations of several buildings, and what are always the last parts that perish in a ruin, many subterraneous grottoes and passages of a great length. The foundations of Nero's port are still to be seen. It was altogether artificial, and composed of huge moles running round it, in a kind of circular figure, except where the ships were to enter, and had about three-quarters of a mile in its shortest diameter. Though the making of this port must have cost prodigious sums of money, we find no medal of it, and yet the same emperor has a medal struck in his own name for the port of Ostia, which in reality was a work of his predecessor Claudius. The last pope was at considerable charges to make a little kind of harbour in this place, and to convey fresh water to it, which was one of the artifices of the Grand Duke, to divert his Holiness from his project of making Civita-vecchia a free port. There lies between Antium and Nettuno a cardinal's villa, which is one of the pleasantest for walks, fountains, shades, and prospects, that I ever saw.

[1] *The natural inclination of the soil leans,*] i. e. *inclination inclines*—he should have said—*lies* that way—or, the *nature* of the soil leans that way.

Antium was formerly famous for the temple of Fortune that stood in it. All agree there were two Fortunes worshipped here, which Suetonius calls the Fortunæ Antiates, and Martial, the Sorores Antii. Some are of opinion, that by these two goddesses were meant the two Nemeses, one of which rewarded good men, as the other punished the wicked. Fabretti and others are apt to believe, that by the two Fortunes were only meant in general the goddess who sent prosperity, or she who sent afflictions to mankind, and produce in their behalf an ancient monument found in this very place, and superscribed *Fortunæ Felici*, which, indeed, may favour one opinion as well as the other, and shows, at least, they are not mistaken in the general sense of their division. I do not know whether anybody has taken notice, that this double function of the goddess gives a considerable light and beauty to the ode which Horace has addressed to her. The whole poem is a prayer to Fortune, that she would prosper Cæsar's arms, and confound his enemies, so that each of the goddesses has her task assigned in the poet's prayer; and we may observe the invocation is divided between the two deities, the first line relating indifferently to either. That which I have marked speaks to the goddess of Prosperity, or, if you please, to the Nemesis of the good, and the other to the goddess of Adversity, or to the Nemesis of the wicked.

O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos! &c.

Great goddess, Antium's guardian power,
Whose force is strong, and quick to raise
The lowest to the highest place;
Or with a wondrous fall
To bring the haughty lower,
And turn proud triumphs to a funeral, &c. CREECH.

If we take the first interpretation of the two Fortunes for the double Nemesis, the compliment to Cæsar is the greater, and the fifth stanza clearer than the commentators usually make it, for the *clavi trabales, cunei, uncus, liquidumquæ plumbum*, were actually used in the punishment of criminals.

Our next stage brought us to the mouth of the Tiber, into which we entered with some danger, the sea being generally very rough in these parts, where the river rushes into it. The season of the year, the muddiness of the stream, with

the many green trees hanging over it, put me in mind of the delightful image that Virgil has given us when Æneas took the first view of it.

Atque hic Æneas ingentem ex æquore lucum
Prospicit: hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amæno
Vorticibus rapidis et multâ flavus arenâ
In mare prorumpit: variæ circumque supraque
Assuetæ ripis volucres et fluminis alveo
Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucoque volabant.
Flectere iter sociis terræque advertere proras
Imperat, et lætus fluvio succedit opaco. ÆN. lib. vii.

The Trojan from the main beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades and a brown horror stood:
Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his course,
With whirlpools dimpled, and with downward force
That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And rolled his yellow billows to the sea;
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
That bathed within, or basked upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats applied.
The captain gives command, the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main. DRYDEN.

It is impossible to learn from the ruins of the port of Ostia, what its figure was when it stood whole and entire. I shall, therefore, set down the medal that I have before mentioned, which represents it as it was formerly.

It is worth while to compare Juvenal's description of this port with the figure it makes on the coin.

Tandem intrat positas inclusa per æquora moles,
Tyrrhenamque Pharon, porrectaque brachia, rursus
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio longèque relinquunt
Italiam: non sic igitur mirabere portus
Quos natura dedit— JUV. Sat. 12.

At last within the mighty mole she gets,
Our Tyrrhene Pharos, that the mid sea meets
With its embrace, and leaves the land behind;
A work so wondrous Nature ne'er designed. DRYD. JUV.

The seas may very properly be said to be enclosed (*inclusa*) between the two semicircular moles that almost surround them. The Colossus, with something like a lighted torch in its hand, is probably the Pharos in the second line. The two moles that we must suppose are joined to the land behind the Pharos, are very poetically described by the

—Porrectaque brachia, rursus
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longèque relinquunt
Italiam—

as they retire from one another in the compass they make, till their two ends almost meet a second time in the midst of the waters, where the figure of Neptune sits. The poet's reflection on the haven is very just, since there are few natural ports better land-locked, and closed on all sides, than this seems to have been. The figure of Neptune has a rudder by him, to mark the convenience of the harbour for navigation, as he is represented himself at the entrance of it, to show it stood in the sea. The dolphin distinguishes him from a river god, and figures out his dominion over the seas. He holds the same fish in his hand on other medals. What it means we may learn from the Greek epigram on the figure of a Cupid, that had a dolphin in one hand, and a flower in the other.

Ουδὲ μάτην παλάμαις κατέχει δελφῖνα καὶ ἄνθος,
Τῇ μεν γαρ γαῖαν τῇδε θάλασσαν ἔχει.

A proper emblem graces either hand,
In one he holds the sea, in one the land.

Half a day more brought us to Rome, through a road that is commonly visited by travellers.

ROME.

It is generally observed, that modern Rome stands higher than the ancient; some have computed it about fourteen or fifteen feet, taking one place with another. The reason given for it is, that the present city stands upon the ruins of the former; and indeed I have often observed, that where any considerable pile of building stood anciently, one still finds a rising ground, or a little kind of hill, which was doubtless made up out of the fragments and rubbish of the ruined edifice. But besides this particular cause, we may assign another that has very much contributed to the raising the situation of several parts of Rome: it being certain the great quantities of earth, that have been washed off from the hills by the violence of showers, have had no small share in it. This any one may be sensible of, who observes how far several buildings that stand near the roots of mountains, are sunk deeper in the earth than those that have been on the tops of hills,

or in open plains; for which reason the present face of Rome is much more even and level than it was formerly; the same cause that has raised the lower grounds having contributed to sink those that were higher.

There are in Rome two sets of antiquities, the Christian and the heathen. The former, though of a fresher date, are so embroiled with fable and legend, that one receives but little satisfaction from searching into them. The other give a great deal of pleasure to such as have met with them before in ancient authors; for a man who is in Rome can scarce see an object that does not call to mind a piece of a Latin poet or historian. Among the remains of old Rome, the grandeur of the commonwealth shows itself chiefly in works that were either necessary or convenient, such as temples, highways, aqueducts, walls, and bridges of the city. On the contrary, the magnificence of Rome under the emperors, is seen principally in such works as were rather for ostentation or luxury, than any real usefulness or necessity, as in baths, amphitheatres, circuses, obelisks, triumphal pillars, arches, and mausoleums; for what they added to the aqueducts was rather to supply their baths and naumachias, and to embellish the city with fountains, than out of any real necessity there was for them. These several remains have been so copiously described by abundance of travellers and other writers, particularly by those concerned in the learned collection of Grævius, that it is very difficult to make any new discoveries on so beaten a subject. There is, however, so much to be observed in so spacious a field of antiquities, that it is almost impossible to survey them without taking new hints, and raising different reflections, according as a man's natural turn of thoughts, or the course of his studies, direct him.

No part of the antiquities of Rome pleased me so much as the ancient statues, of which there is still an incredible variety. The workmanship is often the most exquisite of anything in its kind. A man would wonder how it were possible for so much life to enter into marble, as may be discovered in some of the best of them; and even in the meanest, one has the satisfaction of seeing the faces, postures, airs, and dress of those that have lived so many ages before us. There is a strange resemblance between the figures of the several heathen deities, and the descriptions that the Latin poets have given us of them; but as the first may be

looked upon as the ancienter of the two, I question not but the Roman poets were the copiers of the Greek statuaries. Though on other occasions we often find the statuaries took their subjects from the poets. The Laocoon is too known an instance among many others that are to be met with at Rome. In the villa Aldabrandina are the figures of an old and young man, engaged together at the Cæstus, who are probably the Dares and Entellus of Virgil; where by the way one may observe the make of the ancient Cæstus, that it only consisted of so many large thongs about the hand, without anything like a piece of lead at the end of them, as some writers of antiquities have falsely imagined.

I question not but many passages in the old poets hint at several parts of sculpture, that were in vogue in the author's time, though they are now never thought of, and that therefore such passages lose much of their beauty in the eye of a modern reader, who does not look upon them in the same light with the author's contemporaries. I shall only mention two or three out of Juvenal, that his commentators have not taken notice of. The first runs thus,

> Multa pudicitiæ veteris vestigia forsan,
> Aut aliqua extiterint, et sub Jove, sed Jove nondum
> Barbato— Sat. 6.
>
> Some thin remains of chastity appeared
> Ev'n under Jove, but Jove without a beard. DRYDEN.

I appeal to any reader, if the humour here would not appear much more natural and unforced to a people that saw every day some or other statue of this god with a thick bushy beard, as there are still many of them extant at Rome, than it can to us who have no such idea of him; especially if we consider there was in the same city a temple dedicated to the young Jupiter, called *Templum Vœjovis*, where, in all probability, there stood the particular statue of a *Jupiter Imberbis*.[1] Juvenal, in another place, makes his flatterer compare the neck of one that is but feebly built, to that of Hercules holding up Antæus from the earth.

> Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus æquat
> Herculis Antæum procul a tellure tenentis. Sat. 3.
>
> His long crane neck and narrow shoulders praise;
> You 'd think they were describing Hercules
> Lifting Antæus— DRYDEN.

[1] Vid. Ov. de Fastis, lib. iii. Ecl. 71.

What a strained, unnatural similitude must this seem to a modern reader, but how full of humour, if we suppose it alludes to any celebrated statues of these two champions, that stood perhaps in some public place or highway near Rome! And what makes it more than probable there were such statues, we meet with the figures which Juvenal here describes, on antique intaglios and medals. Nay, Propertius has taken notice of the very statues.

Luctantum in pulvere signa
Herculis Antæique— Lib. iii. Car. i.

Antæus here and stern Alcides strive,
And both the grappling statues seem to live.

I cannot forbear observing here, that the turn of the neck and arms is often commended in the Latin poets among the beauties of a man, as in Horace we find both put together, in that beautiful description of jealousy:

Dum tu Lydia Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficile bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manent: humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

While Telephus's youthful charms,
His rosy neck, and winding arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in the tender name delight;
My heart, enraged by jealous heats,
With numberless resentments beats;
From my pale cheeks the colour flies,
And all the man within me dies;
By fits my swelling grief appears
In rising sighs, and falling tears,
That show too well the warm desires,
The silent, slow, consuming fires,
Which on my inmost vitals prey,
And melt my very soul away.

This we should be at a loss to account for, did we not observe in the old Roman statues, that these two parts were always bare, and exposed to view, as much as our hands and face are at present. I cannot leave Juvenal without taking notice that his

Ventilat æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum
Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera Gemmæ, Sat. 1.

Charged with light summer rings his fingers sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight, DRYDEN.

was not anciently so great an hyperbole as it is now, for I have seen old Roman rings so very thick about, and with such large stones in them, that 'tis no wonder a fop should reckon them a little cumbersome in the summer season of so hot a climate.

It is certain that satire delights in such allusions and instances as are extremely natural and familiar: when therefore we see anything in an old satirist that looks forced and pedantic, we ought to consider how it appeared in the time the poet writ, and whether or no there might not be some particular circumstances to recommend it to the readers of his own age, which we are now deprived of. One of the finest ancient statues in Rome is a Meleager with a spear in his hand, and the head of a wild boar on one side of him. It is of Parian marble, and as yellow as ivory. One meets with many other figures of Meleager in the ancient basso relievos, and on the sides of the Sarcophagi, or funeral monuments. Perhaps it was the arms or device of the old Roman hunters; which conjecture I have found confirmed in a passage of Manilius, that lets us know the pagan hunters had Meleager for their patron, as the Christians have their St. Hubert. He speaks of the constellation which makes a good sportsman.

Quibus aspirantibus orti
Te Meleagre colunt— MANIL. lib. i.

I question not but this sets a verse, in the fifth Satire of Juvenal, in a much better light than if we suppose that the poet aims only at the old story of Meleager, without considering it as so very common and familiar a one among the Romans.

Flavi dignus ferro Meleagri
Spumat aper— JUV. Sat. 5.

A boar entire, and worthy of the sword
Of Meleager, smokes upon the board. MR. BOWLES.

In the beginning of the ninth Satire, Juvenal asks his friend why he looks like Marsya when he was overcome?

Scire velim quare toties mihi Nævole tristis
Occurris fronte obductâ, seu Marsya victus?

Tell me, while sauntering thus from place to place,
I meet thee, Nevolus, with a clouded face? DRYD. JUV.

Some of the commentators tells us, that Marsya was a lawyer who had lost his cause; others say that this passage alludes to the story of the satyr Marsyas, who contended with Apollo; which I think is more humorous than the other, if we consider there was a famous statue of Apollo flaying Marsya in the midst of the Roman forum, as there are still several ancient statues of Rome on the same subject.

There is a passage in the sixth Satire of Juvenal, that I could never tell what to make of, till I had got the interpretation of it from one of Bellorio's ancient basso relievos.

> Magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles
> Ut phaleris gauderet equus: cælataque cassis
> Romuleæ simulachra feræ mansuescere jussæ
> Imperii fato, et geminos sub rupe Quirinos,
> Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis et hastâ,
> Pendentisque Dei, perituro ostenderet hosti. JUV. Sat. 11.
>
> Or else a helmet for himself he made,
> Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
> The Roman wolf suckling the twins was there,
> And Mars himself, armed with his shield and spear,
> Hovering above his crest, did dreadful show,
> As threatening death to each resisting foe. DRYD. JUV.

Juvenal here describes the simplicity of the old Roman soldiers, and the figures that were generally engraven on their helmets. The first of them was the wolf giving suck to Romulus and Remus: the second, which is comprehended in the two last verses, is not so intelligible. Some of the commentators tell us, that the god here mentioned is Mars, that he comes to see his two sons sucking the wolf, and that the old sculptors generally drew their figures naked, that they might have the advantage of representing the different swelling of the muscles, and the turns of the body. But they are extremely at a loss to know what is meant by the word *pendentis;* some fancy it expresses only the great embossment of the figure, others believe it hung off the helmet in *alto relievo*, as in the foregoing translation. Lubin supposes that the god Mars was engraven on the shield, and that he is said to be hanging, because the shield which bore him hung on the left shoulder. One of the old interpreters is of opinion, that by hanging is only meant a posture of bending forward to strike the enemy. Another will have it, that whatever is placed on the head may be said to hang, as we call hanging gardens, such as are planted on the top of

the house. Several learned men, who like none of these explications, believe there has been a fault in the transcriber, and that *pendentis* ought to be *perdentis;* but they quote no manuscript in favour of their conjecture. The true meaning of the words is certainly as follows. The Roman soldiers, who were not a little proud of their founder, and the military genius of their republic, used to bear on their helmets the first history of Romulus, who was begot by the god of war, and suckled by a wolf. The figure of the god was made as if descending upon the priestess Ilia, or, as others call her, Rhea Silvia. . The occasion required his body should be naked,

> Tu quoque inermis eras cum te formosa sacerdos
> Cepit: ut huic urbi semina magna dares. Ov. DE FAS. lib. iii.
>
> Then too, our mighty Sire, thou stood'st disarmed,
> When thy rapt soul the lovely priestess charmed,
> That Rome's high founder bore—

Though on other occasions he is drawn, as Horace has described him, *Tunicâ cinctum adamantinâ.* The sculptor, however, to distinguish him from the rest of the gods, gave him what the medallists call his proper attributes, a spear in one hand and a shield in the other. As he was represented descending, his figure appeared suspended in the air over the vestal virgin, in which sense the word *pendentis* is extremely proper and poetical. Besides the antique *basso relievo*, that made me first think of this interpretation, I have since met with the same figures on the reverses of a couple of ancient coins, which were stamped in the reign of Antoninus Pius, as a compliment to that emperor, whom for his excellent government and conduct of the city of Rome, the senate regarded as a second kind of founder.

> Ilia Vestalis (quid enim vetat inde moveri)
> Sacra lavaturas manè petebat aquas:
> Fessa resedit humi, ventosque accepit aperto
> Pectore; turbatas restituitque comas.
> Dum sedet; umbrosæ salices volucresque canoræ
> Fecerunt somnos, et leve murmur aquæ.
> Blanda quies victis furtim subrepit ocellis,
> Et cadit a mento languida facta manus?
> Mars videt hanc, visamque cupit, potiturque cupitâ:
> Et sua divinâ furta fefellit ope.
> Somnus abit: jacet illa gravis, jam scilicet intra
> Viscera Romanæ conditor urbis erat.
>
> Ov. DE FAST. lib. iii. Eleg. 1.

As the fair vestal to the fountain came,
(Let none be startled at a vestal's name,)
Tired with the walk, she laid her down to rest,
And to the winds exposed her glowing breast
To take the freshness of the morning air,
And gathered in a knot her flowing hair:
While thus she rested on her arm reclined,
The hoary willows waving with the wind,
And feathered choirs that warbled in the shade,
And purling streams that through the meadow strayed,
In drowsy murmurs lulled the gentle maid.
The god of war beheld the virgin lie,
The god beheld her with a lover's eye,
And by so tempting an occasion pressed,
The beauteous maid, whom he beheld, possessed:
Conceiving as she slept, her fruitful womb
Swelled with the founder of immortal Rome.

I cannot quit this head without taking notice of a line in Seneca the tragedian.

Primus emergit solo
Dextrâ ferocem cornibus premens taurum
Zetus— SEN. ŒDIP. act. iii.

First Zetus rises through the ground,
Bending the bull's tough neck with pain,
That tosses back his horns in vain.

I cannot doubt but the poet had here in view the posture of Zetus in the famous group of figures, which represents the two brothers binding Dirce to the horns of a mad bull.

I could not forbear taking particular notice of the several musical instruments that are to be seen in the hands of the Apollos, muses, fauns, satyrs, bacchanals, and shepherds, which might certainly give a great light to the dispute for preference between the ancient and modern music. It would, perhaps, be no impertinent design to take off all their models in wood, which might not only give us some notion of the ancient music, but help us to pleasanter instruments than are now in use. By the appearance they make in marble, there is not one string-instrument that seems comparable to our violins, for they are all played on, either by the bare fingers, or the plectrum, so that they were incapable of adding any length to their notes, or of varying them by those insensible swellings and wearings away of sound upon the same string, which give so wonderful a sweetness to our modern music. Besides, that the string-instruments must have had very low and feeble voices, as may be guessed from

the small proportion of wood about them, which could not contain air enough to render the strokes, in any considerable measure, full and sonorous. There is a great deal of difference in the make, not only of the several kinds of instruments, but even among those of the same name. The Syringa, for example, has sometimes four, and sometimes more pipes, as high as the twelve. The same variety of strings may be observed on their harps, and of stops on their Tibiæ, which shows the little foundation that such writers have gone upon, who, from a verse perhaps in Virgil's Eclogues, or a short passage in a classic author, have been so very nice in determining the precise shape of the ancient musical instruments, with the exact number of their pipes, strings, and stops. It is, indeed, the usual fault of the writers of antiquities, to straiten and confine themselves to particular models. They are for making a kind of stamp on everything of the same name, and if they find anything like an old description of the subject they treat on, they take care to regulate it on all occasions, according to the figure it makes in such a single passage: as the learned German author, quoted by Monsieur Baudelot, who had probably never seen anything of a household god, more than a canopus, affirms roundly, that all the ancient lares were made in the fashion of a jug-bottle. In short, the antiquaries have been guilty of the same fault as the system-writers, who are for cramping their subjects into as narrow a space as they can, and for reducing the whole extent of a science into a few general maxims. This a man has occasion of observing more than once, in the several fragments of antiquity that are still to be seen in Rome. How many dresses are there for each particular deity! What a variety of shapes in the ancient urns, lamps, lachrymary vessels, Priapuses, household gods, which have some of them been represented under such a particular form, as any one of them has been described with in an ancient author, and would probably be all so, were they not still to be seen in their own vindication? Madam Dacier, from some old cuts of Terence, fancies that the larva, or the persona of the Roman actors, was not only a vizard for the face, but had false hair to it, and came over the whole head like a helmet. Among all the statues at Rome, I remember to have seen but two that are the figures of actors, which are both in the Villa Matthei. One sees on them the

fashion of the old sock and larva, the latter of which answers the description that is given of it by this learned lady, though I question not but several others were in use; for I have seen the figure of Thalia, the comic muse, sometimes with an entire head-piece in her hand, sometimes with about half the head, and a little frizze, like a tower, running round the edges of the face, and sometimes with a mask for the face only, like those of a modern make. Some of the Italian actors wear at present these masks for the whole head. I remember formerly I could have no notion of that fable in Phædrus, before I had seen the figures of these entire head-pieces.

> Personam tragicam fortè vulpes viderat;
> O quanta species, inquit, cerebrum non habet! Lib. i. Fab. 7.
>
> As wily Renard walked the streets at night,
> On a tragedian's mask he chanced to light,
> Turning it o'er, he muttered with disdain,
> How vast a head is here without a brain?

I find Madam Dacier has taken notice of this passage in Phædrus, upon the same occasion; but not of the following one in Martial, which alludes to the same kind of masks.

> Non omnes fallis, scit te Proserpina canum,
> Personam capiti detrahet illa tuo. Lib. iii. Ep. 43.
>
> Why shouldst thou try to hide thyself in youth?
> Impartial Proserpine beholds the truth,
> And, laughing at so fond and vain a task,
> Will strip thy hoary noddle of its mask.

In the Villa Borghese is the bust of a young Nero, which shows us the form of an ancient Bulla on the breast, which is neither like a heart, as Macrobius describes it, nor altogether resembles that in Cardinal Chigi's cabinet; so that without establishing a particular instance into a general rule, we ought, in subjects of this nature, to leave room for the humour of the artist or wearer. There are many figures of gladiators at Rome, though I do not remember to have seen any of the Retiarius, the Samnite, or the antagonist to the Pinnirapus. But what I could not find among the statues, I met with in two antique pieces of Mosaic, which are in the possession of a cardinal. The Retiarius is engaged with the Samnite, and has had so lucky a throw, that his net covers the whole body of his adversary from head to foot, yet his antagonist recovered himself out of the toils, and was conqueror, accord-

ing to the inscription. In another piece is represented the combat of the Pinnirapus, who is armed like the Samnite, and not like the Retiarius, as some learned men have supposed: on the helmet of his antagonist are seen the two Pinnæ, that stand up on either side like the wings in the petasus of a Mercury, but rise much higher, and are more pointed.

There is no part of the Roman antiquities that we are better acquainted with, than what relates to their sacrifices. For as the old Romans were very much devoted to their religion, we see several parts of it entering their ancient *basso relievos*, statues, and medals, not to mention their altars, tombs, monuments, and those particular ornaments of architecture which were borrowed from it. An heathen ritual could not instruct a man better than these several pieces of antiquity, in the particular ceremonies and punctilios that attended the different kinds of sacrifices. Yet there is much greater variety in the make of the sacrificing instruments, than one finds who have treated of them, or have given us their pictures. For not to insist too long on such a subject, I saw in Signior Antonio Polito's collection, a patera without any rising in the middle, as it is generally engraven, and another with a handle to it, as Macrobius describes it, though it is quite contrary to any that I have ever seen cut in marble; and I have observed, perhaps, several hundreds. I might here enlarge on the shape of the triumphal chariot, which is different in some pieces of sculpture from what it appears in others; and on the figure of the discus, that is to be seen in the hand of the celebrated Castor at Don Livio's, which is perfectly round, and not oblong, as some antiquaries have represented it, nor has it anything like a sling fastened to it, to add force to the toss.

> Protinus imprudens, actusque cupidine lusus
> Tollere Tænarides *orbem* properabat—
> —*De Hyacinthi disco.* OV. MET. lib. x.
>
> The unwary youth, impatient for the cast,
> Went to snatch up the rolling orb in haste.

Notwithstanding there are so great a multitude of clothed statues at Rome, I could never discover the several different Roman garments, for 'tis very difficult to trace out the figure of a vest, through all the plaits and foldings of the drapery; besides that, the Roman garments did not differ from each

other so much by the shape as by the embroidery and colour, the one of which was too nice for the statuary's observation, as the other does not lie within the expression of the chisel. I observed, in abundance of *bas reliefs*, that the *cinctus gabinus* is nothing else but a long garment, not unlike a surplice, which would have trailed on the ground had it hung loose, and was therefore gathered about the middle with a girdle. After this it is worth while to read the laborious description that Ferrarius has made of it. *Cinctus gabinus non aliud fuit quàm cum togæ lacinia lævo brachio subducta in tergum ita rejiciebatur, ut contracta retraheretur ad pectus, atque ita in nodum necteretur; qui nodus sive cinctus togam contrahebat, brevioremque et strictiorem reddidit. De re Vestiar.* lib. i. c. 14. Lipsius's description of the Samnite armour seems drawn out of the words of Livy; yet not long ago a statue, which was dug up at Rome, dressed in this kind of armour, gives a much different explication of Livy from what Lipsius has done. This figure was superscribed *BA. TO. NI.*, from whence Fabretti[1] concludes, that it was a monument erected to the gladiator Bato, who, after having succeeded in two combats, was killed in the third, and honourably interred by order of the Emperor Caracalla. The manner of punctuation after each syllable is to be met with in other antique inscriptions. I confess I could never learn where this figure is now to be seen, but I think it may serve as an instance of the great uncertainty of this science of antiquities.

In a palace of Prince Cesarini, I saw busts of all the Antonine family, which were dug up about two years since, not far from Albano, in a place where is supposed to have stood a villa of Marcus Aurelius. There are the heads of Antoninus Pius, the Faustinas, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, a young Commodus, and Annius Verus, all incomparably well cut.

Though the statues that have been found among the ruins of old Rome are already very numerous, there is no question but posterity will have the pleasure of seeing many noble pieces of sculpture which are still undiscovered, for, doubtless, there are greater treasures of this nature under ground, than what are yet brought to light. They have often dug into

[1] Vide Fabr. de Columnâ Trajani.

lands that are described in old authors, as the places where such particular statues or obelisks stood, and have seldom failed of success in their pursuits. There are still many such promising spots of ground that have never been searched into. A great part of the Palatine mountain, for example, lies untouched, which was formerly the seat of the imperial palace, and may be presumed to abound with more treasures of this nature than any other part of Rome.

Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti,
Exultatque habitante Deo, potioraque Delphis
Supplicibus latè populis oracula pandit.
Non alium certè decuit rectoribus orbis
Esse Larem, nulloque magis se colle potestas
Æstimat et summi sentit fastigia juris,
Attollens apicem subjectis regia rostris
Tot circum delubra videt, tantisque Deorum
Cingitur excubiis— CLAUD. DE SEXTO CONSULAT. HONORII.

The Palatine, proud Rome's imperial seat,
(An awful pile!) stands venerably great:
Thither the kingdoms and the nations come,
In supplicating crowds, to learn their doom;
To Delphi less the inquiring worlds repair,
Nor does a greater god inhabit there:
This sure the pompous mansion was designed
To please the mighty rulers of mankind;
Inferior temples rise on either hand,
And on the borders of the palace stand,
While o'er the rest her head she proudly rears,
And lodged amidst her guardian gods appears.

But whether it be that the richest of these discoveries fall into the pope's hands, or for some other reason, it is said that the Prince Farnese, who is the present owner of this seat, will keep it from being turned up till he sees one of his own family in the chair. There are undertakers in Rome who often purchase the digging of fields, gardens, or vineyards, where they find any likelihood of succeeding, and some have been known to arrive at great estates by it. They pay according to the dimensions of the surface they are to break up, and after having made essays into it, as they do for coal in England, they rake into the most promising parts of it, though they often find, to their disappointment, that others have been beforehand with them. However, they generally gain enough by the rubbish and bricks, which the present architects value much beyond those of a modern make, to defray the charges of their search. I was shown

two spaces of ground, where part of Nero's golden house stood, for which the owner has been offered an extraordinary sum of money. What encouraged the undertakers, are several very ancient trees, which grow upon the spot, from whence they conclude that these particular tracts of ground must have lain untouched for some ages. 'Tis pity there is not something like a public register, to preserve the memory of such statues as have been found from time to time, and to mark the particular places where they have been taken up, which would not only prevent many fruitless searches for the future, but might often give a considerable light into the quality of the place, or the design of the statue.

But the great magazine for all kinds of treasure, is supposed to be the bed of the Tiber. We may be sure, when the Romans lay under the apprehensions of seeing their city sacked by a barbarous enemy, as they have done more than once, that they would take care to bestow such of their riches this way as could best bear the water: besides what the insolence of a brutish conqueror may be supposed to have contributed, who had an ambition to waste and destroy all the beauties of so celebrated a city. I need not mention the old common-shore of Rome, which ran from all parts of the town with the current and violence of an ordinary river, nor the frequent inundations of the Tiber, which may have swept away many of the ornaments of its banks, nor the several statues that the Romans themselves flung into it, when they would revenge themselves on the memory of an ill citizen, a dead tyrant, or a discarded favourite. At Rome they have so general an opinion of the riches of this river, that the Jews have formerly proffered the pope to cleanse it, so they might have for their pains, what they found in the bosom of it. I have seen the valley near Ponte Molle, which they proposed to fashion into a new channel for it, till they had cleared the old for its reception. The pope, however, would not comply with the proposal, as fearing the heats might advance too far before they had finished their work, and produce a pestilence among his people; though I do not see why such a design might not be executed now with as little danger as in Augustus's time, were there as many hands employed upon it. The city of Rome would receive a great advantage from the undertaking, as it would raise the banks and deepen the bed of the Tiber, and by consequence

free them from those frequent inundations to which they are so subject at present; for the channel of the river is observed to be narrower within the walls than either below or above them.

Before I quit this subject of the statues, I think it very observable, that among those which are already found there should be so many not only of the same persons, but made after the same design. One would not indeed wonder to see several figures of particular deities and emperors, who had a multitude of temples erected to them, and had their several sets of worshippers and admirers. Thus Ceres, the most beneficent and useful of the heathen divinities, has more statues than any other of the gods or goddesses, as several of the Roman empresses took a pleasure to be represented in her dress. And I believe one finds as many figures of that excellent emperor Marcus Aurelius, as of all the rest together; because the Romans had so great a veneration for his memory, that it grew into a part of their religion to preserve a statue of him in almost every private family. But how comes it to pass, that so many of these statues are cut after the very same model, and not only of these, but of such as had no relation, either to the interest or devotion of the owner, as the dying Cleopatra, the Narcissus, the Fawn leaning against the trunk of a tree, the boy with the bird in his hand, the Leda and the swan, with many others of the same nature? I must confess I always look upon figures of this kind, as the copies of some celebrated master-piece, and question not but they were famous originals, that gave rise to the several statues which we see with the same air, posture, and attitudes. What confirms me in this conjecture, there are many ancient statues of the Venus de Medicis, the Silenus with the young Bacchus in his arms, the Hercules Farnese, the Antinöus, and other beautiful originals of the ancients, that are already drawn out of the rubbish, where they lay concealed for so many ages. Among the rest I have observed more that are formed after the design of the Venus of Medicis than of any other, from whence I believe one may conclude, that it was the most celebrated statue among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. It has always been usual for sculptors to work upon the best models, as it is for those that are curious to have copies of them.

I am apt to think something of the same account may be

given of the resemblance that we meet with in many of the antique *basso relievos*. I remember I was very well pleased with the device of one that I met with on the tomb of a young Roman lady, which had been made for her by her mother. The sculptor had chosen the rape of Proserpine for his device, where in one end you might see the god of the dead (Pluto) hurrying away a beautiful young virgin, (Proserpine,) and at the other the grief and distraction of the mother (Ceres) on that occasion. I have since observed the same device upon several sarcophagi, that have enclosed the ashes of men or boys, maids or matrons; for when the thought took, though at first it received its rise from such a particular occasion as I have mentioned, the ignorance of the sculptors applied it promiscuously. I know there are authors who discover a mystery in this device.

A man is sometimes surprised to find so many extravagant fancies as are cut on the old Pagan tombs. Masks, hunting matches, and bacchanals are very common; sometimes one meets with a lewd figure of a Priapus, and in the villa Pamphilia is seen a satyr coupling with a goat. There are, however, many of a more serious nature, that shadow out the existence of the soul after death, and the hopes of a happy immortality. I cannot leave the basso relievos, without mentioning one of them, where the thought is extremely noble. It is called Homer's apotheosis, and consists of a group of figures cut in the same block of marble, and rising one above another by four or five different ascents. Jupiter sits at the top of it with a thunderbolt in his hand, and, in such a majesty as Homer himself represents him, presides over the ceremony.

> Εὗρον δ' ἐυρυοπα Κρονίδην ἄτερ ἥμενον ἄλλων
> Ἀκροτάτῳ κορυφῇ πολυδείραδος Οὐλύμποιο.

Immediately beneath him are the figures of the nine muses, supposed to be celebrating the praises of the poet. Homer himself is placed at one end of the lowest row, sitting in a chair of state, which is supported on each side by the figure of a kneeling woman. The one holds a sword in her hand to represent the Iliad, or actions of Achilles, as the other has an Aplustre to represent the Odyssey, or voyage of Ulysses. About the poet's feet are creeping a couple of mice, as an emblem of the Batrachomyomachia. Behind the chair

stands Time, and the Genius of the Earth, distinguished by their proper attributes, and putting a garland on the poet's head, to intimate the mighty reputation he has gained in all ages and in all nations of the world. Before him stands an altar with a bull ready to be sacrificed to the new god, and behind the victim a train of the several virtues that are represented in Homer's works, or to be learnt out of them, lifting up their hands in admiration of the poet, and in applause of the solemnity. This antique piece of sculpture is in the possession of the Constable Colonna, but never shown to those who see the palace, unless they particularly desire it.

Among the great variety of ancient coins which I saw at Rome, I could not but take particular notice of such as relate to any of the buildings or statues that are still extant. Those of the first kind have been already published by the writers of the Roman antiquities, and may be most of them met with in the last edition of Donatus, as the pillars of Trajan and Antonine, the arches of Drusus Germanicus and Septimius Severus, the temples of Janus, Concord, Vesta, Jupiter Tonans, Apollo, and Faustina, the Circus Maximus, Agonalis, and that of Caracalla, or, according to Fabretti, of Galienus, of Vespasian's amphitheatre, and Alexander Severus's baths; though, I must confess, the subject of the last may be very well doubted of. As for the *Meta sudans* and *Pons Ælius*, which have gained a place among the buildings that are now standing, and to be met with on old reverses of medals, the coin that shows the first is generally rejected as spurious; nor is the other, though cited in the last edition of Monsieur Vaillant, esteemed more authentic by the present Roman medallists, who are certainly the most skilful in the world, as to the mechanical part of this science. I shall close up this set of medals with a very curious one, as large as a medallion, that is singular in its kind. On one side is the head of the Emperor Trajan, the reverse has on it the Circus Maximus, and a view of the side of the Palatine mountain that faces it, on which are seen several edifices, and among the rest the famous Temple of Apollo, that has still a considerable ruin standing. This medal I saw in the hands of Monseigneur Strozzi, brother to the duke of that name, who has many curiosities in his possession, and is very obliging to a stranger who desires the sight of them. It is a surprising thing, that among the

great pieces of architecture represented on the old coins, one can never meet with the Pantheon, the Mausoleum of Augustus, Nero's golden house, the Moles Adriani, the Septizonium of Severus, the baths of Dioclesian, &c. But since it was the custom of the Roman emperors thus to register their most remarkable buildings, as well as actions, and since there are several in either of these kinds not to be found on medals, more extraordinary than those that are; we may, I think, with great reason suspect our collections of old coins to be extremely deficient, and that those which are already found out scarce bear a proportion to what are yet undiscovered. A man takes a great deal more pleasure in surveying the ancient statues, who compares them with medals, than it is possible for him to do without some little knowledge this way; for these two arts illustrate each other; and as there are several particulars in history and antiquities which receive a great light from ancient coins, so would it be impossible to decipher the faces of the many statues that are to be seen at Rome, without so universal a key to them. It is this that teaches to distinguish the kings and consuls, emperors and empresses, the deities and virtues, with a thousand other particulars relating to statuary, and not to be learnt by any other means. In the villa Pamphilia stands the statue of a man in woman's clothes, which the antiquaries do not know what to make of, and therefore pass it off for an hermaphrodite; but a learned medallist in Rome has lately fixed it to Clodius, who is so famous for having intruded into the solemnities of the Bona Dea in a woman's habit, for one sees the same features and make of face in a medal of the Clodian family.

I have seen on coins the four finest figures perhaps that are now extant: the Hercules Farnese, the Venus of Medicis, the Apollo in the Belvidere, and the famous Marcus Aurelius on horseback. The oldest medal that the first appears upon is one of Commodus, the second on one of Faustina, the third on one of Antoninus Pius, and the last on one of Lucius Verus. We may conclude, I think, from hence, that these statues were extremely celebrated among the old Romans, or they would never have been honoured with a place among the emperor's coins. We may further observe, that all four of them make their first appearance in the Antonine family, for which reason I am apt to think

they are all of them the product of that age. They would probably have been mentioned by Pliny the naturalist, who lived in the next reign save one before Antoninus Pius, had they been made in his time. As for the brazen figure of Marcus Aurelius on horseback, there is no doubt of its being of this age, though I must confess it may be doubted whether the medal I have cited represents it. All I can say for it is, that the horse and man on the medal are in the same posture as they are on the statue, and that there is a resemblance of Marcus Aurelius's face, for I have seen this reverse on a medallion of Don Livio's cabinet, and much more distinctly in another very beautiful one, that is in the hands of Signior Marc. Antonio. It is generally objected, that Lucius Verus would rather have placed the figure of himself on horseback upon the reverse of his own coin, than the figure of Marcus Aurelius. But it is very well known that an emperor often stamped on his coins the face or ornaments of his colleague, as an instance of his respect or friendship for him; and we may suppose Lucius Verus would omit no opportunity of doing honour to Marcus Aurelius, whom he rather revered as his father, than treated as his partner in the empire. The famous Antinous in the Belvidere must have been made too about this age, for he died towards the middle of Adrian's reign, the immediate predecessor of Antoninus Pius. This entire figure, though not to be found in medals, may be seen in several precious stones. Monsieur La Chausse, the author of the Museum Romanum, showed me an Antinous that he has published in his last volume, cut in a cornelian, which he values at fifty pistoles. It represents him in the habit of a Mercury, and is the finest *intaglia* that I ever saw.

Next to the statues, there is nothing in Rome more surprising than that amazing variety of ancient pillars of so many kinds of marble. As most of the old statues may be well supposed to have been cheaper to their first owners than they are to a modern purchaser, several of the pillars are certainly rated at a much lower price at present than they were of old. For not to mention what a huge column of granite, serpentine, or porphyry, must have cost in the quarry, or in its carriage from Egypt to Rome, we may only consider the great difficulty of hewing it into any form, and of giving it the due turn, proportion, and polish. It is well known how these sorts of marble resist the impressions of such in-

struments as are now in use. There is, indeed, a Milanese at Rome who works in them, but his advances are so very slow, that he scarce lives upon what he gains by it. He showed me a piece of porphyry worked into an ordinary salver, which had cost him four months' continual application, before he could bring it into that form. The ancients had probably some secret to harden the edges of their tools, without recurring to those extravagant opinions of their having an art to mollify the stone, or that it was naturally softer at its first cutting from the rock, or what is still more absurd, that it was an artificial composition, and not the natural product of mines and quarries. The most valuable pillars about Rome, for the marble of which they are made, are the four columns of oriental jasper in St. Paulina's chapel at St. Maria Maggiore; two of oriental granite in St. Pudenziana; one of trasparent oriental jasper in the Vatican library; four of Nero-Bianco, in St. Cecilia Transtevere; two of Brocatello, and two of oriental agate in Don Livio's palace; two of Giallo Antico in St. John Lateran, and two of Verdi Antique in the Villa Pamphilia. These are all entire and solid pillars, and made of such kinds of marble as are nowhere to be found but among antiquities, whether it be that the veins of it are undiscovered, or that they were quite exhausted upon the ancient buildings. Among these old pillars, I cannot forbear reckoning a great part of an alabaster column, which was found in the ruins of Livia's portico. It is of the colour of fire, and may be seen over the high altar of St. Maria in Campitello, for they have cut it into two pieces, and fixed it in the shape of a cross in a hole of the wall that was made on purpose to receive it; so that the light passing through it from without, makes it look, to those who are in the church, like a huge transparent cross of amber. As for the workmanship of the old Roman pillars, Monsieur Desgodetz, in his accurate measures of these ruins, has observed, that the ancients have not kept to the nicety of proportion, and the rules of art, so much as the moderns in this particular. Some, to excuse this defect, lay the blame of it on the workmen of Egypt, and of other nations, who sent most of the ancient pillars ready shaped to Rome: others say that the ancients, knowing architecture was chiefly designed to please the eye, only took care to avoid such disproportions as were gross enough to be observed by the

sight, without minding whether or no they approached to a mathematical exactness: others will have it rather to be an effect of art, and of what the Italians call the *gusto grande*, than of any negligence in the architect; for they say the ancients always considered the situation of a building, whether it were high or low, in an open square or in a narrow street, and more or less deviated from their rules of art, to comply with the several distances and elevations from which their works were to be regarded. It is said there is an Ionic pillar in the Santa Maria Transtevere, where the marks of the compass are still to be seen on the volute, and that Palladio learnt from hence the working of that difficult problem; but I never could find time to examine all the old columns of that church. Among the pillars, I must not pass over the two noblest in the world, of Trajan and Antonine. There could not have been a more magnificent design than that of Trajan's pillar. Where could an emperor's ashes have been so nobly lodged, as in the midst of his metropolis, and on the top of so exalted a monument, with the greatest of his actions underneath him? Or, as some will have it, his statue was on the top, his urn at the foundation, and his battles in the midst. The sculpture of it is too well known to be here mentioned. The most remarkable piece of Antonine's pillar is the figure of Jupiter Pluvius, sending down rain on the fainting army of Marcus Aurelius, and thunderbolts on his enemies, which is the greatest confirmation possible of the story of the Christian legion, and will be a standing evidence for it, when any passage in an old author may be supposed to be forged. The figure that Jupiter here makes among the clouds, puts me in mind of a passage in the Æneid, which gives just such another image of him. Virgil's interpreters are certainly to blame, that suppose it is nothing but the air which is here meant by Jupiter.

Quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus hædis
Verberat imber humum, quàm multâ grandine nimbi
In vada præcipitant, quum Jupiter horridus austris
Torquet aquosam hyemem, et cœlo cava nubila rumpit. ÆN. ix.

The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the showery kids arise:
Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter descends in hardened rain;
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground. DRYDEN.

I have seen a medal that, according to the opinion of many learned men, relates to the same story. The emperor is entitled on it Germanicus, (as it was in the wars of Germany that this circumstance happened,) and carries on the reverse a thunderbolt in his hand; for the heathens attributed the same miracle to the piety of the emperor, that the Christians ascribed to the prayers of their legion. *Fulmen de cœlo precibus suis contra hostium machinamentum Marcus extorsit, suis pluviâ impetratâ cùm siti laborarent.* Jul. Capit.

Claudian takes notice of this miracle, and has given the same reason for it.

Ad templa vocatus,
Clemens Marce, redis, cum gentibus undique cinctam
Exuit Hesperiam paribus fortuna periclis.
Laus ibi nulla ducum, nam flammeus imber in hostem
Decidit: hunc dorso trepidum fumante ferebat
Ambustus sonipes; hic tabescente solutus
Subsedit galeâ, liquefactaque fulgure cuspis
Canduit, et subitis fluxere vaporibus enses.
Tunc, contenta polo, mortalis nescia teli
Pugna fuit; Chaldæa mago seu carmina ritu
Armavere Deos; seu, quod reor, omne tonantis
Obsequium Marci mores potuere mereri.

DE SEXTO CONS. HON.

So mild Aurelius to the gods repaid
The grateful vows that in his fears he made,
When Latium from unnumbered foes was freed:
Nor did he then by his own force succeed;
But with descending showers of brimstone fired,
The wild barbarian in the storm expired.
Wrapt in devouring flames the horseman raged,
And spurred the steed, in equal flames engaged:
Another pent in his scorched armour glowed,
While from his head the melting helmet flowed;
Swords by the lightning's subtle force distilled,
And the cold sheath with running metal filled:
No human arm its weak assistance brought,
But Heaven, offended Heaven, the battle fought;
Whether dark magic and Chaldean charms
Had filled the skies, and set the gods in arms;
Or good Aurelius (as I more believe)
Deserved whatever aid the Thunderer could give.

I do not remember that M. Dacier, among several quotations on this subject, in the Life of Marcus Aurelius, has taken notice, either of the forementioned figure on the pillar

of Marcus Antoninus, or of the beautiful passage I have quoted out of Claudian.

It is pity the obelisks in Rome had not been charged with several parts of the Egyptian histories instead of hieroglyphics, which might have given no small light to the antiquities of that nation, which are now quite sunk out of sight in those remoter ages of the world. Among the triumphal arches, that of Constantine is not only the noblest of any in Rome, but in the world. I searched narrowly into it, especially among those additions of sculpture made in the emperor's own age, to see if I could find any marks of the apparition that is said to have preceded the very victory which gave occasion to the triumphal arch. But there are not the least traces of it to be met with, which is not very strange, if we consider that the greatest part of the ornaments were taken from Trajan's arch, and set up to the new conqueror in no small haste, by the senate and people of Rome, who were then most of them heathens. There is, however, something in the inscription, which is as old as the arch itself, which seems to hint at the emperor's vision. *Imp. Cæs. Fl. Constantino maximo P. F. Augusto S. P. Q. R. quod* instinctu Divinitatis *mentis magnitudine cum exercitu suo tam de Tyranno quàm de omni ejus factione uno tempore justis Reipublicam ultus est armis arcum triumphis insignem dicavit.* There is no statue of this emperor at Rome with a cross to it, though the ecclesiastical historians say there were many such erected to him. I have seen of his medals that were stamped with it, and a very remarkable one of his son Constantius, where he is crowned by a victory on the reverse with this inscription, *In hoc Signo Victor eris* ☧. This triumphal arch, and some other buildings of the same age, show us that architecture held up its head after all the other arts of designing were in a very weak and languishing condition, as it was probably the first among them that revived. If I was surprised not to find the cross in Constantine's arch, I was as much disappointed not to see the figure of the temple of Jerusalem on that of Titus, where are represented the golden candlestick, the table of shew-bread, and the river Jordan. Some are of opinion, that the composite pillars of this arch were made in imitation of the pillars of Solomon's temple, and observe that these are the most ancient of any that are found of that order.

It is almost impossible for a man to form, in his imagination, such beautiful and glorious scenes, as are to be met with in several of the Roman churches and chapels; for having such a prodigious stock of ancient marble within the very city, and at the same time so many different quarries in the bowels of their country, most of their chapels are laid over with such a rich variety of incrustations, as cannot possibly be found in any other part of the world. And notwithstanding the incredible sums of money which have been already laid out this way, there is still the same work going forward in other parts of Rome, the last still endeavouring to outshine the ones that went before them. Painting, sculpture, and architecture, are at present far from being in a flourishing condition, but it is thought they may all recover themselves under the present pontificate, if the wars and confusions of Italy will give them leave. For as the pope is himself a master of polite learning, and a great encourager of arts, so at Rome any of these arts immediately thrives under the encouragement of the prince, and may be fetched up to its perfection in ten or a dozen years, which is the work of an age or two in other countries, where they have not such excellent models to form themselves upon.

I shall conclude my observations on Rome, with a letter of King Henry the Eighth to Ann of Bulleyn, transcribed out of the famous manuscript in the Vatican, which the Bishop of Salisbury assures us is written with the king's own hand.

"The cause of my writing at this time is to hear of your health and prosperity, of which I would be as glad as in manner of my own, praying God that it be his pleasure to send us shortly together, for I promise I long for it; howbeit I trust it shall not be long too, and seeing my darling is absent I can no less do than send her some flesh, prognosticating that hereafter thou must have some of mine, which, if he please, I would have now. As touching your sister's mother, I have consigned Walter Welsh to write to my Lord Manwring my mind therein, whereby I trust he shall not have power to disseid her; for surely, whatever is said, it cannot so stand with his honour, but that he must needs take his natural daughter in her extreme necessity. No more to you at this time, my own darling, but that with a

whistle I wish we were together one evening; by the hand of yours.

HENRY."

These letters are always shown to an Englishman that visits the Vatican library.

TOWNS WITHIN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ROME.

I spent three or four days on Tivoli, Frescati, Palestrina, and Albano. In our way to Tivoli I saw the rivulet of Salforata, formerly called Albula, and smelt the stench that arises from its waters some time before I saw them. Martial mentions this offensive smell in an epigram of the fourth book, as he does the rivulet itself in the first.

Quod siccæ redolet lacus lacunæ,
Crudarum nebulæ quod Albularum. Lib. iv. Ep. 4.
The drying marshes such a stench convey,
Such the rank steams of reeking Albula.

Itur ad Herculeæ gelidas quà Tiburis arces,
Canaque sulphureis Albula fumat aquis. Lib. i. Ep. 5.
As from high Rome to Tivoli you go,
Where Albula's sulphureous waters flow.

The little lake that gives rise to this river, with its floating islands, is one of the most extraordinary natural curiosities about Rome. It lies in the very flat of Campania, and as it is the drain of these parts, it is no wonder that it is so impregnated with sulphur. It has at bottom so thick a sediment of it, that upon throwing in a stone the water boils for a considerable time over the place which has been stirred up. At the same time are seen little flakes of scurf rising up, that are probably the parts which compose the islands, for they often mount of themselves, though the water is not troubled.

I question not but this lake was formerly much larger than it is at present, and that the banks have grown over it by degrees, in the same manner as the islands have been formed on it. Nor is it improbable but that, in process of time, the whole surface of it may be crusted over, as the islands enlarge themselves, and the banks close in upon them. All about the lake, where the ground is dry, we found it to be hollow by the trampling of our horses' feet. I could not

discover the least traces of the Sibyl's Temple and Grove, which stood on the borders of this lake. Tivoli is seen at a distance lying along the brow of a hill. Its situation has given Horace occasion to call it Tibur Supinum, as Virgil, perhaps for the same reason, entitles it Superbum. The Villa de Medicis with its water-works, the cascade of the Teverone, and the ruins of the Sibyl's Temple, (of which Vignola has made a little copy at Peter's de Montorio,) are described in every itinerary. I must confess I was most pleased with a beautiful prospect that none of them have mentioned, which lies at about a mile distance from the town. It opens on one side into the Roman Campania, where the eye loses itself on a smooth spacious plain. On the other side is a more broken and interrupted scene, made up of an infinite variety of inequalities and shadowings, that naturally arise from an agreeable mixture of hills, groves, and valleys. But the most enlivening part of all, is the river Teverone, which you see at about a quarter of a mile's distance, throwing itself down a precipice, and falling by several cascades from one rock to another, till it gains the bottom of the valley, where the sight of it would be quite lost, did not it sometimes discover itself through the breaks and openings of the woods that grow about it. The Roman painters often work upon this landscape, and I am apt to believe that Horace had his eye upon it in those two or three beautiful touches which he has given us of these seats. The Teverone was formerly called the Anio.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lacus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis. Lib. i. Od. 7.

Not fair Larissa's fruitful shore,
Nor Lacedæmon charms me more,
Than high Albunea's airy walls
Resounding with her water-falls,
And Tivoli's delightful shades,
And Anio rolling in cascades,
That through the flowery meadows glides,
And all the beauteous scene divides.

I remember Monsieur Dacier explains *mobilibus* by *ductilibus*, and believes that the word relates to the conduits, pipes, and canals, that were made to distribute the waters

up and down, according to the pleasure of the owner. But any one who sees the Teverone must be of another opinion, and conclude it to be one of the most moveable rivers in the world, that has its stream broken by such a multitude of cascades, and is so often shifted out of one channel into another. After a very turbulent and noisy course of several miles among the rocks and mountains, the Teverone falls into the valley before mentioned, where it recovers its temper, as it were, by little and little, and after many turns and windings, glides peaceably into the Tiber. In which sense we are to understand Silius Italicus's description, to give it its proper beauty.

> Sulphureis gelidus quà serpit leniter undis,
> Ad genitorem Anio labens sine murmure Tibrim.
>
> Here the loud Anio's boisterous clamours cease,
> That with submissive murmurs glides in peace
> To his old sire the Tiber—

At Frescati I had the satisfaction of seeing the first sketch of Versailles, in the walks and water-works. The prospect from it was doubtless much more delightful formerly, when the Campania was set thick with towns, villas, and plantations. Cicero's Tusculum was at a place called Grotto Ferrate, about two miles off this town, though most of the modern writers have fixed it to Frescati. Nardini says, there was found among the ruins at Grotto Ferrate a piece of sculpture which Cicero himself mentions in one of his familiar epistles. In going to Frescati we had a fair view of Mount Algido.

On our way to Palæstrina we saw the Lake Regillus, famous for the apparition of Castor and Pollux, who were here seen to give their horses drink after the battle between the Romans and the son-in-law of Tarquin. At some distance from it we had a view of the Lacus Gabinus, that is much larger than the former. We left the road for about half a mile to see the sources of a modern aqueduct. It is entertaining to observe how the several little springs and rills, that break out of the sides of the mountain, are gleaned up, and conveyed through little covered channels into the main hollow of the aqueduct. It was certainly very lucky for Rome, seeing it had occasion for so many aqueducts, that there chanced to be such a range of mountains within its *neigh*bourhood. For by this means they could take up their

water from what height they pleased, without the expense of such an engine as that of Marli. Thus the Claudian aqueduct ran thirty-eight miles, and sunk after the proportion of five foot and a half every mile, by the advantage only of a high source, and the low situation of Rome. Palæstrina stands very high, like most other towns in Italy, for the advantage of the cool breezes, for which reason Virgil calls it *Altum*, and Horace, *Frigidum Præneste*. Statius calls it *Præneste Sacrum*, because of the famous Temple of Fortune that stood in it. There are still great pillars of granite, and other fragments of this ancient temple. But the most considerable remnant of it is a very beautiful Mosaic pavement, the finest I have ever seen in marble. The parts are so well joined together, that the whole piece looks like a continued picture. There are in it the figures of a rhinoceros, of elephants, and of several other animals, with little landscapes which look very lively and well painted, though they are made out of natural colours and shadows of the marble. I do not remember ever to have met with an old Roman Mosaic, composed of little pieces of clay half vitrified, and prepared at the glass-houses, which the Italians call Smalte. These are much in use at present, and may be made of what colour and figure the workman pleases, which is a modern improvement of the art, and enables those who are employed in it to make much finer pieces of Mosaic than they did formerly.

In our excursion to Albano we went as far as Nemi, that takes its name from the Nemus Dianæ. The whole country thereabouts is still overrun with woods and thickets. The Lake of Nemi lies in a very deep bottom, so surrounded on all sides with mountains and groves, that the surface of it is never ruffled with the least breath of wind, which, perhaps, together with the clearness of its waters, gave it formerly the name of Diana's looking-glass.

—Speculumque Dianæ. VIRG.

Prince Cæsarini has a palace at Jensano, very near Nemi, in a pleasant situation, and set off with many beautiful walks. In our return from Jensano to Albano, we passed through La Ricca, the Aricia of the ancients, Horace's first stage from Rome to Brundisi. There is nothing at Albano so remarkable as the prospect from the Capuchin's garden, which, for the extent and variety of pleasing incidents, is, I

think, the most delightful one that I ever saw. It takes in the whole Campania, and terminates in a full view of the Mediterranean. You have a sight at the same time of the Alban lake, which lies just by in an oval figure of about seven miles round, and, by reason of the continued circuit of high mountains that encompass it, looks like the area of some vast amphitheatre. This, together with the several green hills and naked rocks within the neighbourhood, makes the most agreeable confusion imaginable. Albano keeps up its credit still for wine, which, perhaps, would be as good as it was anciently, did they preserve it to as great an age; but as for olives there are now very few here, though they are in great plenty at Tivoli.

—Albani pretiosa senectus. JUV. Sat. 13.

Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de
Setinis, cujus patriam titulumque senectus
Delevit multâ veteris fuligine testæ. *Idem*, Sat. 5.

Perhaps to-morrow he may change his wine,
And drink old sparkling Alban, or Setine;
Whose title, and whose age, with mould o'ergrown,
The good old cask for ever keeps unknown. BOWLES.

—Palladiæ seu collibus uteris Albæ. MAR. lib. v. Ep. 1.

Albanæ——————Olivæ. *Idem*, lib. ix. Ep. 16.

The places mentioned in this chapter were all of them formerly the cool retirements of the Romans, where they used to hide themselves among the woods and mountains, during the excessive heats of their summer; as Bajæ was the general winter rendezvous.

Jam terras volucremque polum fuga veris aquosi
Laxat, et Icariis cœlum latratibus urit.
Ardua jam densæ rarescunt mœnia Romæ:
Hos Præneste sacrum, nemus hos glaciale Dianæ,
Algidus aut horrens, aut Tuscula protegit umbra,
Tiburis hi lucos, Anienaque frigora captant. SIL. iv. 1.

Albanos quoque Tusculosque colles
Et quodcunque jacet sub urbe frigus.
Fidenas veteres, brevesque Rubras,
Et quod Virgineo cruore gaudet
Annæ pomiferum nemus Perennæ. MAR. lib. iv. 64.

All shun the raging dog-star's sultry heat,
And from the half-unpeopled town retreat:
Some hid in Nemi's gloomy forests lie,
To Palestrina some for shelter fly;
Others to catch the breeze of breathing air,
To Tusculum or Algido repair;

Or in moist Tivoli's retirements find
A cooling shade, and a refreshing wind.

On the contrary, at present Rome is never fuller of nobility than in summer-time; for the country towns are so infested with unwholesome vapours, that they dare not trust themselves in them while the heats last. There is no question but the air of the Campania would be now as healthful as it was formerly, were there as many fires burning in it, and as many inhabitants to manure the soil. Leaving Rome about the latter end of October, in my way to Sienna, I lay the first night at a little village in the territories of the ancient Veii.

Hæc tum nomina erant, nunc sunt sine nomine Campi.

The ruins of their capital city are at present so far lost, that the geographers are not able to determine exactly the place where they once stood: so literally is that noble prophecy of Lucan fulfilled, of this and other places of Latium.

—Gentes Mars iste futuras
Obruet, et populos ævi venientis in orbem
Erepto natale feret, tunc omne Latinum
Fabula nomen erit: Gabios, Veïosque, Coramque,
Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monstrare ruinæ,
Albanosque lares, Laurentinosque penates
Rus vacuum, quod non habitet nisi nocte coactâ
Invitus— Lib. vii.

Succeeding nations by the sword shall die,
And swallowed up in dark oblivion lie;
Almighty Latium, with her cities crowned,
Shall like an antiquated fable sound;
The Veïan and the Gabian towers shall fall,
And one promiscuous ruin cover all.
Nor, after length of years, a stone betray
The place where once the very ruins lay:
High Alba's walls, and the Lavinian strand,
(A lonely desert, and an empty land,)
Shall scarce afford, for needful hours of rest,
A single house to their benighted guest.

We here saw the Lake Bacca, that gives rise to the Cremera, on whose banks the Fabii were slain.

Tercentum numerabat avos, quos turbine Martis,
Abstulit una dies, cùm fors non æqua labori
Patricio Cremeræ maculavit sanguine ripas. Sil. It. lib. 1.

Fabius a numerous ancestry could tell,
Three hundred heroes that in battle fell,

Near the famed Cremera's disastrous flood,
That ran polluted with Patrician blood.

We saw afterwards, in the progress of our voyage, the lakes of Vico and Bolsena. The last is reckoned one and twenty miles in circuit, and is plentifully stocked with fish and fowl. There are in it a couple of islands, that are perhaps the two floating isles mentioned by Pliny, with that improbable circumstance of their appearing sometimes like a circle, sometimes like a triangle, but never like a quadrangle. It is easy enough to conceive how they might become fixed, though they once floated; and it is not very credible, that the naturalist could be deceived in his account of a place that lay, as it were, in the neighbourhood of Rome. At one end of this lake stands Montefiascone, the habitation of Virgil's Æqui Falisci, Æn. vii., and on the side of it the town of the Volsinians, now called Bolsena.

Aut positis nemorosa inter juga Volsiniis. JUV. Sat. 3.
—Volsinium stood
Covered with mountains, and enclosed with wood.

I saw in the church-yard of Bolsena an antique funeral monument (of that kind which they called a sarcophagus) very entire, and what is particular, engraven on all sides with a curious representation of a bacchanal. Had the inhabitants observed a couple of lewd figures at one end of it, they would not have thought it a proper ornament for the place where it now stands. After having travelled hence to Aquapendente, that stands in a wonderful pleasant situation, we came to the little brook which separates the pope's dominions from the Great Duke's. The frontier castle of Radicofani is seated on the highest mountain in the country, and is as well fortified as the situation of the place will permit. We here found the natural face of the country quite changed from what we had been entertained with in the pope's dominions. For instead of the many beautiful scenes of green mountains and fruitful valleys, that we had been presented with for some days before, we saw now nothing but a wild naked prospect of rocks and hills, worn on all sides with gutters and channels, and not a tree or shrub to be met with in a vast circuit of several miles. This savage prospect put me in mind of the Italian proverb, "The pope has the flesh, and the Great Duke the bones of Italy." Among a large ex-

tent of these barren mountains I saw but a single spot that was cultivated, on which there stood a convent.

SIENNA, LEGHORN, PISA.

Sienna stands high, and is adorned with a great many towers of brick, which in the time of the commonwealth were erected to such of the members as had done any considerable service to their country. These towers gave us a sight of the town a great while before we entered it. There is nothing in this city so extraordinary as the cathedral, which a man may view with pleasure after he has seen St. Peter's, though it is quite of another make, and can only be looked upon as one of the master-pieces of Gothic architecture. When a man sees the prodigious pains and expense that our forefathers have been at in these barbarous buildings, one cannot but fancy to himself what miracles of architecture they would have left us, had they been only instructed in the right way; for when the devotion of those ages was much warmer than that of the present, and the riches of the people much more at the disposal of the priests, there was so much money consumed on these Gothic cathedrals, as would have finished a greater variety of noble buildings than have been raised either before or since that time.

One would wonder to see the vast labour that has been laid out on this single cathedral. The very spouts are loaden with ornaments; the windows are formed like so many scenes of perspective, with a multitude of little pillars retiring one behind another; the great columns are finely engraven with fruits and foliage that run twisting about them from the very top to the bottom; the whole body of the church is chequered with different lays of white and black marble; the pavement curiously cut out in designs and Scripture stories; and the front covered with such a variety of figures, and overrun with so many little mazes and labyrinths of sculpture, that nothing in the world can make a prettier show to those who prefer false beauties, and affected ornaments, to a noble and majestic simplicity. Over against this church stands a large hospital, erected by a shoemaker, who has been beatified, though never sainted. There stands a figure of him superscribed, *sutor ultra crepidam*. I shall speak nothing of the extent of this city, the cleanliness of its

streets, nor the beauty of its piazza, which so many travellers have described. As this is the last republic that fell under the subjection of the Duke of Florence, so is it still supposed to retain many hankerings after its ancient liberty: for this reason, when the keys and pageants of the Duke's towns and governments pass in procession before him, on St. John Baptist's day, I was told that Sienna comes in the rear of his dominions, and is pushed forward by those who follow, to show the reluctancy it has to appear in such a solemnity. I shall say nothing of the many gross and absurd traditions of St. Catherine of Sienna, who is the great saint of this place. I think there is as much pleasure in hearing a man tell his dreams, as in reading accounts of this nature: a traveller that thinks them worth his observation may fill a book with them at every town in Italy.

From Sienna we went forward to Leghorn, where the two ports, the bagnio, and Donatelli's statue of the Great Duke, amidst the four slaves chained to his pedestal, are very noble sights. The square is one of the largest, and will be one of the most beautiful in Italy, when this statue is erected in it, and a town-house built at one end of it to front the church that stands at the other. They are at a continual expense to cleanse the ports, and keep them from being choked up, which they do by the help of several engines that are always at work, and employ many of the Great Duke's slaves. Whatever part of the harbour they scoop in, it has an influence on all the rest, for the sea immediately works the whole bottom to a level. They draw a double advantage from the dirt that is taken up, as it clears the port, and at the same time dries up several marshes about the town, where they lay it from time to time. One can scarce imagine how great profits the Duke of Tuscany receives from this single place, which are not generally thought so considerable, because it passes for a free port. But it is very well known how the Great Duke, on a late occasion, notwithstanding the privileges of the merchants, drew no small sums of money out of them; though still, in respect of the exorbitant dues that are paid at most other ports, it deservedly retains the name of free. It brings into his dominions a great increase of people from all other nations. They reckon in it near ten thousand Jews, many of them very rich, and so great traffickers, that *our* English factors complain they have most of our country

trade in their hands. 'Tis true the strangers pay little or no taxes directly, but out of everything they buy there goes a large gabel to the government. The very ice merchant at Leghorn pays above a thousand pounds sterling annually for his privilege, and the tobacco merchant ten thousand. The ground is sold by the Great Duke at a very high price, and houses are every day rising on it. All the commodities that go up into the country, of which there are great quantities, are clogged with impositions as soon as they leave Leghorn. All the wines, oils, and silks, that come down from the fruitful valleys of Pisa, Florence, and other parts of Tuscany, must make their way through several duties and taxes before they can reach the port. The canal that runs from the sea into the Arno gives a convenient carriage to all goods that are to be shipped off, which does not a little enrich the owners; and in proportion as private men grow wealthy, their legacies, law-suits, daughters' portions, &c., increase, in all which the Great Duke comes in for a considerable share. The Lucquese, who traffic at this port, are said to bring in a great deal into the Duke's coffers. Another advantage, which may be of great use to him, is, that at five or six days' warning he might find credit in this town for very large sums of money, which no other prince in Italy can pretend to. I need not take notice of the reputation that this port gives him among foreign princes, but there is one benefit arising from it, which, though never thrown into the account, is doubtless very considerable. It is well known how the Pisans and Florentines long regretted the loss of their ancient liberty, and their subjection to a family that some of them thought themselves equal to, in the flourishing times of their commonwealths. The town of Leghorn has accidentally done what the greatest fetch of politics would have found difficult to have brought about,[1] for it has almost unpeopled Pisa, if we compare it with what it was formerly, and every day lessens the number of the inhabitants of Florence. This does not only weaken those places, but at the same time turns many of the busiest spirits from their old notions of honour and liberty to the thoughts of traffic and merchandise: and as men engaged in a road of thriving are no friends to changes and revolutions, they are at present worn into a habit of subjection, and push all their pursuits another way. It is

[1] *To bring about.*

no wonder, therefore, that the Great Duke has such apprehensions of the pope's making Civita Vecchia a free port, which may in time prove so very prejudicial to Leghorn. It would be thought an improbable story, should I set down the several methods that are commonly reported to have been made use of during the last pontificate, to put a stop to this design. The Great Duke's money was so well bestowed in the conclave, that several of the cardinals dissuaded the pope from the undertaking, and at last turned all his thoughts upon the little port which he made at Antium, near Nettuno. The chief workmen that were to have conveyed the water to Civita Vecchia were bought off, and when a poor capuchin, who was thought proof against all bribes, had undertaken to carry on the work, he died a little after he had entered upon it. The present pope, however, who is very well acquainted with the secret history, and the weakness of his predecessor, seems resolved to bring the project to its perfection. He has already been at vast charges in finishing the aqueduct, and had some hopes that, if the war should drive our English merchants from Sicily and Naples, they would settle here. His Holiness has told some English gentlemen, that those of our nation should have the greatest privileges of any but the subjects of the church. One of our countrymen, who makes a good figure at Rome, told me the pope has this design extremely at his heart; but he fears the English will suffer nothing like a resident or consul in his dominions; though at the same time he hoped the business might as well be transacted by one that had no public character. This gentleman has so busied himself in the affair, that he has offended the French and Spanish cardinals, insomuch that Cardinal Janson refused to see him when he would have made his apology for what he had said to the pope on this subject. There is one great objection to Civita Vecchia, that the air of the place is not wholesome; but this they say proceeds from want of inhabitants, the air of Leghorn having been worse than this before the town was well peopled.

The great profits which have accrued to the Duke of Florence from his free port, have set several of the states of Italy on the same project. The most likely to succeed in it would be the Genoese, who lie more convenient than the Venetians, and have a more inviting form of government *than that* of the church, or that of Florence. But as the

port of Genoa is so very ill guarded against storms, that no privileges can tempt the merchants from Leghorn into it, so dare not the Genoese make any other of their ports free, lest it should draw to it most of their commerce and inhabitants, and by consequence ruin their chief city.

From Leghorn I went to Pisa, where there is still the shell of a great city, though not half furnished with inhabitants. The great church, baptistery, and leaning tower, are very well worth seeing, and are built after the same fancy with the cathedral of Sienna. Half a day's journey more brought me into the republic of Lucca.

THE REPUBLIC OF LUCCA.

It is very pleasant to see how the small territories of this little republic are cultivated to the best advantage, so that one cannot find the least spot of ground, that is not made to contribute its utmost to the owner. In all the inhabitants there appears an air of cheerfulness and plenty, not often to be met with in those of the countries which lie about them. There is but one gate for strangers to enter at, that it may be known what numbers of them are in the town. Over it is written, in letters of gold, *libertas*.

This republic is shut up in the Great Duke's dominions, who at present is very much incensed against it, and seems to threaten it with the fate of Florence, Pisa, and Sienna. The occasion is as follows.

The Lucquese plead prescription for hunting in one of the Duke's forests, that lies upon their frontiers, which about two years since was strictly forbidden them, the prince intending to preserve the game for his own pleasure. Two or three sportsmen of the republic, who had the hardiness to offend against the prohibition, were seized, and kept in a neighbouring prison. Their countrymen, to the number of threescore, attacked the place where they were kept in custody, and rescued them. The Great Duke redemands his prisoners, and, as a further satisfaction, would have the governor of the town, where the threescore assailants had combined together, delivered into his hands; but receiving only excuses, he resolved to do himself justice. Accordingly, he ordered all the Lucquese to be seized that were found on a market-day in one of his frontier towns. These amounted

to fourscore, among whom were persons of some consequence in the republic. They are now in prison at Florence, and, as it is said, treated hardly enough, for there are fifteen of the number dead within less than two years. The king of Spain, who is protector of the commonwealth, received information from the Great Duke of what had passed, and approved of his proceedings, with orders to the Lucquese, by his governor of Milan, to give a proper satisfaction. The republic, thinking themselves ill used by their protector, as they say at Florence, have sent to Prince Eugene to desire the emperor's protection, with an offer of winter-quarters, as it is said, for four thousand Germans. The Great Duke rises on them in his demands, and will not be satisfied with less than a hundred thousand crowns, and a solemn embassy to beg pardon for the past, and promise amendment for the future. Thus stands the affair at present, that may end in the ruin of the commonwealth, if the French succeed in Italy. It is pleasant, however, to hear the discourse of the common people of Lucca, who are firmly persuaded that one Lucquese can beat five Florentines, who are grown low-spirited, as they pretend, by the Great Duke's oppressions, and have nothing worth fighting for. They say they can bring into the field twenty or thirty thousand fighting men, all ready to sacrifice their lives for their liberty. They have a good quantity of arms and ammunition, but few horses. It must be owned these people are more happy, at least in imagination, than the rest of their neighbours, because they think themselves so; though such a chimerical happiness is not peculiar to republicans, for we find the subjects of the most absolute prince in Europe are as proud of their monarch as the Lucquese of being subject to none. Should the French affairs prosper in Italy, it is possible the Great Duke may bargain for the republic of Lucca, by the help of his great treasures, as his predecessors did formerly with the emperor for that of Sienna. The Great Dukes have never yet attempted any thing on Lucca, as not only fearing the arms of their protector, but because they are well assured, that should the Lucquese be reduced to the last extremities, they would rather throw themselves under the government of the Genoese, or some stronger neighbour, than submit to a state for which they have so great an aversion. And the Florentines are very sensible, that it is much better to have a weak

state within their dominions, than the branch of one as strong as themselves. But should so formidable a power as that of the French king support them in their attempts, there is no government in Italy that would dare to interpose. This republic, for the extent of its dominions, is esteemed the richest and best peopled state of Italy. The whole administration of the government passes into different hands at the end of every two months, which is the greatest security imaginable to their liberty, and wonderfully contributes to the quick despatch of all public affairs: but in any exigence of state, like that they are now pressed with, it certainly asks a much longer time to conduct any design, for the good of the commonwealth, to its maturity and perfection.

FLORENCE.

I had the good luck to be at Florence when there was an opera acted, which was the eighth that I had seen in Italy. I could not but smile to read the solemn protestation of the poet in the first page, where he declares that he believes neither in the fates, deities, or destinies; and that if he has made use of the words, it is purely out of a poetical liberty, and not from his real sentiments, for that in all these particulars he believes as the Holy Mother Church believes and commands.

PROTESTA.

Le voci Fato, Deità, Destino, e simili, che per entro questo Drama trovarai, son messe per ischerzo poetico, e non per sentimento vero, credendo sempre in tutto quello, che crede, e comanda Santa Madre chiesa.

There are some beautiful palaces in Florence; and as Tuscan pillars and rustic work owe their original to this country, the architects always take care to give them a place in the great edifices that are raised in Tuscany. The Duke's new palace is a very noble pile, built after this manner, which makes it look extremely solid and majestic. It is not unlike that of Luxemburg at Paris, which was built by Mary of Medicis, and for that reason, perhaps, the workmen fell into the Tuscan humour. I found in the court of this palace what I could not meet with anywhere in Rome. I mean an antique statue of Hercules lifting up Antæus from the earth, which I have already had occasion to speak of. It was found

in Rome, and brought hither under the reign of Leo the Tenth. There are abundance of pictures in the several apartments, by the hands of the greatest masters.

But 'tis the famous gallery of the old palace, where are, perhaps, the noblest collections of curiosities to be met with in any part of the whole world. The gallery itself is made in the shape of an L, according to Mr. Lassel, but, if it must needs be like a letter, it resembles the Greek Π most. It is adorned with admirable pieces of sculpture, as well modern as ancient. Of the last sort I shall mention those that are rarest, either for the person they represent, or the beauty of the sculpture. Among the busts of the emperors and empresses there are these that follow, which are all very scarce, and some of them almost singular in their kind. Agrippa, Caligula, Otho, Nerva, Ælius Verus, Pertinax, Geta, Didius Julianus, Albinus, extremely well wrought, and, what is seldom seen in alabaster, Gordianus Africanus the elder, Eliogabalus, Galien the elder, and the younger Pupienus. I have put Agrippa among the emperors, because he is generally ranged so in sets of medals, as some that follow among the empresses have no other right to the company they are joined with. Domitia, Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, Antonia, Matidia, Plotina, Mallia Scantilla, falsely inscribed under her bust Julia Severi, Aquilia Severa, Julia Mæsa. I have generally observed at Rome, which is the great magazine of these antiquities, that the same heads which are rare in medals are also rare in marble, and, indeed, one may commonly assign the same reason for both, which was the shortness of the emperors' reigns, that did not give the workmen time to make many of their figures; and as the shortness of their reigns was generally occasioned by the advancement of a rival, it is no wonder that nobody worked on the figure of a deceased emperor, when his enemy was in the throne. This observation, however, does not always hold. An Agrippa or Caligula, for example, is a common coin, but a very extraordinary bust; and a Tiberius a rare coin, but a common bust, which one would the more wonder at, if we consider the indignities that were offered to this emperor's statues after his death. The Tiberius in Tiberium is a known instance.

Among the busts of such emperors as are common enough, there are several in the gallery that deserve to be taken *notice* of for the excellence of the sculpture, as those of Au-

gustus, Vespasian, Adrian, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, Septimius Severus, Caracalla, Geta. There is in the same gallery a beautiful bust of Alexander the Great, casting up his face to heaven, with a noble air of grief or discontentedness in his looks. I have seen two or three antique busts of Alexander in the same air and posture, and am apt to think the sculptor had in his thoughts the conqueror's weeping for new worlds, or some other the like circumstance of his history. There is also, in porphyry, the head of a faun, and of the god Pan. Among the entire figures I took particular notice of a Vestal Virgin, with the holy fire burning before her. This statue, I think, may decide that notable controversy among the antiquaries, whether the vestals, after having received the tonsure, ever suffered their hair to come again, for it is here full grown, and gathered under the veil. The brazen figure of the consul, with the ring on his finger, reminded me of Juvenal's *majoris pondera gemmæ*. There is another statue in brass, supposed to be of Apollo, with this modern inscription on the pedestal, which I must confess I do not know what to make of. *Ut potui huc veni musis et fratre relicto.* I saw in the same gallery the famous figure of the wild boar, the Gladiator, the Narcissus, the Cupid and Psyche, the Flora, with some modern statues that several others have described. Among the antique figures, there is a fine one of Morpheus in touchstone. I have always observed, that this god is represented by the ancient statuaries under the figure of a boy asleep, with a bundle of poppy in his hand. I at first took it for a Cupid, till I had taken notice that it had neither bow nor quiver. I suppose Doctor Lister has been guilty of the same mistake in the reflections he makes on what he calls the sleeping Cupid with poppy in his hands.

Qualia namque
Corpora nudorum tabulâ pinguntur Amorum
Talis erat, sed ne faciat discrimina cultus,
Aut huic adde leves aut illis deme Pharetras. Ov. Met. lib. x.

Such are the Cupids that in paint we view;
But that the likeness may be nicely true,
A loaden quiver to his shoulders tie,
Or bid the Cupids lay their quivers by.

'Tis probable they chose to represent the god of sleep under the figure of a boy, contrary to all our modern design-

ers, because it is that age which has its repose the least broken by cares and anxieties. Statius, in his celebrated invocation of sleep, addresses himself to him under the same figure.

Crimine quo merui, juvenis placidissime Divûm,
Quove errore miser, donis ut solus egerem
Somne tuis? tacet omne pecus, volucresque feræque, &c.
SILV. lib. v.

Tell me, thou best of gods, thou gentle youth,
Tell me my sad offence; that only I,
While hushed at ease thy drowsy subjects lie,
In the dead silence of the night complain,
Nor taste the blessings of thy peaceful reign.

I never saw any figure of sleep that was not of black marble, which has probably some relation to the night, which is the proper season for rest. I should not have made this remark, but that I remember to have read in one of the ancient authors, that the Nile is generally represented in stone of this colour, because it flows from the country of the Ethiopians; which shows us that the statuaries had sometimes an eye to the person they were to represent, in the choice they made of their marble. There are still at Rome some of these black statues of the Nile, which are cut in a kind of touchstone.

Usque coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis. VIRG. GEOR. 4, DE NILO.

At one end of the gallery stand two antique marble pillars, curiously wrought with the figures of the old Roman arms and instruments of war. After a full survey of the gallery, we were led into four or five chambers of curiosities that stand on the side of it. The first was a cabinet of antiquities, made up chiefly of idols, talismans, lamps, and hieroglyphics. I saw nothing in it that I was not before acquainted with, except the four following figures in brass.

I. A little image of Juno Sispita, or Sospita, which, perhaps, is not to be met with anywhere else but on medals. She is clothed in a goat's skin, the horns sticking out above her head. The right arm is broken that probably supported a shield, and the left a little defaced, though one may see it held something in its grasp formerly. The feet are bare. I remember Tully's description of this goddess in the following words: *Hercle inquit quàm tibi illam nostram Sospitam quam tu nunquam ne in Somniis vides, nisi cum pelle Caprinâ, cum hastâ, cum scutulo, cum calceolis repandis.*

II. An antique model of the famous Laocöon and his two sons, that stands in the Belvidera at Rome. This is the more remarkable, as it is entire in those parts where the statue is maimed. It was by the help of this model that Bandinelli finished his admirable copy of the Laocöon, which stands at one end of this gallery.

III. An Apollo, or Amphion. I took notice of this little figure for the singularity of the instrument, which I never before saw in ancient sculpture. It is not unlike a violin, and played on after the same manner. I doubt, however, whether this figure be not of a later date than the rest, by the meanness of the workmanship.

IV. A Corona Radialis, with only eight spikes to it. Every one knows the usual number was twelve, some say, in allusion to the signs of the Zodiac, and others, to the labours of Hercules.

Ingenti mole Latinus
Quadrijugo vehitur curru; cui tempora circum
Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi specimen— VIRG. ÆN. xii.

Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day. DRYDEN.

The two next chambers are made up of several artificial curiosities in ivory, amber, crystal, marble, and precious stones, which all voyage-writers are full of. In the chamber that is shown last, stands the celebrated Venus of Medicis. The statue seems much less than the life, as being perfectly naked, and in company with others of a larger make: it is, notwithstanding, as big as the ordinary size of a woman, as I concluded from the measure of her wrist; for from the bigness of any one part it is easy to guess at all the rest, in a figure of such nice proportions. The softness of the flesh, the delicacy of the shape, air, and posture, and the correctness of design in this statue, are inexpressible. I have several reasons to believe that the name of the sculptor on the pedestal is not so old as the statue. This figure of Venus put me in mind of a speech she makes in one of the Greek epigrams.

Γυμνην οἶδε Πάρις μὲ καὶ Ανχίσης καὶ Αδωνις.
Τοὺς τρεῖς οἶδα μόνους. Πραξιτέλης ἐὲ πόθεν;

Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too
Have seen me naked, and exposed to view;

All these I frankly own without denying:
But where has this Praxiteles been prying?

There is another Venus in the same circle, that would make a good figure anywhere else. There are, among the old Roman statues, several of Venus in different postures and habits, as there are many particular figures of her made after the same design. I fancy it is not hard to find among them some that were made after the three statues of this goddess, which Pliny mentions. In the same chamber is the Roman slave whetting his knife and listening, which, from the shoulders upwards, is incomparable. The two wrestlers are in the same room. I observed here, likewise, a very curious bust of Annius Verus, young son of Marcus Aurelius, who died at nine years of age. I have seen several other busts of him at Rome, though his medals are exceeding rare.

The Great Duke has ordered a large chamber to be fitted up for old inscriptions, urns, monuments, and the like sets of antiquities. I was shown several of them which are not yet put up. There are the two famous inscriptions that give so great a light to the histories of Appius, who made the highway, and of Fabius the dictator; they contain a short account of the honours they passed through, and the actions they performed. I saw too the busts of Tranquillina, mother to Gordianus Pius, and of Quintus Herennius, son to Trajan Decius, which are extremely valuable for their rarity, and a beautiful old figure made after the celebrated hermaphrodite in the Villa Borghese. I saw nothing that has not been observed by several others in the Argenteria, the tabernacle of St. Laurence's chapel, and the chamber of painters. The chapel of St. Laurence will be, perhaps, the most costly piece of work on the face of the earth when completed, but it advances so very slowly, that 'tis not impossible but the family of Medicis may be extinct before their burial-place is finished.

The Great Duke has lived many years separate from the Duchess, who is at present in the court of France, and intends there to end her days. The cardinal, his brother, is old and infirm, and could never be induced to resign his purple for the uncertain prospect of giving an heir to the duke[illegible]ny. The great prince has been married [illegible]y children, and notwithstanding all [illegible]orld were taken for the marriage of [illegible]ther, (as the finding out a lady for

him who was in the vigour and flower of her age, and had given marks of her fruitfulness by a former husband,) they have all hitherto proved unsuccessful. There is a branch of the family of Medicis in Naples: the head of it has been owned as a kinsman by the Great Duke, and it is thought will succeed to his dominions, in case the princes, his sons, die childless; though it is not impossible but in such a conjuncture, the commonwealths that are thrown under the great duchy, may make some effort towards the recovery of their ancient liberty.

I was in the library of manuscripts belonging to St. Laurence, of which there is a printed catalogue. I looked into the Virgil which disputes its antiquity with that of the Vatican. It wants the "*Ille ego qui quondam*," &c., and the twenty-two lines in the second Æneid, beginning at *Jamque adeo super unus eram*.—I must confess I always thought this passage left out with a great deal of judgment by Tucca and Varius, as it seems to contradict a part in the sixth Æneid, and represents the hero in a passion, that is, at least, not at all becoming the greatness of his character. Besides, I think the apparition of Venus comes in very properly to draw him away immediately after the sight of Priam's murder; for, without such a machine to take him off, I cannot see how the hero could, with honour, leave Neoptolemus triumphant and Priam unrevenged. But since Virgil's friends thought fit to let drop this incident of Helen, I wonder they would not blot out or alter a line in Venus's speech, that has a relation to the rencounter, and comes in improperly without it.

> Non tibi Tyndaridæ facies invisa Lacænæ,
> Culpatusve Paris— Æn. ii.

Florence, for modern statues, I think excels even Rome, but these I shall pass over in silence, that I may not transcribe out of others.

The way from Florence to Bolonia runs over several ranges of mountains, and is the worst road, I believe, of any over the Apennines; for this was my third time of crossing them. It gave me a lively idea of Silius Italicus's description of Hannibal's march.

> Quoque magis subiere jugo atque evadere nisi
> Erexere gradum, crescit labor, ardua supra
> Sese aperit, fessis, et nascitur altera moles. Lib. iii.

From steep to steep the troops advanced with pain,
In hopes at last the topmost cliff to gain:
But still by new ascents the mountain grew,
And a fresh toil presented to their view.

I shall conclude this chapter with the descriptions which the Latin poets have given us of the Apennines. We may observe in them all the remarkable qualities of this prodigious length of mountains, that run from one extremity of Italy to the other, and give rise to an incredible variety of rivers that water this delightful country.

Nubifer Appenninus. Ov. Met. lib. ii.

Qui Siculum porrectus ad usque Pelorum.
Finibus ab Ligurum populos amplectitur omnes
Italiæ, geminumque latus stringentia longè
Utraque perpetuo discriminat æquora tractu.
Claud. de Sexto Cons. Hon.

Mole nivali
Alpibus æquatum attollens caput Appenninus. Sil. It. lib. ii.

Horrebat glacie saxa inter lubrica summo
Piniferum cœlo miscens caput Appenninus:
Condiderat nix alta trabes, et vertice celso
Canus apex strictâ surgebat ad astra pruinâ. Lib. iv. *Id.*

Umbrosis mediam quà collibus Appenninus
Erigit Italiam, nullo quâ vertice tellus
Altius intumuit, propiùsque accessit Olympo,
Mons inter geminas medius se porrigit undas
Inferni superique maris: collesque coercent
Hinc Tyrrhena vado frangentes æquora Pisæ,
Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon.
Fontibus hic vastis immensos concipit amnes,
Fluminaque in gemini spargit divortia ponti. Luc. lib. ii.

In pomp the shady Apennines arise,
And lift the aspiring nation to the skies;
No land like Italy erects the sight
By such a vast ascent, or swells to such a height:
Her numerous states the towering hills divide,
And see the billows rise on either side;
At Pisa here the range of mountains ends,
And here to high Ancona's shores extends:
In their dark womb a thousand rivers lie,
That with continued streams the double sea supply.

BOLONIA, MODENA, PARMA, TURIN, &c.

r a very tedious journey over the Apennines, we at ne to the river that runs at the foot of them, and was

formerly called the Little Rhine. Following the course of this river, we arrived in a short time at Bolonia.

Parvique Bononia Rheni. SIL. IT. viii.
Bolonia watered by the petty Rhine.

We here quickly felt the difference of the northern from the southern side of the mountains, as well in the coldness of the air as in the badness of the wine. This town is famous for the richness of the soil that lies about it, and the magnificence of its convents. It is likewise esteemed the third in Italy for pictures, as having been the school of the Lombard painters. I saw in it three rarities of different kinds, which pleased me more than any other shows of the place. The first was an authentic silver medal of the younger Brutus, in the hands of an eminent antiquary. One may see the character of the person in the features of the face, which is exquisitely well cut. On the reverse is the cap of liberty, with a dagger on each side of it, subscribed Id. Mar. for the Ides of March, the famous date of Cæsar's murder. The second was a picture of Raphael's in St. Giouanni in Monte. It is extremely well preserved, and represents St. Cecilia with an instrument of music in her hands. On one side of her are the figures of St. Paul and St. John; and on the other, of Mary Magdalen and St. Austin. There is something wonderfully divine in the airs of this picture. I cannot forbear mentioning, for my third curiosity, a new staircase that strangers are generally carried to see, where the easiness of the ascent within so small a compass, the disposition of the lights, and the convenient landing, are admirably well contrived. The wars of Italy, and the season of the year, made me pass through the duchies of Modena, Parma, and Savoy, with more haste than I would have done at another time. The soil of Modena and Parma is very rich and well cultivated. The palaces of the princes are magnificent, but neither of them is yet finished. We procured a licence of the Duke of Parma to enter the theatre and gallery, which deserve to be seen as well as anything of that nature in Italy. The theatre is, I think, the most spacious of any I ever saw, and at the same time so admirably well contrived, that from the very depth of the stage the lowest sound may be heard distinctly to the farthest part of the audience, as in a whispering-place; and yet if you raise your voice as high as

you please, there is nothing like an echo to cause in it the least confusion. The gallery is hung with a numerous collection of pictures, all done by celebrated hands. On one side of the gallery is a large room adorned with inlaid tables, cabinets, works in amber, and other pieces of great art and value. Out of this we were led into another great room, furnished with old inscriptions, idols, busts, medals, and the like antiquities. I could have spent a day with great satisfaction in this apartment, but had only time to pass my eye over the medals, which are in great number, and many of them very rare. The scarcest of all is a Pescennius Niger on a medallion well preserved. It was coined at Antioch, where this emperor trifled away his time till he lost his life and empire. The reverse is a *Dea Salus*. There are two of Otho, the reverse a Serapis; and two of Messalina and Poppæa in middle brass, the reverses of the emperor Claudius. I saw two medallions of Plotina and Matidia, the reverse to each a Pietas; with two medals of Pertinax, the reverse of one *Vota Decennalia*, and of the other *Diis Custodibus;* and another of Gordianus Africanus, the reverse I have forgot.

The principalities of Modena and Parma are much about the same extent; and have each of them two large towns, besides a great number of little villages. The Duke of Parma, however, is much richer than the Duke of Modena. Their subjects would live in great plenty amidst so rich and well cultivated a soil, were not the taxes and impositions so very exorbitant; for the courts are much too splendid and magnificent for the territories that lie about them, and one cannot but be amazed to see such a profusion of wealth laid out in coaches, trappings, tables, cabinets, and the like precious toys, in which there are few princes in Europe who equal them, when at the same time they have not had the generosity to make bridges over the rivers of their countries for the convenience of their subjects, as well as strangers, who are forced to pay an unreasonable exaction at every ferry, upon the least rising of the waters. A man might well expect, in these small governments, a much greater regulation of affairs for the ease and benefit of the people, than in large, overgrown states, where the rules of justice, beneficence, and mercy may be easily put out of their course, in passing through the hands of deputies and a long subordination of [illegible]rs. And it would certainly be for the good of mankind,

to have all the mighty empires and monarchies of the world cantoned out into petty states and principalities, that, like so many large families, might lie under the eye and observation of their proper governors; so that the care of the prince might extend itself to every individual person under his protection. But since such a general scheme can never be brought about, and if it were, it would quickly be destroyed by the ambition of some particular state aspiring above the rest, it happens very ill at present to be born under one of these petty sovereigns, that will be still endeavouring, at his subjects' cost, to equal the pomp and grandeur of greater princes, as well as to outvie[1] those of his own rank.

For this reason there are no people in the world who live with more ease and prosperity than the subjects of little commonwealths, as on the contrary there are none who suffer more under the grievances of a hard government, than the subjects of little principalities. I left the road of Milan on my right hand, having before seen that city, and after having passed through Asti, the frontier town of Savoy, I at last came within sight of the Po, which is a fine river even at Turin, though within six miles of its source. This river has been made the scene of two or three poetical stories. Ovid has chosen it out to throw his Phaëton into it, after all the smaller rivers had been dried up in the conflagration.

I have read some botanical critics, who tell us the poets have not rightly followed the traditions of antiquity, in metamorphosing the sisters of Phaëton into poplars, who ought to have been turned into larch-trees; for that it is this kind of tree which sheds a gum, and is commonly found on the banks of the Po. The change of Cycnus into a swan, which closes up the disasters of Phaëton's family, was wrought on the same place where the sisters were turned into trees. The descriptions that Virgil and Ovid have made of it cannot be sufficiently admired.

Claudian has set off his description of the Eridanus, with all the poetical stories that have been made of it.

[1] *Out-vie.*] *To vie*, is to contend with; to *out-vie*, to *out-do* any one in *vying* with him. But the word seems to be of an ill composition, and should not, I think, be used thus *absolutely*.—If employed at all, it should be in some such way as this: "in the affectation of pomp and pageantry he *outvied* others, *i. e.* in *this respect*, he strove or contended *beyond* them. I know not if Mr. Addison had any authority for the use of it:—he had, perhaps, done better to use the common word "*out-strip*."

Ille caput placidis sublime fluentis
Extulit, et totis lucem spargentia ripis
Aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
Non illi madidum vulgaris Arundine crinem
Velat honos, rami caput umbravere virentes
Heliadum, totisque fluunt electra capillis.
Palla tegit latos humeros, curruque paterno
Intextus Phaëton glaucos incendit amictus:
Fultaque sub gremio cælatis nobilis astris
Ætherium probat urna decus. Namque omnia luctûs
Argumenta sui Titan signavit Olympo,
Mutatumque senem plumis, et fronde sorores,
Et fluvium, nati qui vulnera lavit anheli.
Stat gelidis Auriga plagis, vestigia fratris
Germanæ servant Hyades, Cycnique sodalis
Lacteus extentas aspergit circulus alas.
Stellifer Eridanus sinuatis fluctibus errans.
Clara noti convexa rigat. CLAUDIAN, DE SEXTO CONS. HONORII.

His head above the floods he gently reared,
And as he rose his golden horns appeared,
That on the forehead shone divinely bright,
And o'er the banks diffused a yellow light:
No interwoven reeds a garland made,
To hide his brows within the vulgar shade,
But poplar wreaths around his temples spread,
And tears of amber trickled down his head:
A spacious veil from his broad shoulders flew,
That set the unhappy Phaëton to view:
The flaming chariot and the steeds it showed,
And the whole fable in the mantle glowed:
Beneath his arm an urn supported lies,
With stars embellished, and fictitious skies.
For Titan, by the mighty loss dismayed,
Among the heavens the immortal fact displayed,
Lest the remembrance of his grief should fail,
And in the constellation wrote his tale.
A swan in memory of Cycnus shines:
The mourning sisters weep in watery signs:
The burning chariot and the charioteer,
In bright Boötes and his wain appear;
Whilst in a track of light the waters run,
That washed the body of his blasted son.

The river Po gives a name to the chief street of Turin, which fronts the Duke's palace, and, when finished, will be one of the noblest in Italy for its length. There is one convenience in this city that I never observed in any other, and which makes some amends for the badness of the pavement. By the help of a river that runs on the upper side of the town, they can convey a little stream of water through

all the most considerable streets, which serves to cleanse the gutters, and carries away all the filth that is swept into it. The manager opens his sluice every night, and distributes the water into what quarters of the town he pleases. Besides the ordinary convenience that arises from it, it is of great use when a fire chances to break out, for at a few minutes' warning they have a little river running by the very wall of the house that is burning. The court of Turin is reckoned the most splendid and polite of any in Italy; but by reason of its being in mourning, I could not see it in its magnificence. The common people of this state are more exasperated against the French than even the rest of the Italians. For the great mischiefs they have suffered from them are still fresh upon their memories, and notwithstanding this interval of peace, one may easily trace out the several marches which the French armies have made through their country, by the ruin and desolation they have left behind them. I passed through Piedmont and Savoy, at a time when the Duke was forced, by the necessity of his affairs, to be in alliance with the French.

I came directly from Turin to Geneva, and had a very easy journey over Mount Cennis, though about the beginning of December, the snows having not yet fallen. On the top of this high mountain is a large plain, and in the midst of the plain a beautiful lake, which would be very extraordinary were there not several mountains in the neighbourhood rising over it. The inhabitants thereabouts pretend that it is unfathomable, and I question not but the waters of it fill up a deep valley, before they come to a level with the surface of the plain. It is well stocked with trouts, though they say it is covered with ice three quarters of the year.

There is nothing in the natural face of Italy that is more delightful to a traveller, than the several lakes which are dispersed up and down among the many breaks and hollows of the Alps and Apennines. For as these vast heaps of mountains are thrown together with so much irregularity and confusion, they form a great variety of hollow bottoms, that often lie in the figure of so many artificial basons; where, if any fountains chance to rise, they naturally spread themselves into lakes before they can find any issue for their waters. The ancient Romans took a great deal of pains to hew out a passage for these lakes to di selves

into some neighbouring river, for the bettering of the air, or the recovering of the soil that lay underneath them. The draining of the Fucinus, by the Emperor Claudius, with the prodigious multitude of spectators who attended it, and the famous Naumachia and splendid entertainment which were made upon it before the sluices were opened, is a known piece of history. In all our journey through the Alps, as well when we climbed as when we descended them, we had still a river running along with the road, that probably at first occasioned the discovery of this passage. I shall end this chapter with a description of the Alps, as I did the last with those of the Apennines. The poet, perhaps, would not have taken notice, that there is no spring nor summer on these mountains, but because in this respect the Alps are quite different from the Apennines, which have as delightful green spots among them as any in Italy.

Cuncta gelu canâque æternùm grandine tecta,
Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis
Ætherii facies, surgentique obvia Phœbo
Duratus nescit flammis mollire pruinas.
Quantum Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus
Ad manes imos atque atræ stagna paludis
A superâ tellure patet: tam longa per auras
Erigitur tellus, et cœlum intercipit umbrâ.
Nullum ver usquam, nullique æstatis honores:
Sola jugis habitat diris, sedesque tuetur
Perpetuas deformis hyems: illa undique nubes
Huc atras agit et mixtos cum grandine nimbos.
Nam cuncti flatus ventique furentia regna
Alpinâ posuere domo, caligat in altis
Obtutus saxis, abeuntque in nubila montes. SIL. IT. lib. iii.

Stiff with eternal ice, and hid in snow,
That fell a thousand centuries ago,
The mountain stands; nor can the rising sun
Unfix her frosts, and teach 'em how to run:
Deep as the dark infernal waters lie
From the bright regions of the cheerful sky,
So far the proud ascending rocks invade
Heaven's upper realms, and cast a dreadful shade:
No spring, nor summer, on the mountain seen,
Smiles with gay fruits, or with delightful green;
But hoary winter, unadorned and bare,
Dwells in the dire retreat, and freezes there;
There she assembles all her blackest storms,
And the rude hail in rattling tempests forms;
Thither the loud tempestuous winds resort,
And on the mountain keep their boisterous court.

That in thick showers her rocky summit shrouds,
And darkens all the broken view with clouds.

GENEVA AND THE LAKE.

Near St. Julian in Savoy the Alps begin to enlarge themselves on all sides, and open into a vast circuit of ground, which in respect of the other parts of the Alps may pass for a plain champaign country. This extent of lands, with the Leman Lake, would make one of the prettiest and most defensible dominions in Europe, was it all thrown into a single state, and had Geneva for its metropolis. But there are three powerful neighbours who divide among them the greatest part of this fruitful country. The Duke of Savoy has the Chablais, and all the fields that lie beyond the Arve, as far as to the Ecluse. The king of France is master of the whole country of Gex; and the canton of Berne comes in for that of Vaud. Geneva and its little territories lie in the heart of these three states. The greatest part of the town stands upon a hill, and has its views bounded on all sides by several ranges of mountains, which are, however, at so great a distance, that they leave open a wonderful variety of beautiful prospects. The situation of these mountains has some particular effects on the country which they enclose. As, first, they cover it from all winds, except the south and north. 'Tis to the last of these winds that the inhabitants of Geneva ascribe the healthfulness of their air; for as the Alps surround them on all sides, they form a vast kind of bason, where there would be a constant stagnation of vapours, the country being so well watered, did not the north wind put them in motion, and scatter them from time to time. Another effect the Alps have on Geneva is, that the sun here rises later and sets sooner than it does to other places of the same latitude. I have often observed that the tops of the neighbouring mountains have been covered with light above half an hour after the sun is down in respect of those who live at Geneva. These mountains likewise very much increase their summer heats, and make up an horizon that has something in it very singular and agreeable. On one side you have the long tract of hills, that goes under the name of Mount Jura, covered with vineyards and pasturage, and on the other huge precipices of naked rocks rising up in a thou-

sand odd figures, and cleft in some places, so as to discover high mountains of snow that lie several leagues behind them. Towards the south the hills rise more insensibly, and leave the eye a vast uninterrupted prospect for many miles. But the most beautiful view of all is the lake, and the borders of it that lie north of the town.

This lake resembles a sea in the colour of its waters, the storms that are raised on it, and the ravage it makes on its banks. It receives too a different name from the coasts it washes, and in summer has something like an ebb and flow, which arises from the melting of the snows, that fall into it more copiously at noon than at other times of the day. It has five different states bordering on it, the kingdom of France, and the duchy of Savoy, the canton of Berne, the bishopric of Sion, and the republic of Geneva. I have seen papers fixed up in the canton of Berne, with this magnificent preface; "Whereas we have been informed of several abuses committed in our ports and harbours on the lake," &c.

I made a little voyage round the lake, and touched on the several towns that lie on its coasts; which took up near five days, though the wind was pretty fair for us all the while.

The right side of the lake from Geneva belongs to the Duke of Savoy, and is extremely well cultivated. The greatest entertainment we found in coasting it were the several prospects of woods, vineyards, meadows, and corn-fields, which lie on the borders of it, and run up all the sides of the Alps, where the barrenness of the rocks or the steepness of the ascent will suffer them. The wine, however, on this side of the lake is by no means so good as that on the other, as it has not so open a soil, and is less exposed to the sun. We here passed by Yvoire, where the Duke keeps his galleys, and lodged at Tonon, which is the greatest town on the lake belonging to the Savoyard. It has four convents, and they say about six or seven thousand inhabitants. The lake is here about twelve miles in breadth. At a little distance from Tonon stands Ripaille, where is a convent of Carthusians. They have a large forest cut out into walks, that are extremely thick and gloomy, and very suitable to the genius of the inhabitants. There are vistas in it of a great length, that terminate upon the lake. At one side of the walks you have a near prospect of the Alps, which are broken into so many steps and precipices, that they fill the mind with an

agreeable kind of horror, and form one of the most irregular, misshapen scenes in the world. The house that is now in the hands of the Carthusians belonged formerly to the hermits of St. Maurice, and is famous in history for the retreat of an anti-pope, who called himself Felix the Fifth. He had been Duke of Savoy, and, after a very glorious reign, took on him the habit of a hermit, and rètired into this solitary spot of his dominions. His enemies will have it, that he lived here in great ease and luxury, from whence the Italians to this day make use of the proverb, *Andare a Ripaglia*, and the French, *Faire Ripaille*, to express a delightful kind of life. They say too, that he had great managements with several ecclesiastics before he turned hermit, and that he did it in the view of being advanced to the pontificate. However it was, he had not been here half a year before he was chosen pope by the council of Basil, who took upon them to depose Eugenio the Fourth. This promised fair at first, but by the death of the emperor, who favoured Amadeo, and the resolution of Eugenio, the greatest part of the Church threw itself again under the government of their deposed head. Our anti-pope, however, was still supported by the council of Basil, and owned by Savoy, Switzerland, and a few other little states. This schism lasted in the Church nine years, after which Felix voluntarily resigned his title into the hands of Pope Nicholas the Fifth, but on the following conditions, that Amadeo should be the first cardinal in the conclave; that the pope should always receive him standing, and offer him his mouth to kiss; that he should be perpetual cardinal-legate in the states of Savoy and Switzerland, and in the archbishoprics of Geneva, Sion, Bress, &c. And lastly, that all the cardinals of his creation should be recognised by the pope. After he had made a peace so acceptable to the Church, and so honourable to himself, he spent the remainder of his life with great devotion at Ripaille, and died with an extraordinary reputation of sanctity.

At Tonon they showed us a fountain of water that is in great esteem for its wholesomeness. They say it weighs two ounces in a pound less that the same measure of the lake water, notwithstanding this last is very good to drink, and as clear as can be imagined. A little above Tonon is a castle and small garrison. The next day we saw other small towns

on the coast of Savoy, where there is nothing but misery and poverty. The nearer you come to the end of the lake, the mountains on each side grow thicker and higher, till at last they almost meet. One often sees on the tops of the mountains several sharp rocks that stand above the rest; for as these mountains have been doubtless much higher than they are at present, the rains have washed away abundance of the soil, that has left the veins of stone shooting out of them; as in a decayed body the flesh is still shrinking from the bones. The natural histories of Switzerland talk very much of the fall of these rocks, and the great damage they have sometimes done, when their foundations have been mouldered with age, or rent by an earthquake. We saw in several parts of the Alps that bordered upon us, vast pits of snow, as several mountains that lie at a greater distance are wholly covered with it. I fancied the confusion of mountains and hollows, I here observed, furnished me with a more probable reason than any I have met with for those periodical fountains in Switzerland, which flow only at such particular hours of the day. For as the tops of these mountains cast their shadows upon one another, they hinder the sun's shining on several parts at such certain times, so that there are several heaps of snow which have the sun lying upon them two or three hours together, and are in the shade all the day afterwards. If, therefore, it happens that any particular fountain takes its rise from any of these reservoirs of snow, it will naturally begin to flow on such hours of the day as the snow begins to melt: but as soon as the sun leaves it again to freeze and harden, the fountain dries up, and receives no more supplies till about the same time the next day, when the heat of the sun again sets the snows a running that fall into the same little conduits, traces, and canals, and by consequence break out and discover themselves always in the same place. At the very extremity of the lake the Rhone enters, and, when I saw it, brought along with it a prodigious quantity of water; the rivers and lakes of this country being much higher in summer than in winter, by reason of the melting of the snows. One would wonder how so many learned men could fall into so great an absurdity, as to believe this river could preserve itself unmixed with the lake till its going out again at Geneva, which is a course of many miles. It was extremely muddy at its entrance when I saw it, though as

clear as rock water at its going out. Besides that, it brought in much more water than it carried off. The river, indeed, preserves itself for about a quarter of a mile in the lake, but is afterwards so wholly mixed and lost with the waters of the lake, that one discovers nothing like a stream till within about a quarter of a mile of Geneva. From the end of the lake to the source of the Rhone, is a valley of about four days' journey in length, which gives the name of Vallesins to its inhabitants, and is the dominion of the bishop of Sion. We lodged the second night at Ville Neuve, a little town in the canton of Berne, where we found good accommodations, and a much greater appearance of plenty than on the other side of the lake. The next day, having passed by the castle of Chillon, we came to Versoy, another town in the canton of Berne, where Ludlow retired after having left Geneva and Lausanne. The magistrates of the town warned him out of the first by the solicitation of the Duchess of Orleans, as the death of his friend Lisle made him quit the other. He probably chose this retreat as a place of the greatest safety, it being an easy matter to know what strangers are in the town, by reason of its situation. The house he lived in has this inscription over the door.

Omne solum forti patria
quia patris.

The first part is a piece of a verse in Ovid, as the last is a cant of his own. He is buried in the best of the churches, with the following epitaph.

Siste gradum et respice

Hic jacet Edmond Ludlow Anglus Natione, Provinciæ Wiltoniensis, filius Henrici Equestris Ordinis, Senatorisque Parlamenti, cujus quoque fuit ipse membrum, Patrum stemmate clarus et nobilis, virtute propriâ nobilior, religione protestans et insigni pietate coruscus, ætatis Anno 23, tribunus Militum, paulo post exercitûs prætor primarius. Tunc Hibernorum domitor, in pugnâ intrepidus et vitæ prodigus, in victoriâ clemens et mansuetus, patriæ libertatis defensor, et potestatis arbitrariæ impugnator acerrimus; cujus causâ ab eâdem patriâ 32 annis extorris, meliorique fortunâ dignus apud Helvetios se recepit, ibique ætatis Anno 73, moriens sui desiderium relinquens sedes æternas lætus advolavit.

Hocce Monumentum, in perpetuam veræ et sinceræ pietatis erga Maritum defunctum memoriam, dicat et vovet Domina Elizabeth de Thomas, ejus strenua et mæstissima, tam in infortuniis quam in matrimonio, consors dilectissima, quæ animi magnitudine et vi amoris conjugalis mota eum in exilium ad obitum usque constanter secuta est. Anno Dom. 1693

Ludlow was a constant frequenter of sermons and prayers, but would never communicate with them either of Geneva or Vevy. Just by his monument is a tombstone with the following inscription.

Depositorium.

Andreæ Broughton Armigeri Anglicani Maydstonensis in Comitatu Cantii, ubi bis prætor urbanus. Dignatusque etiam fuit sententiam Regis Regum profari. Quam ob causam expulsus patriâ suâ, peregrinatione ejus finitâ, solo senectutis morbo affectus requiescens a laboribus suis in Domino obdormivit, 23 die Feb. Anno D. 1687. ætatis suæ 84.

The inhabitants of the place could give no account of this Broughton, but, I suppose, by his epitaph, it is the same person that was clerk to the pretended high court of justice, which passed sentence on the royal martyr.

The next day we spent at Lausanne, the greatest town on the lake, after Geneva. We saw the wall of the cathedral church that was opened by an earthquake, and shut again some years after by a second. The crack can but be just discerned at present, though there are several in the town still living who have formerly passed through it. The Duke of Schomberg, who was killed in Savoy, lies in this church, but without any monument or inscription over him. Lausanne was once a republic, but is now under the canton of Berne, and governed, like the rest of their dominions, by a baily, who is sent them every three years from the senate of Berne. There is one street of this town that has the privilege of acquitting or condemning any person of their own body, in matters of life and death. Every inhabitant of it has his vote, which makes a house here sell better than in any other part of the town. They tell you that not many years ago it happened, that a cobbler had the casting vote for the life of a criminal, which he very graciously gave on the merciful side. From Lausanne to Geneva we coasted along the country of the Vaud, which is the fruitfullest and best cultivated part of any among the Alps. It belonged formerly to the Duke of Savoy, but was won from him by the canton of Berne, and made over to it by the treaty of St. Julian, which is still very much regretted by the Savoyard. We called in at Morge, where there is an artificial port, and a show of more trade than in any other town on the lake. From Morge we came to Nyon. The *colonia equestris* of Julius Cæsar settled in this country, is generally sup-

posed to have been planted in this place. They have often dug up old Roman inscriptions and statues, and as I walked in the town, I observed in the walls of several houses the fragments of vast Corinthian pillars, with several other pieces of architecture, which must have formerly belonged to some very noble pile of building. There is no author that mentions this colony, yet it is certain, by several old Roman inscriptions, that there was such an one. Lucan, indeed, speaks of a part of Cæsar's army, that came to him from the Leman Lake in the beginning of the civil war.

Deseruere cavo tentoria fixa Lemanno.

At about five miles' distance from Nyon they show still the ruins of Cæsar's wall, that reached eighteen miles in length from Mount Jura to the borders of the lake, as he has described it in the first book of his Commentaries. The next town upon the lake is Versoy, which we could not have an opportunity of seeing, as belonging to the king of France. It has the reputation of being extremely poor and beggarly. We sailed from hence directly for Geneva, which makes a very noble show from the lake. There are near Geneva several quarries of free-stone that run under the lake. When the water is at lowest they make within the borders of it a little square enclosed with four walls. In this square they sink a pit and dig for free-stone; the walls hindering the waters from coming in upon them, when the lake rises and runs on all sides of them. The great convenience of carriage makes these stones much cheaper than any that can be found upon firm land. One sees several deep pits that have been made at several times as one sails over them. As the lake approaches Geneva it grows still narrower and narrower, till at last it changes its name into the Rhone, which turns all the mills of the town, and is extremely rapid, notwithstanding its waters are very deep. As I have seen a great part of the course of this river, I cannot but think it has been guided by the particular hand of Providence. It rises in the very heart of the Alps, and has a long valley that seems hewn out on purpose to give its waters a passage amidst so many rocks and mountains which are on all sides of it. This brings it almost in a direct line to Geneva. It would there overflow all the country, were there not one particular cleft that divides a vast circuit of mountains, and conveys it off to

Lyons. From Lyons there is another great rent, which runs across the whole country in almost another straight line, and, notwithstanding the vast height of the mountains that rise about it, gives it the shortest course it can take to fall into the sea. Had such a river as this been left to itself to have found its way out from among the Alps, whatever winding it had made it must have formed several little seas, and have laid many countries under water, before it had come to the end of its course. I shall not make any remarks upon Geneva, which is a republic so well known to the English. It lies at present under some difficulties by reason of the emperor's displeasure, who has forbidden the importation of their manufactures into any part of the empire, which will certainly raise a sedition among the people, unless the magistrates find some way to remedy it: and they say it is already done by the interposition of the states of Holland. The occasion of the emperor's prohibition was their furnishing great sums to the king of France for the payment of his army in Italy. They obliged themselves to remit after the rate of twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling per annum, divided into so many monthly payments. As the interest was very great, several of the merchants of Lyons, who would not trust their king in their own name, are said to have contributed a great deal under the names of Geneva merchants. The republic fancies itself hardly treated by the emperor, since it is not any action of the state, but a compact among private persons, that hath furnished out these several remittances. They pretend, however, to have put a stop to them, and by that means are in hopes again to open their commerce into the empire.

FRIBOURG, BERNE, SOLEURRE, ZURICH, ST. GAUL, LINDAW, &c.

From Geneva I travelled to Lausanne, and thence to Fribourg, which is but a mean town for the capital of so large a canton. Its situation is so irregular, that they are forced to climb up to several parts of it by staircases of a prodigious ascent. The inconvenience, however, gives them a very great commodity in case a fire breaks out in any part of the town, for by reason of several reservoirs on the tops of these mountains, by the opening of a sluice they convey a

river into what part of the town they please. They have four churches, four convents of women, and as many for men. The little chapel, called the Salutation, is very neat, and built with a pretty fancy. The college of Jesuits is, they say, the finest in Switzerland. There is a great deal of room in it, and several beautiful views from the different parts of it. They have a collection of pictures representing most of the fathers of their order, who have been eminent for their piety or learning. Among the rest, many Englishmen whom we name rebels, and they martyrs. Henry Garnet's inscription says, That when the heretics could not prevail with him, either by force or promises, to change his religion, they hanged and quartered him. At the Capuchins I saw the escargatoire, which I took the more notice of, because I do not remember to have met with anything of the same in other countries. It is a square place boarded in, and filled with a vast quantity of large snails, that are esteemed excellent food when they are well dressed. The floor is strewed about half a foot deep with several kinds of plants, among which the snails nestle all the winter season. When Lent arrives they open their magazines, and take out of them the best meagre food in the world, for there is no dish of fish that they reckon comparable to a ragout of snails.

About two leagues from Fribourg we went to see a hermitage, that is reckoned the greatest curiosity of these parts. It lies in the prettiest solitude imaginable, among woods and rocks, which at first sight dispose a man to be serious. There has lived in it a hermit these five and twenty years, who with his own hands has worked in the rock a pretty chapel, a sacristy, a chamber, kitchen, cellar, and other conveniences. His chimney is carried up through the whole rock, so that you see the sky through it, notwithstanding the rooms lie very deep. He has cut the side of the rock into a flat for a garden, and by laying on it the waste earth that he has found in several of the neighbouring parts, has made such a spot of ground of it as furnishes out a kind of luxury for a hermit. As he saw drops of water distilling from several parts of the rock, by following the veins of them, he has made himself two or three fountains in the bowels of the mountain, that serve his table, and water his little garden.

We had very bad ways from hence to Berne, a great part

of them through woods of fir-trees. The great quantity of timber they have in this country makes them mend their highways with wood instead of stone. I could not but take notice of the make of several of their barns I here saw. After having laid a frame of wood for the foundation, they place at the four corners of it four huge blocks, cut in such a shape as neither mice nor any other sort of vermin can creep up the sides of them, at the same time that they raise the corn above the moisture that might come into it from the ground. The whole weight of the barn is supported by these four blocks.

What pleased me most at Berne was, their public walks by the great church. They are raised extremely high, and that their weight might not break down the walls and pilasters which surround them, they are built upon arches and vaults. Though they are, I believe, as high as most steeples in England from the streets and gardens that lie at the foot of them, yet about forty years ago a person in his drink fell down from the very top to the bottom, without doing himself any other hurt than the breaking of an arm. He died about four years ago. There is the noblest summer-prospect in the world from this walk, for you have a full view of a huge range of mountains that lie in the country of the Grisons, and are buried in snow. They are about twenty-five leagues' distance from the town, though by reason of their height and their colour they seem much nearer. The cathedral church stands on one side of these walks, and is, perhaps, the most magnificent of any Protestant church in Europe out of England. It is a very bold work, and a master-piece in Gothic architecture.

I saw the arsenal of Berne, where they say there are arms for twenty thousand men. There is, indeed, no great pleasure in visiting these magazines of war after one has seen two or three of them, yet it is very well worth a traveller's while to look into all that lie in his way; for besides the idea it gives him of the forces of a state, it serves to fix in his mind the most considerable parts of his history. Thus in that of Geneva, one meets with the ladders, petard, and other utensils which were made use of in their famous escalade, besides the weapons they took of the Savoyards, Florentines, and French, in the several battles mentioned in their history. In this of Berne, you have the figure and armour

of the count who founded the town, of the famous Tell, who is represented as shooting at the apple on his son's head. The story is too well known to be repeated in this place. I here, likewise, saw the figure and armour of him that headed the peasants in the war upon Berne, with the several weapons which were found in the hands of his followers. They show, too, abundance of arms that they took from the Burgundians in the three great battles which established them in their liberty, and destroyed the great Duke of Burgundy himself, with the bravest of his subjects. I saw nothing remarkable in the chambers where the council meet, nor in the fortifications of the town. These last were made on occasion of the peasants' insurrection, to defend the place for the future against the like sudden assaults. In their library I observed a couple of antique figures in metal, of a priest pouring wine between the horns of a bull. The priest is veiled after the manner of the old Roman sacrificers, and is represented in the same action that Virgil describes in the third Æneid.

> Ipsa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido
> Candentis vaccæ media inter cornua fundit.

This antiquity was found at Lausanne.

The town of Berne is plentifully furnished with water, there being a great multitude of handsome fountains planted at set distances from one end of the streets to the other. There is, indeed, no country in the world better supplied with water, than the several parts of Switzerland that I travelled through. One meets everywhere in the roads with fountains continually running into huge troughs that stand underneath them, which is wonderfully commodious in a country that so much abounds with horses and cattle. It has so many springs breaking out of the sides of the hills, and such vast quantities of wood to make pipes of, that it is no wonder they are so well stocked with fountains.

On the road between Berne and Soleurre there is a monument erected by the republic of Berne, which tells us the story of an Englishman, who is not to be met with in any of our own writers. The inscription is in Latin verse on one side of the stone, and in German on the other. I had not time to copy it, but the substance of it is this. "One Cussinus, an Englishman, to whom the Duke of Austria had given his sister in marriage, came to take her from among

the Swiss by force of arms, but after having ravaged the country for some time, he was here overthrown by the canton of Berne."

Soleurre is our next considerable town, that seemed to me to have a greater air of politeness than any I saw in Switzerland. The French ambassador has his residence in this place. His master contributed a great sum of money to the Jesuit's church, which is not yet quite finished. It is the finest modern building in Switzerland. The old cathedral church stood not far from it. At the ascent that leads to it are a couple of antique pillars which belonged to an old heathen temple, dedicated to Hermes: they seem Tuscan by their proportion. The whole fortification of Soleurre is faced with marble. But its best fortifications are the high mountains that lie within its neighbourhood, and separate it from the Franche Compté.

The next day's journey carried us through other parts of the canton of Berne, to the little town of Meldingen. I was surprised to find in all my road through Switzerland, the wine that grows in the country of Vaud on the borders of the lake of Geneva, which is very cheap, notwithstanding the great distance between the vineyards and the towns that sell the wine. But the navigable rivers of Switzerland are as commodious to them in this respect, as the sea is to the English. As soon as the vintage is over, they ship off their wine upon the lake, which furnishes all the towns that lie upon its borders. What they design for other parts of the country they unload at Vevy, and after about half a day's land-carriage convey it into the river Aar, which brings it down the stream to Berne, Soleurre, and, in a word, distributes it through all the richest parts of Switzerland; as it is easy to guess from the first sight of the map, which shows us the natural communication Providence has formed between the many rivers and lakes of a country that is at so great a distance from the sea. The canton of Berne is reckoned as powerful as all the rest together. They can send a hundred thousand men into the field; though the soldiers of the Catholic cantons, who are much poorer, and, therefore, forced to enter oftener into foreign armies, are more esteemed than the Protestants.

We lay one night at Meldingen, which is a little Roman Catholic town with one church, and no convent. It is a re-

public of itself, under the protection of the eight ancient cantons. There are in it a hundred bourgeois, and about a thousand souls. Their government is modelled after the same manner with that of the cantons, as much as so small a community can imitate those of so large an extent. For this reason, though they have very little business to do, they have all the variety of councils and officers that are to be met with in the greater states. They have a town-house to meet in, adorned with the arms of the eight cantons their protectors. They have three councils, the great council of fourteen, the little council of ten, and the privy council of three. The chief of the state are the two avoyers: when I was there, the reigning avoyer, or the doge of the commonwealth, was the son of the inn-keeper where I was lodged; his father having enjoyed the same honours before him. His revenue amounts to about thirty pounds a year. The several councils meet every Thursday upon affairs of state, such as the reparation of a trough, the mending of a pavement, or any the like matters of importance. The river that runs through their dominions puts them to the charge of a very large bridge, that is all made of wood, and coped overhead, like the rest of Switzerland. Those that travel over it pay a certain due towards the maintenance of this bridge. And as the French ambassador has often occasion to pass this way, his master gives the town a pension of twenty pound sterling, which makes them extremely industrious to raise all the men they can for his service, and keeps this powerful republic firm to the French interest. You may be sure the preserving of the bridge, with the regulation of the dues arising from it, is the grand affair that cuts out employment for the several councils of state. They have a small village belonging to them, whither they punctually send a bailiff for the distribution of justice; in imitation still of the great cantons. There are three other towns that have the same privileges and protectors.

We dined the next day at Zurich, that is prettily situated on the outlet of the lake, and is reckoned the handsomest town in Switzerland. The chief places shown to strangers are the arsenal, the library, and the town-house. This last is but lately finished, and is a very fine pile of building. The frontispiece has pillars of a beautiful black marble streaked with white, which is found in the neighbouring mountains. The chambers for the several councils, with the other apart-

ments, are very neat. The whole building is indeed so well designed, that it would make a good figure even in Italy. It is pity they have spoiled the beauty of the walls with abundance of childish Latin sentences, that consist often in a jingle of words. I have indeed observed in several inscriptions of this country, that your men of learning are extremely delighted in playing little tricks with words and figures; for your Swiss wits are not yet got out of anagram and acrostic. The library is a very large room, pretty well filled. Over it is another room furnished with several artificial and natural curiosities. I saw in it a huge map of the country of Zurich drawn with a pencil, where they see every particular fountain and hillock in their dominions. I ran over their cabinet of medals, but do not remember to have met with any in it that are extraordinary rare. The arsenal is better than that of Berne, and they say has arms for thirty thousand men.

At about a day's journey from Zurich we entered on the territory of the abbot of St. Gaul. They are four hours' riding in breadth, and twelve in length. The abbot can raise in it an army of twelve thousand men well armed and exercised. He is sovereign of the whole country, and under the protection of the cantons of Zurich, Lucerne, Glaris, and Switz. He is always chosen out of the abbey of Benedictines at St. Gaul. Every father and brother of the convent has a voice in the election, which must afterwards be confirmed by the pope. The last abbot was Cardinal Sfondrati, who was advanced to the purple about two years before his death. The abbot takes the advice and consent of his chapter, before he enters on any matters of importance, as the levying of a tax, or declaring of a war. His chief lay-officer is the grand *maître d' hôtel*, or high steward of the household, who is named by the abbot, and has the management of all affairs under him. There are several other judges and distributers of justice appointed for the several parts of his dominions, from whom there always lies an appeal to the prince. His residence is generally at the Benedictine convent at St. Gaul, notwithstanding the town of St. Gaul is a little Protestant republic, wholly independent of the abbot, and under the protection of the cantons.

One would wonder to see so many rich bourgeois in the town of St. Gaul, and so very few poor people in a place that

has scarce any lands belonging to it, and little or no income but what arises from its trade. But the great support and riches of this little state is its linen manufacture, which employs almost all ages and conditions of its inhabitants. The whole country about them furnishes them with vast quantities of flax, out of which they are said to make yearly forty thousand pieces of linen cloth, reckoning two hundred ells to the piece. Some of their manufacture is as finely wrought as any that can be met with in Holland; for they have excellent artisans, and great commodities for whitening. All the fields about the town were so covered with their manufacture, that coming in the dusk of the evening we mistook them for a lake. They send off their works upon mules into Italy, Spain, Germany, and all the adjacent countries. They reckon in the town of St. Gaul, and in the houses that lie scattered about it, near ten thousand souls, of which there are sixteen hundred bourgeois. They choose their councils and burgomasters out of the body of the bourgeois, as in the other governments of Switzerland, which are everywhere of the same nature, the difference lying only in the numbers of such as are employed in state affairs, which are proportioned to the grandeur of the states that employ them. The abbey and the town bear a great aversion to one another; but in the general diet of the cantons their representatives sit together, and act by concert. The abbot deputes his grand *maître d' hôtel*, and the town one of its burgomasters.

About four years ago the town and abbey would have come to an open rupture, had it not been timely prevented by the interposition of their common protectors. The occasion was this. A Benedictine monk, in one of their annual processions, carried his cross erected through the town with a train of three or four thousand peasants following him. They had no sooner entered the convent but the whole town was in a tumult, occasioned by the insolence of the priest, who, contrary to all precedents, had presumed to carry his cross in that manner. The bourgeois immediately put themselves in arms, and drew down four pieces of their cannon to the gates of the convent. The procession, to escape the fury of the citizens, durst not return by the way it came, but after the devotions of the monks were finished, passed out at a back door of the convent, that immediately led into the abbot's territories. The abbot on his part raises an army,

blocks up the town on the side that faces his dominions, and forbids his subjects to furnish it with any of their commodities. While things were just ripe for a war, the cantons, their protectors, interposed as umpires in the quarrel, condemning the town, that had appeared too forward in the dispute, to a fine of two thousand crowns; and enacting at the same time, that, as soon as any procession entered their walls, the priest should let the cross hang about his neck without touching it with either hand, till he came within the precincts of the abbey. The citizens could bring into the field near two thousand men well exercised, and armed to the best advantage, with which they fancy they could make head against twelve or fifteen thousand peasants, for so many the abbot could easily raise in his territories. But the Protestants, subjects of the abbey, who, they say, make up a good third of its people, would probably, in case of a war, abandon the cause of their prince for that of their religion. The town of St. Gaul has an arsenal, library, town-houses, and churches, proportionable to the bigness of the state. It is well enough fortified to resist any sudden attack, and to give the cantons time to come to their assistance. The abbey is by no means so magnificent as one would expect from its endowments. The church is one huge nef with a double aisle to it. At each end is a large choir. The one of them is supported by vast pillars of stone, cased over with a composition that looks the most like marble of anything one can imagine. On the ceiling and walls of the church are lists of saints, martyrs, popes, cardinals, archbishops, kings, and queens, that have been of the Benedictine order. There are several pictures of such as have been distinguished by their birth, sanctity, or miracles, with inscriptions that let you into the name and history of the persons represented. I have often wished that some traveller would take the pains to gather all the modern inscriptions which are to be met with in Roman Catholic countries, as Gruter and others have copied out the ancient heathen monuments. Had we two or three volumes of this nature, without any of the collector's own reflections, I am sure there is nothing in the world could give a clearer idea of the Roman Catholic religion, nor expose more the pride, vanity, and self-interest of convents, the abuse of indulgencies, the folly and impertinence of votaries, and, in short, the superstition, credulity,

and childishness of the Roman Catholic religion. One might fill several sheets at St. Gaul, as there are few considerable convents or churches that would not afford large contributions.

As the king of France distributes his pensions through all the parts of Switzerland, the town and abbey of St. Gaul come in too for their share. To the first he gives five hundred crowns per annum, and to the other a thousand. This pension has not been paid these three years, which they attribute to their not acknowledging the Duke of Anjou for king of Spain. The town and abbey of St. Gaul carry a bear for their arms. The Roman Catholics have this bear's memory in very great veneration, and represent him as the first convert their saint made in the country. One of the most learned of the Benedictine monks gave me the following history of him, which he delivered to me with tears of affection in his eyes. "St. Gaul, it seems, whom they call the great apostle of Germany, found all this country little better than a vast desert. As he was walking in it on a very cold day he chanced to meet a bear in his way. The saint, instead of being startled at the rencounter, ordered the bear to bring him a bundle of wood, and make him a fire. The bear served him to the best of his ability, and, at his departure, was commanded by the saint to retire into the very depth of the woods, and there to pass the rest of his life without ever hurting man or beast. From this time, says the monk, the bear lived irreproachably, and observed, to his dying day, the orders that the saint had given him."

I have often considered, with a great deal of pleasure, the profound peace and tranquillity that reigns in Switzerland and its alliances. It is very wonderful to see such a knot of governments, which are so divided among themselves in matters of religion, maintain so uninterrupted an union and correspondence, that no one of them is for invading the rights of another, but remains content within the bounds of its first establishment. This, I think, must be chiefly ascribed to the nature of the people, and the constitution of their governments. Were the Swiss animated by zeal or ambition, some or other of their states would immediately break in upon the rest; or were the states so many principalities, they might often have an ambitious sovereign at the head of them, that would embroil his neighbours, and sacrifice the repose of his subjects to his own glory. But as

the inhabitants of these countries are naturally of a heavy, phlegmatic temper, if any of their leading members have more fire and spirit than comes to their share, it is quickly tempered by the coldness and moderation of the rest who sit at the helm with them. To this we may add, that the Alps is the worst spot of ground in the world to make conquests in, a great part of its governments being so naturally intrenched among woods and mountains. However it be, we find no such disorders among them as one would expect in such a multitude of states; for as soon as any public rupture happens, it is immediately closed up by the moderation and good offices of the rest that interpose.

As all the considerable governments among the Alps are commonwealths, so, indeed, it is a constitution the most adapted of any other to the poverty and barrenness of these countries. We may see only in a neighbouring government the ill consequences of having a despotic prince, in a state that is most of it composed of rocks and mountains; for, notwithstanding there is a vast extent of lands, and many of them better than those of the Swiss and Grisons, the common people among the latter are much more at their ease, and in a greater affluence of all the conveniencies of life. A prince's court eats too much into the income of a poor state, and generally introduces a kind of luxury and magnificence, that sets every particular person upon making a higher figure in his station than is consistent with his revenue.

It is the great endeavour of the several cantons of Switzerland, to banish from among them everything that looks like pomp or superfluity. To this end the ministers are always preaching, and the governors putting out edicts, against dancing, gaming, entertainments, and fine clothes. This is become more necessary in some of the governments, since there are so many refugees settled among them; for, though the Protestants in France affect ordinarily a greater plainness and simplicity of manners than those of the same quality who are of the Roman Catholic communion, they have, however, too much of their country-gallantry for the genius and constitution of Switzerland. Should dressing, feasting, and balls, once get among the cantons, their military roughness would be quickly lost, their tempers would grow too soft for their climate, and their expenses out-run their incomes; besides that the materials for their luxury

must be brought from other nations, which would immediately ruin a country that has few commodities of its own to export, and is not over-stocked with money. Luxury indeed wounds a republic in its very vitals, as its natural consequences are rapine, avarice, and injustice; for the more money a man spends, the more must he endeavour to augment his stock; which at last sets the liberty and votes of a commonwealth to sale, if they find any foreign power that is able to pay the price of them. We see nowhere the pernicious effects of luxury on a republic more than in that of the ancient Romans, who[1] immediately found itself poor as soon as this vice got footing among them, though they were possessed of all the riches in the world. We find in the beginnings and increases of their commonwealth strange instances of the contempt of money, because indeed they were utter strangers to the pleasures that might be procured by it; or in other words, because they were wholly ignorant of the arts of luxury. But as soon as they once entered into a taste of pleasure, politeness, and magnificence, they fell into a thousand violences, conspiracies, and divisions, that threw them into all the disorders imaginable, and terminated in the utter subversion of the commonwealth. It is no wonder, therefore, the poor commonwealths of Switzerland are ever labouring at the suppressing and prohibition of everything that may introduce vanity and luxury. Besides the several fines that are set upon plays, games, balls, and feastings, they have many customs among them which very much contribute to the keeping up of their ancient simplicity. The bourgeois, who are at the head of the governments, are obliged to appear at all their public assemblies in a black cloak and a band. The women's dress is very plain, those of the best quality wearing nothing on their heads generally but furs, which are to be met with in their own country. The persons of different qualities in both sexes are indeed allowed their different ornaments, but these are generally such as are by no means costly, being rather designed as marks of distinction than to make a figure. The chief officers of Berne, for example, are known by the crowns of their hats, which are much deeper than those of an inferior character. The

[1] *Who.*] The relative "*Who*" has a *person* for its antecedent—it should therefore have been, "*Who* found *herself* poor," or, "*which* found *itself* poor."

peasants are generally clothed in a coarse kind of canvass, that is the manufacture of the country. Their holiday clothes go from father to son, and are seldom worn out till the second or third generation; so that it is common enough to see a countryman in the doublet and breeches of his great-grandfather.

Geneva is much politer than Switzerland, or any of its allies, and is therefore looked upon as the court of the Alps, whither the Protestant cantons often send their children to improve themselves in language and education. The Genevois have been very much refined, or, as others will have it, corrupted, by the conversation of the French Protestants, who make up almost a third of their people. It is certain they have very much forgotten the advice that Calvin gave them in a great council a little before his death, when he recommended to them, above all things, an exemplary modesty and humility, and as great a simplicity in their manners as in their religion. Whether or no they have done well, to set up for making another kind of figure, time will witness. There are several that fancy the great sums they have remitted into Italy, though by this means they make their court to the king of France at present, may some time or other give him inclination to become the master of so wealthy a city.

As this collection of little states abounds more in pasturage than in corn, they are all provided with their public granaries, and have the humanity to furnish one another in public exigencies, when the scarcity is not universal. As the administration of affairs relating to these public granaries is not very different in any of the particular governments, I shall content myself to set down the rules observed in it by the little commonwealth of Geneva, in which I had more time to inform myself of the particulars than in any other. There are three of the little council deputed for this office. They are obliged to keep together a provision sufficient to feed the people at least two years, in case of war or famine. They must take care to fill their magazines in times of the greatest plenty, that so they may afford cheaper, and increase the public revenue at a small expense of its members. None of the three managers must, upon any pretence, furnish the granaries from his own fields, that so they may have no temptation to pay too great a price, or put any bad corn upon the public. They must buy up no corn growing within twelve miles of Geneva, that so the filling their magazines

may not prejudice their market, and raise the price of their provisions at home. That such a collection of corn may not spoil in keeping, all the inns and public-houses are obliged to furnish themselves out of it, by which means is raised the most considerable branch of the public-revenues; the corn being sold out at a much dearer rate than 'tis bought up. So that the greatest income of the commonwealth, which pays the pensions of most of its officers and ministers, is raised on strangers and travellers, or such of their own body as have money enough to spend at taverns and public-houses.

It is the custom in Geneva and Switzerland to divide their estates equally among all their children, by which means every one lives at his ease without growing dangerous to the republic, for, as soon as an overgrown estate falls into the hands of one that has many children, it is broken into so many portions as render the sharers of it rich enough, without raising them too much above the level of the rest. This is absolutely necessary in these little republics, where the rich merchants live very much within their estates, and by heaping up vast sums from year to year, might become formidable to the rest of their fellow-citizens, and break the equality, which is so necessary in these kinds of governments, were there not means found out to distribute their wealth among several members of their republic. At Geneva, for instance, are merchants reckoned worth twenty hundred thousand crowns, though, perhaps, there is not one of them who spends to the value of five hundred pounds a year.

Though the Protestants and Papists know very well that it is their common interest to keep a steady neutrality in all the wars between the states of Europe, they cannot forbear siding with a party in their discourse. The Catholics are zealous for the French king, as the Protestants do not a little glory in the riches, power, and good success of the English and Dutch, whom they look upon as the bulwarks of the Reformation. The ministers, in particular, have often preached against such of their fellow-subjects as enter into the troops of the French king; but so long as the Swiss see their interest in it, their poverty will always hold them fast to his service. They have, indeed, the exercise of their religion, and their ministers with them, which is the more remarkable, because the very same prince refused even those

of the Church of England, who followed their master to St. Germains, the public exercise of their religion.

Before I leave Switzerland I cannot but observe, that the notion of witchcraft reigns very much in this country. I have often been tired with accounts of this nature from very sensible men, who are most of them furnished with matters of fact which have happened, as they pretend, within the compass of their own knowledge. It is certain there have been many executions on this account, as in the canton of Berne there were some put to death during my stay at Geneva. The people are so universally infatuated with the notion, that if a cow falls sick, it is ten to one but an old woman is clapt up in prison for it, and if the poor creature chance to think herself a witch, the whole country is for hanging her up without mercy. One finds, indeed, the same humour prevail in most of the rocky, barren parts of Europe. Whether it be that poverty and ignorance, which are generally the products of these countries, may really engage a wretch in such dark practices, or, whether or no the same principles may not render the people too credulous, and, perhaps, too easy to get rid of some of their unprofitable members.

A great affair that employs the Swiss politics at present is the Prince of Conti's succession to the Duchess of Nemours in the government of Neuf-Chatel. The inhabitants of Neuf-Chatel can by no means think of submitting themselves to a prince who is a Roman Catholic, and a subject of France. They were very attentive to his conduct in the principality of Orange, which they did not question but he would rule with all the mildness and moderation imaginable, as it would be the best means in the world to recommend him to Neuf-Chatel. But, notwithstanding[1] it was so much his interest to manage his Protestant subjects in the country, and the strong assurances he had given them in protecting them in all their privileges, and particularly in the free exercise of their religion, he made over his principality in a very little time for a sum of money to the king of France. It is, indeed, generally believed the Prince of Conti would rather

[1] *Notwithstanding.*] *Notwithstanding* may be followed by a whole sentence, or by a substantive; but it is not right to turn the several parts of the same period so differently. It should be,—"Notwithstanding the interest he had, and the assurances he had given," or, "Notwithstanding *[that]* it was so much his interest to manage, and that he had given the strongest assurances to protect."

still have kept his title to Orange, but the same respect which induced him to quit this government, might, at another time, tempt him to give up that of Neuf-Chatel on the like conditions. The king of Prussia lays in his claim for Neuf-Chatel, as he did for the principality of Orange, and it is probable would be more acceptable to the inhabitants than the other; but they are generally disposed to declare themselves a free commonwealth, after the death of the Duchess of Nemours, if the Swiss will support them. The Protestant cantons seem much inclined to assist them, which they may very well do, in case the duchess dies whilst the king of France has his hands so full of business on all sides of him. It certainly very much concerns them not to suffer the French king to establish his authority on this side Mount Jura, and on the very borders of their country; but it is not easy to foresee what a round sum of money, or the fear of a rupture with France, may do among a people who have tamely suffered the Franche Compté to be seized on, and a fort to be built within cannon-shot of one of their cantons.

There is a new sect sprung up in Switzerland, which spreads very much in the Protestant cantons. The professors of it call themselves Pietists, and as enthusiasm carries men generally to the like extravagancies, they differ but little from several sectaries in other countries. They pretend in general to great refinements, as to what regards the practice of Christianity, and to observe the following rules. To retire much from the conversation of the world. To sink themselves into an entire repose and tranquillity of mind. In this state of silence to attend the secret elapse and flowings in of the Holy Spirit, that may fill their minds with peace and consolation, joys or raptures. To favour all his secret intimations, and give themselves up entirely to his conduct and direction, so as neither to speak, move, or act, but as they find his impulse on their souls. To retrench themselves within the conveniences and necessities of life. To make a covenant with all their senses, so far as to shun the smell of a rose or violet, and to turn away their eyes from a beautiful prospect. To avoid, as much as is possible, what the world calls innocent pleasures, lest they should have their affections tainted by any sensuality, and diverted from the love of Him who is to be the only comfort, repose, hope, and delight of their whole beings. This sect prevails very much among the Pro-

[illegible] of Germany, as well as those of Switzerland, and has [illegible]ned several edicts against it in the duchy of Saxony. The professors of it are accused of all the ill practices which may seem to be the consequence of their principles, as that they ascribe the worst of actions, which their own vicious tempers throw them upon, to the dictates of the Holy Spirit; that both sexes, under pretence of devout conversation, visit one another at all hours, and in all places, without any regard to common decency, often making their religion a cover for their immoralities; and that the very best of them are possessed with spiritual pride, and a contempt for all such as are not of their own sect. The Roman Catholics, who reproach the Protestants for their breaking into such a multitude of religions, have certainly taken the most effectual way in the world for the keeping their flocks together; I do not mean the punishments they inflict on men's persons, which are commonly looked upon as the chief methods by which they deter them from breaking through the pale of the Church, though certainly these lay a very great restraint on those of the Roman Catholic persuasion. But I take one great cause why there are so few sects in the Church of Rome, to be the multitude of convents, with which they everywhere abound, that serve as receptacles for all those fiery zealots who would set the Church in a flame, were not they got together in these houses of devotion. All men of dark tempers, according to their degree of melancholy or enthusiasm, may find convents fitted to their humours, and meet with companions as gloomy as themselves. So that what the Protestants would call a fanatic, is in the Roman Church a religious of such or such an order; as I have been told of an English merchant at Lisbon, who after some great disappointments in the world, was resolved to turn Quaker or Capuchin; for, in the change of religion, men of ordinary understandings do not so much consider the principles, as the practice of those to whom they go over.

From St. Gaul I took horse to the Lake of Constance, which lies at two leagues' distance from it, and is formed by the entry of the Rhine. This is the only lake in Europe that disputes for greatness with that of Geneva; it appears more beautiful to the eye, but wants the fruitful fields and vineyards that border upon the other. It receives its name from Constance, the chief town on its banks. When the cantons

of Berne and Zurich proposed, at a general diet, the incorporating Geneva in the number of the cantons, the Roman Catholic party, fearing the Protestant interest might receive by it too great a strengthening, proposed at the same time the incantoning of Constance, as a counterpoise; to which the Protestants not consenting, the whole project fell to the ground. We crossed the lake to Lindaw, and in several parts of it observed abundance of little bubbles of air, that came working upward from the very bottom of the lake. The watermen told us, that they are observed always to rise in the same places, from whence they conclude them to be so many springs that break out of the bottom of the lake. Lindaw is an imperial town on a little island that lies at about three hundred paces from the firm land, to which it is joined by a huge bridge of wood. The inhabitants were all in arms when we passed through it, being under great apprehensions of the Duke of Bavaria, after his having fallen upon Ulme and Memminghen. They flatter themselves, that by cutting their bridge they could hold out against his army: but, in all probability, a shower of bombs would quickly reduce the bourgeois to surrender. They were formerly bombarded by Gustavus Adolphus. We were advised by our merchants, by no means to venture ourselves in the Duke of Bavaria's country, so that we had the mortification to lose the sight of Munich, Augsburg, and Ratisbon, and were forced to take our way to Vienna through Tirol, where we had very little to entertain us besides the natural face of the country.

TIROL, INSPRUCK, HALL, &c.

After having coasted the Alps for some time, we at last entered them by a passage which leads into the long valley of the Tirol, and following the course of the river Inn, we came to Inspruck, that receives its name from this river, and is the capital city of the Tirol.

Inspruck is a handsome town, though not a great one, and was formerly the residence of the arch-dukes who were counts of Tirol: the palace where they used to keep their court is rather convenient than magnificent. The great hall is indeed a very noble room, the walls of it are painted in fresco, and represent the labours of Hercules. Many of them look very finely, though a great part of the work has

been cracked by earthquakes, which are very frequent in this country. There is a little wooden palace that borders on the other, whither the court used to retire at the first shake of an earthquake. I saw here the largest menage that I ever met with anywhere else. At one end of it is a great partition designed for an opera. They showed us also a very pretty theatre. The last comedy that was acted on it was designed by the Jesuits for the entertainment of the Queen of the Romans, who passed this way from Modena to Vienna. The compliment which the fathers made her Majesty on this occasion was very particular, and did not a little expose them to the raillery of the court. For the arms of Hanover being a horse, the fathers thought it a very pretty allusion to represent the queen by Bucephalus, that would let nobody get upon him but Alexander the Great. The wooden horse that acted this notable part is still to be seen behind the scenes. In one of the rooms of the palace, which is hung with the pictures of several illustrious persons, they showed us the portrait of Mary, Queen of the Scots, who was beheaded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The gardens about the house are very large, but ill kept. There is in the middle of them a beautiful statue in brass of an Arch-duke Leopold on horseback. There are near it twelve other figures of water-nymphs and river-gods well cast, and as big as the life. They were designed for the ornaments of a water-work, as one might easily make a great variety of jetteaus at a small expense in a garden that has the river Inn running by its walls. The late Duke of Lorrain had this palace, and the government of the Tirol, assigned him by the emperor, and his lady the queen dowager of Poland lived here several years after the death of the duke her husband. There are covered galleries that lead from the palace to five different churches. I passed through a very long one which reaches to the church of the Capuchin convent, where the Duke of Lorrain used often to assist at their midnight devotions. They showed us in this convent the apartments of Maximilian, who was arch-duke and count of Tirol about fourscore years ago. This prince, at the same time that he kept the government in his hands, lived in this convent with all the rigour and austerity of a Capuchin. His anti-chamber and room of audience are little square chambers wainscoted. His private lodgings are three or four small rooms faced

with a kind of fret-work, that makes them look like little hollow caverns in a rock. They preserve this apartment of the convent uninhabited, and show in it the altar, bed, and stove, as likewise a picture and a stamp of this devout prince. The church of the Franciscan convent is famous for the monument of the Emperor Maximilian the First, which stands in the midst of it. It was erected to him by his grandson Ferdinand the First, who probably looked upon this emperor as the founder of the Austrian greatness. For as by his own marriage he annexed the Low Countries to the house of Austria, so by matching his son to Joane of Arragon he settled on his posterity the kingdom of Spain, and by the marriage of his grandson Ferdinand got into his family the kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary. This monument is only honorary, for the ashes of the emperor lie elsewhere. On the top of it is a brazen figure of Maximilian on his knees, and on the sides of it a beautiful bas-relief representing the actions of this prince. His whole history is digested into twenty-four square panels of sculpture in bas-relief; the subject of two of them is his confederacy with Henry the Eighth, and the wars they made together upon France. On each side of this monument is a row of very noble brazen statues much bigger than the life, most of them representing such as were some way or other related to Maximilian. Among the rest is one that the fathers of the convent tell us represents King Arthur, the old British king. But what relation had that Arthur to Maximilian? I do not question, therefore, but it was designed for Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry the Eighth, who had espoused Catharine, sister of Maximilian, whose divorce afterwards gave occasion to such signal revolutions in England. This church was built by Ferdinand the First. One sees in it a kind of offer at modern architecture, but at the same time that the architect has shown his dislike of the Gothic manner, one may see very well that in that age they were not, at least in this country, arrived at the knowledge of the true way. The portal, for example, consists of a composite order unknown to the ancients; the ornaments, indeed, are taken from them, but so put together that you see the volutes of the Ionic, the foliage of the Corinthian, and the uovali of the Doric, mixed without any regularity on the same capital. So the vault of the church, though broad enough, is encumbered

with so many little tricks in sculpture. It is, indeed, supported with single columns instead of those vast clusters of little pillars that one meets with in Gothic cathedrals, but at the same time these columns are of no regular order, and at least twice too long for their diameter. There are other churches in the town, and two or three palaces which are of a more modern make, and built with a good fancy. I was shown the little Notre Dame, that is handsomely designed, and topped with a cupola. It was made as an offering of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, for having defended the country of the Tirol against the victorious arms of Gustavus Adolphus, who could not enter this part of the empire after having over-run most of the rest. This temple was therefore built by the contributions of the whole country. At about half a league's distance from Inspruck stands the castle of Amras, furnished with a prodigious quantity of medals, and many other sorts of rarities both in nature and art, for which I must refer the reader to Monsieur Patin's account in his letters to the Duke of Wirtemberg, having myself had neither time nor opportunity to enter into a particular examination of them.

From Inspruck we came to Hall, that lies at a league distance on the same river. This place is particularly famous for its salt-works. There are in the neighbourhood vast mountains of a transparent kind of rock, not unlike alum, extremely solid, and as piquant to the tongue as salt itself. Four or five hundred men are always at work in the mountains, where as soon as they have hewn down any quantities of the rock, they let in their springs and reservoirs among their works. The water eats away and dissolves the particles of salt which are mixed in the stone, and is conveyed by long troughs and canals from the mines to the town of Hall, where 'tis received in vast cisterns, and boiled off from time to time.

They make after the rate of eight hundred loaves a week, each loaf four hundred pound weight. This would raise a great revenue to the emperor, were there here such a tax on salt as there is in France. At present he clears but two hundred thousand crowns a year, after having defrayed all the charges of working it. There are in Switzerland, and other parts of the Alps, several of these quarries of salt, that turn to very little account, by reason of the great quantities of wood they consume.

The salt works at Hall have a great convenience for fuel, which swims down to them on the river Inn. This river, during its course through the Tirol, is generally shut up between a double range of mountains that are most of them covered with woods of fir-trees. Abundance of peasants are employed in the hewing down of the largest of these trees, that after they are barked and cut into shape, are tumbled down from the mountains into the stream of the river, which carries them off to the salt works. At Inspruck they take up vast quantities for the convents and public officers, who have a certain portion of it allotted them by the emperor: the rest of it passes on to Hall. There are generally several hundred loads afloat; for they begin to cut above twenty-five leagues up the river above Hall, and there are other rivers that flow into the Inn, which bring in their contributions. These salt works, and a mint that is established at the same place, have rendered this town, notwithstanding the neighbourhood of the capital city, almost as populous as Inspruck itself. The design of this mint is to work off part of the metals which are found in the neighbouring mountains; where, as we were told, there are seven thousand men in constant employ. At Hall we took a boat to carry us to Vienna. The first night we lay at Rottenburg, where is a strong castle above the town. Count Serini is still close prisoner in this castle, who, as they told us in the town, had lost his senses by his long imprisonment and afflictions. The next day we dined at Kuffstain, where there is a fortress on a high rock above the town almost inaccessible on all sides: this being a frontier place on the duchy of Bavaria, where we entered after about an hour's rowing from Kuffstain. It was the pleasantest voyage in the world to follow the windings of this river Inn through such a variety of pleasing scenes as the course of it naturally led us. We had sometimes on each side us a vast extent of naked rocks and mountains, broken into a thousand irregular steeps and precipices; in other places we saw a long forest of fir-trees so thick set together, that it was impossible to discover any of the soil they grew upon, and rising up so regularly one above another, as to give us the view of a whole wood at once. The time of the year, that had given the leaves of the trees so many different colours, completed the beauty of the prospect. But as the materials of a fine landscape are not

always the most profitable to the owner of them, we met with but very little corn or pasturage for the proportion of earth that we passed through, the lands of the Tirol not being able to feed the inhabitants. This long valley of the Tirol lies enclosed on all sides by the Alps, though its dominions shoot out into several branches that lie among the breaks and hollows of the mountains. It is governed by three councils residing at Inspruck, one sits upon life and death, the other is for taxes and impositions, and a third for the common distributions of justice. As these courts regulate themselves by the orders they receive from the Imperial court, so in many cases there are appeals from them to Vienna. The inhabitants of the Tirol have many particular privileges above those of the other hereditary countries of the emperor. For as they are naturally well fortified among their mountains, and at the same time border upon many different governments, as the Grisons, Venetians, Swiss, Bavarians, &c., a severe treatment might tempt them to set up for a republic, or at least throw themselves under the milder government of some of their neighbours: besides that their country is poor, and that the emperor draws considerable incomes out of his mines of salt and metal. They are these mines that fill the country with greater numbers of people than it would be able to bear without the importation of corn from foreign parts. The emperor has forts and citadels at the entrance of all the passes that lead into the Tirol, which are so advantageously placed on rocks and mountains, that they command all the valleys and avenues that lie about them. Besides, that the country itself is cut into so many hills and inequalities, as would render it defensible by a very little army against a numerous enemy. It was, therefore, generally thought the Duke of Bavaria would not attempt the cutting off any succours that were sent to Prince Eugene; or the forcing his way through the Tirol into Italy. The river Inn, that had hitherto been shut up among mountains, passes generally through a wide open country during all its course through Bavaria, which is a voyage of two days, after the rate of twenty leagues a day.

END OF VOL. I.

JOHN CHILDS AND SON, BUNGAY.

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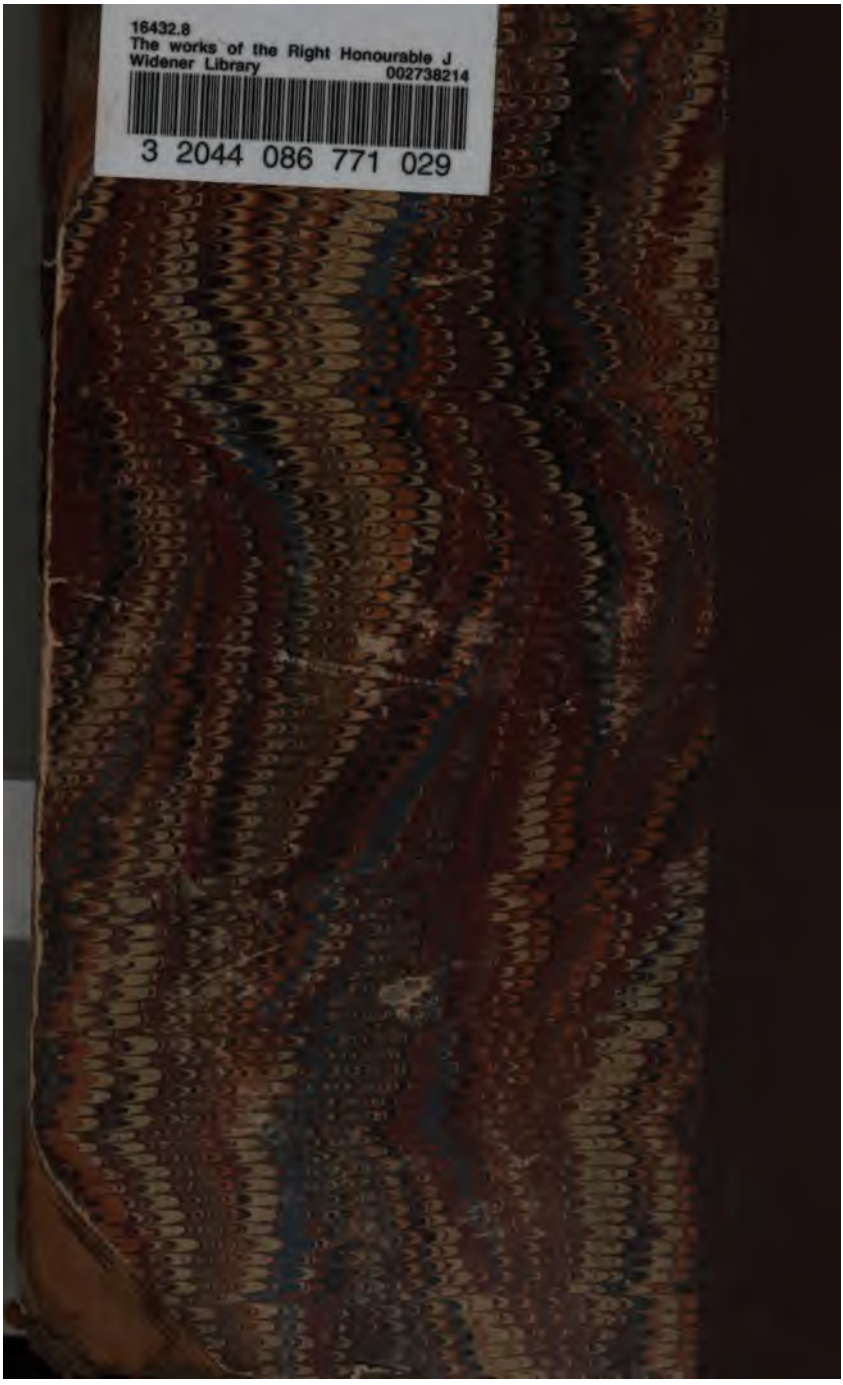
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